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THE FALL

OF

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC,

A SHORT HISTORY

OF

THE LAST CENTURY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY

CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D.

LATE FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Infelix! quanta dominum virtute parasti.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE already written at length, for students of antiquity, the annals of the generation which preceded the battle of Actium, as an introduction to the larger work which I still venture to contemplate on the history and constitution of the Roman Empire. But the wish to present in one view the whole cycle of revolutions which overthrew the noblest republic of the ancient world, has induced me to condense the history of an hundred years in a single volume, adapted in its form and character to the instruction of a more general class of readers. My object has been to present a rapid narrative of events, so grouped and shaded, if I may so express myself, as to fix a permanent impression upon the mind, leaving minute details to be examined in the original authorities, which alone can generally impart interest to them, and dispensing for the most part with the disquisitions on manners and institutions, which if carried out to any profitable extent would grievously encumber these slender pages. It has been thought inexpedient to swell the volume by appending references, the number

of which would have been infinite; for hardly a sentence throughout it may not be traced to a Greek or Latin source. For the sake of brevity also, and, I may add, as a wholesome corrective to any natural tendency to discursiveness, I have made it a rule to interweave with the text all the remarks which it seemed serviceable to make. By this practice, whenever it can be adopted, the reader gains more probably in method and arrangement than he loses in respect to illustration.

A period of one hundred years, from the first agitation of the Sempronian laws to the establishment of the Augustan empire, comprises the history of the fall of the Roman republic. With the death of Cato the censor (A.U. 605), the last link was snapped which connected the existing generation of Roman statesmen with the traditions of simplicity and moderation derived from the early commonwealth. The overthrow of Carthage (A.U. 608), which doubled in extent the dominions of the Romans, and destroyed their last formidable rival, removed all fears and scruples from the pursuit of luxury and ambition. The fall of Carthage was coincident with the conquest of Greece, the secure enjoyment of pride and power with the acquisition of unbounded gratifications. But these significant events were, as will be seen, nearly contemporaneous with the awful revelations of the Gracchi; with the disclosure of internal

symptoms of mortal disease. The violence and party spirit to which this discovery, and the remedial measures it suggested, naturally led, operating upon a public mind debased and corrupted by prosperity and tyranny, gradually undermined the laws and raised a military despotism on their ruins. The oppression of the provinces was no more than a symptom of the vitiated morality of the capital, and the liberties of Rome were already long ripe for perishing when Cæsar and Octavius avenged upon her the wrongs of her subjects.

On a former occasion I have mentioned with satisfaction the advantage I have derived in my study of Roman History from consulting the *Histoire des Romains* of the French professor Duruy. His two volumes form apparently a summary of his historical lectures, and combine the merits and defects of such an origin. They are in some respects overcharged in colouring, and require to be read with caution, but they abound in just and striking views, and are executed with that admirable terseness of expression and vivacity of style for which the historical literature of their country is so deservedly celebrated. For the neatness of his transitions, no mean merit in a subject so overflowing with characters and incidents, as well as for the brilliancy of his style, Duruy may deserve the title of the Velleius Paterculus of modern Roman history. I have to acknowledge great

obligations to him in the composition of this volume, in which I have adopted many of his ideas, and occasionally adapted some even of his language. I must make a similar acknowledgment, though to a less extent, in regard to the *Etudes sur l'Histoire Romaine* of Prosper Merimée. The latter half of the volume is in a great measure abridged from my own former work.

Lawford, March 8. 1853.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

A. U. 621. B. C. 133.

Consuls: P. Mucius Scævola.
L. Calpurnius Piso Frugi.

Numantia taken by Scipio Æmilianus. Tribunate of Tiberius Gracchus. Enactment of his Agrarian laws, and death.

A. U. 622. B. C. 132.

Consuls: P. Popilius Lænas.
P. Rupilius.

End of a Servile war in Sicily. Triumph of Scipio.

A. U. 623. B. C. 131.

Consuls: P. Licinius Crassus.
L. Valerius Flaccus.

Censors: Q. Cæcilius Metellus Macedonicus.
Q. Pompeius Rufus.

A. U. 624. B. C. 130.

Consuls: C. Claudius Pulcher Lentulus.
M. Perperna.

A. U. 625. B. C. 129.

Consuls: C. Sempronius Tuditanus.
M. Aquillius.

Death of Scipio Æmilianus.

A. U. 626. B. C. 128.

Consuls: A. Octavius.
T. Annius Luscus Rufus.

A. U. 627. B. C. 127.

Consuls: L. Cassius Longinus.
L. Cornelius Cinna.

A. U. 628. B. C. 126.

Consuls: M. Æmilius Lepidus.
L. Aurelius Orestes.

Caius Gracchus quæstor in Sardinia.

A. U. 629. B. C. 125.

Consuls: M. Plautius Hypsæus.
M. Fulvius Flaccus.

Rogation of the consul Fulvius for giving the Roman *civitas* to the Italian allies.

A. U. 630. B. C. 124.

Consuls: C. Cassius Longinus.
C. Sextius Calvinus.

Return of C. Gracchus from Sardinia.

A. U. 631. B. C. 123.

Consuls: Q. Cæcilius Metellus, afterwards Balearicus.
T. Quinctius Flamininus.

Tribunate of C. Gracchus. Colony planted at Carthage. Renewal of the Agrarian law of Tib. Gracchus, and other popular enactments.

A. U. 632. B. C. 122.

Consuls: A. Domitius Ahenobarbus.
C. Fannius Strabo.

Second tribunate of C. Gracchus.

A. U. 633. B. C. 121.

Consuls: L. Opimius.
Q. Fabius Maximus, afterwards Allobrogicus.

Death of C. Gracchus.

A. U. 634. B. C. 120.

Consuls: P. Manilius.
C. Papirius Carbo.

Censors: L. Calpurnius Piso Frugi.
Q. Cæcilius Metellus Balearicus.

Opimius defended by Papirius Carbo.

A. U. 635. B. C. 119.

Consuls: L. Cæcilius Metellus, afterwards Dalmaticus.
L. Aurelius Cotta.

C. Marius tribune of the plebs.

A. U. 636. B. C. 118.

Consuls: M. Porcius Cato.
Q. Marcius Rex.

Colony of Narbo Martius founded. Death of Micipsa, king of Numidia.

A. U. 637. B. C. 117.

Consuls: L. Cæcilius Metellus Diadematus.
Q. Mucius Scævola.

Adherbal restored to his throne by the Romans.

A. U. 638. B. C. 116.

Consuls: C. Licinius Geta.
Q. Fabius Maximus Eburnus.

Birth of M. Terentius Varro, the philosopher and antiquarian.

A. U. 639. B. C. 115.

Consuls: M. Æmilius Scaurus.
M. Cæcilius Metellus.

Censors: L. Cæcilius Metellus Dalmaticus.
C. Domitius Ahenobarbus.

A. U. 640. B. C. 114.

Consuls: M. Acilius Balbus.
C. Porcius Cato.

Birth of Q. Hortensius, the orator.

A. U. 641. B. C. 113.

Consuls: C. Cæcilius Metellus Caprarius.
Cn. Papirius Carbo.

Beginning of the war with the Cimbri and Teutones. Defeat of the consul Papirius Carbo.

A. U. 642. B. C. 112.

Consuls: M. Livius Drusus.
L. Calpurnius Piso Cæsoninus.

Adherbal captured and put to death by Jugurtha.

A. U. 643. B. C. 111.

Consuls: P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica.
L. Calpurnius Bestia.

Beginning of the Jugurthine war. Jugurtha is summoned to Rome under safeguard.

A. U. 644. B. C. 110.

Consuls: M. Minucius Rufus.
Sp. Postumius Albinus.

Rogation of the tribune Mamilius for the punishment of Jugurtha's accomplices at Rome.

A. U. 645. B. C. 109.

Consuls: Q. Cæcilius Metellus, afterward Numidicus.
M. Junius Silanus.

Censors: M. Æmilius Scaurus, who constructed the Æmilian way and the Mulvian (Æmilian) bridge.
M. Livius Drusus.

A. Postumius defeated by Jugurtha. The consul Metellus undertakes the conduct of the war. C. Marius serves under him. The consul Silanus defeated by the Cimbri.

A. U. 646. B. C. 108.

Consuls: Ser. Sulpicius Galba; L. Hortensius.
M. Aurelius Scaurus, suffect.

Censors: Q. Fabius Max. Allobrogicus.
C. Licinius Geta.

Metellus, proconsul in Numidia.

A. U. 647. B. C. 107.

Consuls; L. Cassius Longinus.
C. Marius.

Metellus recalled from the command against Jugurtha. Marius succeeds him. Metellus triumphs, and receives the cognomen Numidicus. The consul Cassius defeated and slain by the Cimbri. L. Cornelius Sulla, quæstor in the army of Marius.

A. U. 648. B. C. 106.

Consuls: C. Atilius Serranus.
Q. Servilius Cæpio.

End of the Jurgurthine war. Jugurtha, delivered up to Sulla by Bocchus, king of Mauretania, perishes in prison at Rome. Birth of Cn. Pompeius, afterwards Magnus, in September. Birth of M. Tullius Cicero, the great orator, in January.

A. U. 649. B. C. 105.

Consuls: P. Rutilius Rufus.
Cn. Mallius Maximus.

Progress of the Cimbri in Gaul. M. Aurelius Scaurus (consul, 646) defeated and slain. The consul C. Mallius, and Q. Servilius Cæpio, proconsul, routed, with the loss of 80,000 men.

A. U. 650. B. C. 104.

Consuls: C. Marius II.
C. Flavius Fimbria.

Triumph of Marius over Jugurtha, and preparations for war against the Cimbri.

A. U. 651. B. C. 103.

Consuls: C. Marius III.
L. Aurelius Orestes.

Marius continues his preparations against the Cimbri.

A. U. 652. B. C. 102.

Consuls: C. Marius IV.
Q. Lutatius Catulus.

Censors: Q. Cæcilius Metellus Numidicus.
C. Cæcilius Metellus Caprarius.

Marius overthrows the Teutones at Aquæ Sextiæ. Outbreak of the second Servile war in Sicily.

A. U. 653. B. C. 101.

Consuls: C. Marius V.
M. Aquillius.

Defeat of the Cimbri in the Campus Raudius near Vercellæ, July the 30th. Triumph of Marius and Catulus. Disturbances in the city at the suit of L. Appuleius Saturninus for the tribunate.

A. U. 654. B. C. 100.

Consuls: C. Marius VI.
L. Valerius Flaccus.

Tribunate of Saturninus, and further disturbances. Metellus Numidicus driven into banishment. Sedition of Saturninus: his capture and death. Birth of C. Julius Cæsar on the 12th of July.

A. U. 655. B. C. 99.

Consuls: M. Antonius.
A. Postumius Albinus.

End of the Servile war in Sicily. Metellus recalled from banishment.

A. U. 656. B. C. 98.

Consuls: Q. Cæcilius Metellus Nepos.
T. Didius.

War against the Celtiberi in Spain. Sertorius serves as a military tribune.

A. U. 657. B. C. 97.

Consuls: Cn. Cornelius Lentulus.
P. Licinius Crassus.

Censors: L. Valerius Flaccus.
M. Antonius.

A. U. 658. B. C. 96.

Consuls: Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus.
C. Cassius Longinus.

Ptolemæus, king of Cyrene, bequeaths his kingdom to the Roman people.

A. U. 659. B. C. 95.

Consuls: L. Licinius Crassus.
Q. Mucius Scævola.

Birth of the poet T. Lucretius Carus.

A. U. 660. B. C. 94.

Consuls: C. Cælius Caldus.
L. Domitius Ahenobarbus.

A. U. 661. B. C. 93.

Consuls: C. Valerius Flaccus.
M. Herennius.

A. U. 662. B. C. 92.

Consuls: C. Claudius Pulcher.
M. Perperna.

Censors: Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus.
L. Licinius Crassus.

Sulla in Asia.

A. U. 663. B. C. 91

Consuls: L. Marcius Philippus.
Sex. Julius Cæsar.

Tribunate of M. Livius Drusus. Disturbances in Rome, and outbreak of the Social or Marsic war.

A. U. 664. B. C. 90.

Consuls: L. Julius Cæsar.
P. Rutilius Lupus.

The Marsic war. The consul Rutilius slain on the Tolenus. Enactment of the Lex Julia, by which the Roman *civitas* was offered to the Latins.

A. U. 665. B. C. 89.

Consuls: Cn. Pompeius Strabo.
L. Porcius Cato.

Censors: P. Licinius Crassus.
L. Julius Cæsar.

Second year of the Marsic war. Pompeius Strabo triumphs over the Asculans. The lex Pompeia, by which Latin *civitas* conferred on the Transpadane Gauls.

A. U. 666. B. C. 88.

Consuls: L. Cornelius Sulla.
Q. Pompeius Rufus.

End of the Marsic war. Mithridates occupies the Roman province of Asia. Tribunate of Sulpicius. Beginning of the first civil war. Sulla enters Rome with an armed force and expels the faction of Sulpicius and Marius.

A. U. 667. B. C. 87.

Consuls: Cn. Octavius.
L. Cornelius Cinna.

Sulla leaves Italy for the East. Disturbances in the city. Cinna is driven from the city by his colleague Octavius: he takes up arms and returns in triumph with Marius. Massacre of Antonius, Catulus, and the chiefs of the senate. Birth of the poet Catullus.

A. U. 668. B. C. 86.

Consuls: L. Cornelius Cinna II.
C. Marius VII., on whose death L. Valerius Flaccus II. suffect.

Censors: L. Marcius Philippus.
M. Perperna.

Progress of the Mithridatic war. Sulla sacks Athens on the 1st of March. The Battle of Chæronea. Marius dies on the 13th of January. Valerius Flaccus as consul suffect. takes the command in Asia. His law for the adjustment of debts. Birth of Sallust the historian.

A. U. 669. B. C. 85.

Consuls: L. Cornelius Cinna III.
Cn. Papirius Carbo.

Progress of the Mithridatic war. M. Junius Brutus born.

A. U. 670. B. C. 84.

Consuls: Cn. Papirius Carbo II.
L. Cornelius Cinna IV.

End of the Mithridatic war. Overthrow and death of Fimbria.

A. U. 671. B. C. 83.

Consuls: L. Cornelius Scipio.
C. Norbanus.

Sulla returns to Italy at the beginning of the year, and prepares to attack the Marians. Burning of the Capitol.

A. U. 672. B. C. 82.

Consuls: C. Marius, Caii fil.
Cn. Papirius Carbo III.

Dictator: L. Cornelius Sulla Felix.

Battle of Sacriportus; blockade of Præneste. Battle of the Colline gate. Death of the young Marius. End of the first Civil war. Sulla's proscriptions.

A. U. 673. B. C. 81.

Consuls: M. Tullius Decula.
Cn. Cornelius Dolabella.

Sulla's reform of the constitution. Campaign of Pompeius against the Marians in Africa.

A. U. 674. B. C. 80.

Consuls: L. Cornelius Sulla Felix II.
Q. Cecilius Metellus Pius.

A. U. 675. B. C. 79.

Consuls: P. Servilius Vatia.
App. Claudius Pulcher.

The consul Metellus commands in Spain against Sertorius. Sulla resigns the dictatorship.

A. U. 676. B. C. 78.

Consuls: M. Æmilius Lepidus.
Q. Lutatius Catulus.

Servilius (consul 675) attacks the Isaurians and the pirates of Cilicia. Progress of the war with Sertorius. Death of Sulla. Lepidus threatens to revolt.

A. U. 677. B. C. 77.

Consuls: D. Junius Brutus.
Mam. Æmilius Lepidus.

Defeat and death of Lepidus (consul 676). Progress of the war with Sertorius.

A. U. 678. B. C. 76.

Consuls: Cn. Octavius.
C. Scribonius Curio.

Progress of the war with Sertorius. The tribune Licinius proposes the restoration of the powers of the tribunate. Birth of Asinius Pollio the historian.

A. U. 679. B. C. 75.

Consuls: L. Octavius.
C. Aurelius Cotta.

Progress of the war with Sertorius.

A. U. 680. B. C. 74.

Consuls: L. Licinius Lucullus.
M. Aurelius Cotta.

Progress of the war with Sertorius. Recommencement of war with Mithridates. Nicomedes king of Bithynia dying bequeaths his kingdom to the Romans. The tribune Quinctius moves the abrogation of the Sullan laws.

A. U. 681. B. C. 73.

Consuls: M. Terentius Varro.
C. Cassius Varus.

Progress of the war with Sertorius. Mithridates defeated by Lucullus at Cyzicus. Beginning of the war with the Gladiators.

A. U. 682. B. C. 72.

Consuls: L. Gellius Publicola.
Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Clodianus.

Sertorius murdered by Perperna, who is overthrown and put to death by Pompeius. Progress of the Mithridatic war. Successes of Lucullus. The two consuls are worsted by Spartacus.

A. U. 683. B. C. 71.

Consuls: P. Cornelius Lentulus Sura.
Cn. Aufidius Orestes.

Spartacus destroyed by M. Crassus. Progress of the Mithridatic war. Pompeius and Metellus triumph over Spain.

A. U. 684. B. C. 70.

Consuls: Cn. Pompeius Magnus.
M. Licinius Crassus Dives.

Censors: L. Gellius Publicola.
Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Clodianus.

Lucullus occupied with the internal administration of the Asiatic provinces. The consuls restore the prerogatives of the tribunate. The judicia restored to the knights by the prætor Aurelius Cotta. The process against Verres. Birth of the poet Virgil.

A. U. 685. B. C. 69.

Consuls: Q. Hortensius.
Q. Cæcilius Metellus, afterwards Creticus.

Lucullus makes war on Tigranes, king of Armenia. Dedication by Catulus of the restored temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

A. U. 686. B. C. 68.

Consuls: L. Cæcilius Metellus.
Q. Marcius Rex.

Progress of the war against Tigranes and Mithridates. Q. Metellus (consul, 685) attacks the Cretans.

A. U. 687. B. C. 67.

Consuls: C. Calpurnius Piso.
M'. Acilius Glabrio.

Mutiny in the army of Lucullus. Successes of Mithridates. The law of Gabinius, by which Pompeius is appointed to suppress the Cilician pirates. Metellus subdues the Cretans. C. Julius Cæsar quæstor in Spain.

A. U. 688. B. C. 66.

Consuls: M. Æmilius Lepidus.
L. Volcatius Tullus.

By the law of Manilius, Pompeius obtains the conduct of the war against Mithridates. Cicero prætor.

A. U. 689. B. C. 65.

Consuls: P. Cornelius Sulla.
P. Antonius Pœtus.

Censors: Q. Lutatius Catulus.
M. Licinius Crassus Dives.

Campaign of Pompeius against the Albani and Iberi. Failure of the first Catilinarian conspiracy. C. Julius Cæsar ædile. Birth of the poet Horace.

A. U. 690. B. C. 64.

Consuls: L. Julius Cæsar.
C. Marcius Figulus.

Pompeius annexes Syria to the Roman empire.

A. U. 691. B. C. 63.

Consuls: M. Tullius Cicero.
C. Antonius.

Death of Mithridates. Pompeius subdues Palestine and Phœnicia. Triumph of Lucullus. The conspiracy of Catilina detected by Cicero, and his associates put to death. Birth of C. Octavius, afterwards Augustus.

A. U. 692. B. C. 62.

Consuls: D. Junius Silanus.
L. Licinius Murena.

Defeat and death of Catilina. Metellus triumphs, and receives the title of Creticus. Cæsar prætor and pontifex maximus.

A. U. 693. B. C. 61.

Consuls: M. Pupius Piso.
M. Valerius Messalla.

Return of Pompeius to Rome in the winter and triumph in September. Process and acquittal of Clodius. Cæsar proprætor in Spain.

A. U. 694. B. C. 60.

Consuls: L. Afranius.
Q. Cæcilius Metellus Celer.

Cæsar, proprætor in Spain. The Senate refuses to ratify the acts of Pompeius. The Agrarian law of the tribune Flavius causes disturbances in the city, and is withdrawn at the instance of Pompeius. Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompeius, enter into an alliance, called the first Triumvirate.

A. U. 695. B. C. 59.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar.
M. Calpurnius Bibulus.

The Julian laws, 1. For the release of the publicans in Asia from their engagements; 2. For a division of lands in Campania. The acts of Pompeius confirmed through Cæsar's influence. Illyricum and the two Gauls assigned to Cæsar for his province. Birth of the historian Livy.

A. U. 696. B. C. 58.

Consuls: L. Calpurnius Piso.
A. Gabinius.

Cæsar, proconsul in Gaul. First year of the Gallic war. Defeat of the Helvetii and Suevi. Tribunate of P. Clodius Pulcher. Banishment of Cicero. Cato sent to Cyprus.

A. U. 697. B. C. 57.

Consuls: P. Cornelius Lentulus Spinther.
Q. Cæcilius Metellus Nepos.

Second year of the Gallic war. Cæsar subdues the Belgian tribes. Victory over the Nervii. Cicero recalled from banishment.

A. U. 698. B. C. 56.

Consuls: C. Cornelius Lentulus Marcellinus.
L. Marcius Philippus.

Third year of the Gallic war. Cæsar conquers the Veneti. Subjugation of the west and south of Gaul. The triumvirs meet at the end of the year at Lucca. Cato returns from Cyprus.

A. U. 699. B. C. 55.

Consuls: Cn. Pompeius Magnus II.
M. Licinius Crassus II.

Censors: M. Valerius Messalla.
P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus.

Fourth year of the Gallic war. Cæsar crosses the Rhine, and invades Britain. Gabinius restores Ptolemæus Auletes to the throne of Egypt. Dedication of the theatre of Pompeius at Rome.

A. U. 700. B. C. 54.

Consuls: L. Domitius Ahenobarbus.
Ap. Claudius Pulcher.

Fifth year of the Gallic war. Cæsar's second expedition against Britain. Revolt of the Belgian tribes at the end of the year. Destruction of Cotta and Sabinus with their army. Crassus proconsul in Syria. Process of Gabinius. Death of Julia, wife of Pompeius. M. Cato, prætor.

A. U. 701. B. C. 53.

Consuls: Cn. Domitius Calvinus.
M. Valerius Messalla.

Sixth year of the Gallic war. Campaign in Belgica, and destruction of the Eburones. Expedition of Crassus against the Parthians. Battle of Carrhæ.

A. U. 702. B. C. 52.

Consuls: Cn. Pompeius Magnus III. alone.
In the last half of the year,
Q. Cæcilius Metellus Scipio.

Seventh year of the Gallic war. Revolt of the Gauls under the command of Vercingetorix. Battle of Alesia. P. Clodius assassinated. Process of Milo. Death of the poet Lucretius.

A. U. 703. B. C. 51.

Consuls: Serv. Sulpicius Rufus.
M. Claudius Marcellus.

Eighth year of the Gallic war. Final pacification of Gaul. Cicero proconsul in Cilicia. Pompeius falls sick at Naples.

A. U. 704. B. C. 50.

Consuls: L. Æmilius Paullus.
C. Claudius Marcellus.

Censors: Ap. Claudius Pulcher.
L. Calpurnius Piso.

Cæsar regulates the affairs of Gaul, and makes a progress in the Cisalpine. The Senate requires him to surrender his command. Tribunate of Curio. Imminence of Civil war.

A. U. 705. B. C. 49.

Consuls: C. Claudius Marcellus.
L. Cornelius Lentulus Crus.
C. Julius Cæsar Dictator I.

Outbreak of the second Civil war. Pompeius evacuates Italy. Cæsar reduces the legions in Spain, and takes Massilia. He is created dictator. Defeat and death of Curio in Africa.

A. U. 706. B. C. 48.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar II.
P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus.

Campaign in Epirus. Battle of Pharsalia. Flight of Pompeius, and his assassination in Egypt. Cæsar lands at Alexandria, and engages in a war with the Egyptians.

A. U. 707. B. C. 47.

Consuls: Q. Fufius Calenus.
P. Vatinius.
C. Julius Cæsar dictator II.

The war with Egypt, death of Ptolemæus, and restoration of Cleopatra. The war against Pharnaces. Cæsar returns to Rome and quells a mutiny among his soldiers. Commencement of the African war.

A. U. 708. B. C. 46.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar III.
M. Æmilius Lepidus.

The war in Africa. Battle of Thapsus. Death of Cato at Utica. Cæsar returns to Rome and triumphs. Commencement of the war against Cn. Pompeius in Spain.

A. U. 709. B. C. 45.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar IV.
Q. Fabius Maximus.
C. Caninius Rebilus suffect.
C. Julius Cæsar dictator III.

The first year of the Julian calendar. Cn. Pompeius defeated and slain. Cæsar triumphs. Complete establishment of his power.

A. U. 710. B. C. 44.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar V
P. Cornelius Dolabella suffect.
M. Antonius.

Cæsar assassinated. Intrigues of Antonius. Disturbances at Cæsar's funeral. Flight of the Liberators. Octavius assumes the inheritance of Cæsar. Jealousy between him and Antonius, and mutual preparations for war. Brutus and Cassius arm in the East, Decimus in the Cisalpine.

A. U. 711. B. C. 43.

Consuls: C. Vibius Pansa.
A. Hirtius.
C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus (Octavius).
C. Carrinas.

Q. Pedius.
P. Ventidius suffect.

Cicero's patriotism and activity. Battles before Mutina, and deaths of Hirtius and Pansa. Octavius seizes the consulship, and unites with Antonius and Lepidus. The second Triumvirate. The proscriptions. Assassination of Cicero.

A. U. 713. B. C. 41.

Consuls: L. Antonius Pietas.
P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus II.

Antonius in Asia Minor and Cilicia; goes with Cleopatra to Egypt. Octavius at Rome. The war of Perusia.

A. U. 714. B. C. 40.

Consuls: Cn. Domitius Calvinus II.
C. Asinius Pollio.
L. Cornelius Balbus, P. Canidius Crassus, suffecti.

End of the war of Perusia. Antonius leaves Egypt; meets Fulvia at Sicyon. Death of Fulvia, and peace of Brundisium. Marriage of Antonius and Octavia. The triumvirs make war upon Sextus Pompeius.

A. U. 715. B. C. 39.

Consuls: L. Marcius Censorinus.
C. Calvisius Sabinus.

The peace of Misenum. Octavius and Antonius in Rome. Octavius in Gaul. Antonius at Athens. Ventidius defeats the Parthians.

A. U. 716. B. C. 38.

Consuls: Ap. Claudius Pulcher.
C. Norbanus Flaccus.

The Sicilian war. Antonius at Samosata. Ventidius triumphs over the Parthians. M. Vipsanius Agrippa crosses the Rhine. The triumvirate prolonged for a second term of five years.

A. U. 717. B. C. 37.

Consuls: M. Agrippa.
L. Caninius Gallus.

Continuation of the Sicilian war. Octavius and Antonius meet at Tarentum. Construction of the Portus Julius by Agrippa.

A. U. 718. B. C. 36.

Consuls: L. Gellius Publicola.
L. Munatius Plancus II. suffect.
M. Cocceius Nerva.

End of the Sicilian war. Overthrow and Flight of Sextus Pompeius. Deposition of Lepidus. Disasters of Antonius in Parthia.

A. U. 719. B. C. 35.

Consuls: L. Cornificius.
Sex. Pompeius (not the son of Pompeius Magnus).

Octavius makes war against the Alpine tribes and in Illyricum. Sextus Pompeius slain in Asia. Antonius with Cleopatra in Egypt. He forbids Octavia to come to him.

A. U. 720. B. C. 34.

Consuls: L. Scribonius Libo.
M. Antonius II.
L. Sempronius Atratinus suffect.

Octavius subdues the Dalmatæ in Illyricum. Antonius captures Artavasdes, king of Armenia. Assumes an arrogant demeanour at Alexandria.

A. U. 721. B. C. 33.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus II.
P. Autronius Pætus suffect.
L. Volcatius Tullus.

Third campaign of Octavius in Illyricum. Antonius at Alexandria.

A. U. 722. B. C. 32.

Consuls: Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus
C. Sosius.

Rupture between Octavius and Antonius. Preparations for war. Antonius winters in Samos.

A. U. 723. B. C. 31.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus III.
M. Valerius Messala Corvinus.

Battle of Actium. Flight of Antonius and Cleopatra to Egypt.

A. U. 724. B. C. 30.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus IV.
M. Licinius Crassus.

Octavius reaches Egypt in pursuit of Antonius. Death of Antonius and Cleopatra. Egypt reduced to the form of a province.

A. U. 725. B. C. 29.

Consuls: C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus V.
Sex. Appuleius.

Octavius passes through Asia and Greece: returns to Rome in the summer. His three triumphs in August.

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THE FALL

OF

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRACCHI.

A. U. 617—633. B. C. 137—121.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS, a young Plebeian, of the noble family of the Sempronii, was traversing Etruria in the year of the city 617, on his route to join the armies of Rome before Numantia in Spain. His way lay through several of the most renowned cities of that illustrious land, the fame of which, as centres of arts and civilization, survived the conquest of the country and the decay of its national spirit. These cities, indeed, were rapidly degenerating from their ancient glory; the descendants of the magnificent Lucumons of Etruria had either perished in the defence of their country against the Romans and the Gauls, or had attached themselves as clients to the noblest families among their conquerors, and crowded into Rome to hide their humiliation from the eyes of their countrymen. The few that still continued to inhabit the palaces of their ancestors had ceased to be the chiefs and leaders of the people, and were only the voluptuous masters of hordes of miserable slaves. The Roman

A. U. 617. B. C. 137.

conquest had been attended with the confiscation of vast portions of their territories. In a few chosen spots the republic had planted colonies of her own citizens, assigning to each community a certain extent of land, denominated its *ager* or territory. Large tracts, however, she had reserved for her own public domain, and these were intended for distribution among the conquerors, as occasion might require, and for the relief of the State, by means of a small land-tax, from a portion of her fiscal burdens. But lands thus reserved for future assignment fell actually, as might be expected, into the hands of the richest and most powerful class of citizens. Without giving away their entire ownership, the State had allowed them to be thus occupied and enjoyed at a trifling or nominal rent-charge. These splendid estates, which for many generations had descended from father to son as regularly as freehold property which had been bought, exchanged, or settled at the caprice of the occupier, were seldom visited by the rich proprietors who claimed their produce. The Roman noble, living in profuse magnificence in the city, or at some choice villa among the Sabine mountains or on the coast of Campania, abandoned for the most part the cultivation of these wide territories to slaves, under a bailiff who was himself a slave also. The Romans entertained a notion, equally false and fatal, that servile labour, being compulsory, is cheaper than the exertions of the freeman, who demands wages as well as food. There was another motive also for this impolitic preference; for in the Italian states which were debarred from the Roman franchise, the conscription for military service, which in Rome was restricted at this time to the classes possessed of a certain property, was apparently subject to no such a limitation. The free *colonus*, therefore, though a mere day labourer, might at any moment be carried off from the fields and drafted into

the auxiliary contingent of the state to which he belonged, while the enlistment of slaves was imperatively forbidden. But the labour of these reluctant instruments, unpaid and ill-fed as they were, was really little remunerative. Even the rudest husbandry demands some skill and observation, and the mental effort it requires can hardly be extorted from the oppressed and utterly miserable. The operations of agriculture claimed accordingly the exertions of more hands than ever; and the increase of the number of his slaves was not only an expense but a source of increasing apprehension to the master. The employment of them was curtailed and their numbers reduced. Extensive tracts of land were transferred from village to pasture. A few mounted shepherds could keep watch over large droves of cattle in the plains, while swine were allowed to run almost wild among the forests. Miles and miles of generous soil were abandoned to the boar and the buffalo. Here and there a solitary herdsman might be seen with his staff or pike, to defend himself against the wolves and boars of the mountains; but in seasons when the slave population caused more than usual alarm, even these wretched weapons were forbidden him. If Tiberius paused on his route to address these people, he found, with disgust, that they were foreigners and barbarians, men of strange countenance and unknown idiom, Thracians, Africans, or Iberians; and, from town to town, these seemed the only inhabitants of the soil. He remembered the vast armies Etruria had once marched against the Romans and her other enemies: he asked himself, had these millions sunk into the earth and left no trace behind them, either of the conquerors or the conquered?

These observations made a deep impression upon the warm heart and generous imagination of the youthful traveller. Tiberius Gracchus was the elder son of a Sem-

pronius, who had been censor and twice consul, and had obtained the rare distinction of two triumphs; his mother was a Cornelia, daughter of the elder Scipio, who had gained the surname of Africanus for his great victory over Hannibal. Tiberius had been brought up by his father to espouse the interests of the inferior citizens, the mass, that is, of the commons, who were constantly engaged in struggling against the encroachment of the nobles, and in claiming political privileges for the preservation of their rights. After the father's death his mother had educated him in letters and eloquence, with the aid of the ablest foreign professors of Grecian learning. He had a younger brother, Caius, whose career will be presently noticed, and his sister was married to Scipio Æmilianus. Tiberius continued his route into Spain. In that country he acted as quæstor to the proconsul C. Mancinus, no bad man, as his countrymen averred, but the most unfortunate of generals. Amidst his leader's reverses Tiberius acquired military experience, nor did he fail to obtain some personal distinction, while his devotion to his imperator was regarded as a bright example. At last, his address, coupled with the confidence with which he had inspired the enemy, enabled him to effect a treaty at a critical moment, and save 20,000 Romans from death or captivity. The republic, indeed, refused to ratify this capitulation, as unauthorized and dishonourable; but to maintain the severity of the ancient manners, while she gave up to the Numantians the general whose convention she disowned, she heaped rewards upon his subordinate, already a favourite with the people, for the dexterity he had evinced in conducting it.

Tiberius, however, on his return home, had not forgotten what he had witnessed in his journey through Etruria. He had now learnt, by inquiry among men,

more experienced than himself, that the melancholy condition of Etruria was common to the greater part of the whole Italian peninsula. Almost everywhere the old nobility had hidden their heads in the towns, and abandoned the country to depopulation. Vast estates had fallen into the grasp of the wealthy few, who had chased the free natives from the soil, and employed only scanty bands of foreign slaves for its appropriation. The disasters of the Roman arms in Spain had revealed to him the actual weakness of the military power, which provoked hostilities at the same time on every frontier of her wide-spread dominions. Once upon a time, Tiberius might have read, Italy could arm 700,000 foot soldiers, and mount 70,000 cavaliers, all freemen, all expert and trained warriors; but now, if another Hannibal or Brennus should cross the Alps, where was the power of Italy to resist him? Were the Italian tribes themselves to rise against their mistress, by what force could they be controlled? Should a victorious general dare to turn his arms against his own country, where was the nation which should rise and overwhelm the parricide? Rome seemed to lie at the mercy either of foreign invasion or domestic treachery.

The picture which the young enthusiast thus drew to himself was, doubtless, over-coloured in some degree by his glowing imagination. A few years and Italy was destined to become again the theatre of domestic wars, and to prove on a hundred battle-fields how much blood yet flowed in her aged veins. For yet another century Rome found means of recruiting her innumerable armies from the annual conscription of Roman or Italian citizens, and opposed her cohorts in every quarter of the globe to the barbaric hosts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Vast must still have been the resources which could supply this incessant drain. In noticing the depopulation of the

country, Tiberius, we must presume, had omitted to consider the increasing number and magnitude of the cities; and in remarking the decay of Italian husbandry, he was not aware, perhaps, of the supplies poured from foreign granaries into every harbour of the peninsula. Nothing indeed is more delusive than the casual observations we make upon the movement of population, where we are destitute of actual enumerations to guide and sober our imaginations. We must, indeed, admit that a momentous change was actually taking place at this time in the occupation of Italy; but this has been traced to natural causes, and no legislation could have effectually controlled it. It was common to other countries besides Italy. The two peninsulas of Italy and Greece, which project so deeply into the Mediterranean, had both been famous at an earlier period for the abundance of their crops of grain, and the dense population they had nourished at the foot of their gigantic mountains. But this was at a time when both these regions were divided politically into numerous petty states, and occupations of land were necessarily small, whether of hill and forest, or of meadow and plain. But both Italy and Greece are peculiarly adapted for the nurture of cattle. They both abound in cool pastures among the mountains for the summer, and warmer tracts of level land for the winter. As soon as political restrictions were got rid of, properties became enlarged, and embraced tracts of both hill and plain together. Then first these countries began to reap the fruit of their natural capabilities. Proprietors found it their interest to breed cattle in greater numbers, and to reduce in the same proportion their cultivation of grain. An attempt to check by violent means the course of this natural process could hardly fail to be attended with disastrous consequences.

Tiberius, however, continued to brood over the plague-spot he had discovered in the vitals of his country. His gloomy apprehensions were heightened by the declamations he had heard from his father's friends concerning the corruptions of society and the decay of nations. The gravest and most virtuous of the Romans had begun, in the generation preceding him, to reflect upon the apparent decline of public virtue, and to speculate upon its causes. They had been led into this train of thought partly by their own observation of the manners of their countrymen; but their consciousness had been awakened by the lessons they imbibed from the Greek philosophers, who then first found their way to Rome, and who brought with them the gloomy views of human life and destiny, which they had learned themselves amidst the decrepitude of the old Grecian cities. Tiberius had profited by the conversation of these foreign instructors to shake off the trammels of class prejudices. His zeal in the cause of the commons of the city was quickened perhaps by the ambitious promptings of his mother, who frequently reproached her sons, that the Romans still called her the mother-in-law of Scipio, but not yet the mother of the Gracchi. Some persons ascribed to him the still lower motive of jealousy towards a popular contemporary, Spurius Postumius. But, in fact, the evil which Tiberius perceived, and wished to cure, had been noticed before, and attempts had already been made to obviate it. Licinius Stolo had enacted, two hundred years before, that the amount of public land tenable by any high citizen should be limited, and that on every estate at least one-third of the labourers should be free men. These regulations, indeed, had fallen into desuetude; but wise and patriotic men had pointed out their supposed advantage, and sought to re-enforce them. Among these was C. Lælius, the friend of the elder Scipio, but his

sagacity perceived, perhaps, that the attempt could only result in greater evils, and when he declined to press a reform, the monopolists complimented him with the title of Sapiens. The evil continued to grow unchecked. The increase of opulence and luxury, and the imitation of foreign civilization, tended to contrast still more strongly the condition of the rich citizens and the poor. While the old legal distinction of patricians and plebeians remained only in certain formal usages and privileges, the substantial distinction lay between the few families which rolled in wealth, and grasped all the honours of the state, and the miserably poor who were entirely destitute of possessions of their own, and lived either upon pay in the field, or upon the gratuities of the nobles and the state in the city. Commerce and handicraft occupations were proscribed by the military pride of the Romans, and the great middle class of our modern communities was thus entirely unknown among them. The mass of the free citizens of the republic, amounting perhaps to 400,000 adult males, lived upon the produce of their lands or the spoils of conquest; yet of all this number, but a few years later, only 2,000, it was affirmed, could be designated as men of property.

But the nobles, surrounded by troops of clients, parasites and partizans, shut their eyes to the danger of this state of things, as well as to the violation of express law from which it in a great measure flowed. Long usage had fortified their usurpation of the public lands, and they were but half aware, perhaps, how illegitimate their tenure really was. No sooner did Tiberius state the claims of the commonalty to a division of the public domains than all their prejudices, as well as their interests, were in arms against him. Tiberius, however, was not destitute of counsellors and abettors. Among the friends of his family

were P. Mucius Scævola, the ablest jurist of the day, L. Licinius Crassus, the most renowned orator of the forum and the senate, and Appius Claudius, the proudest champion of the oligarchy itself, who had recently distinguished the young aspirant for political honours by selecting him from the whole Roman aristocracy to be the husband of his daughter. All these were men of broad and comprehensive political views; though attached to the interest of the nobles, they saw that the time was come for modifying privileges which had become dangerous to the state; and they all united in countenancing the reforms which Tiberius contemplated.

There were two roads at Rome to honour and influence; the one lay through the ordinary course of the public magistracies, for which any citizen, indeed, was now competent to sue, though none but men of birth and connexions had ordinarily any chance of success. With these advantages Tiberius was richly endowed. He had reached the age when he might have become a candidate for the quæstorship, from whence the next step would have led him to the post of ædile; and in process of time he might have attained the prætorship, and eventually, but not before his forty-third year, the supreme magistracy of the state, the consulship. In the occupation of these successive dignities he might have found means to enact many salutary laws, and gradually to dispose his class to scan with wisdom and moderation the actual condition of affairs. But such a career was slow; its success was precarious; above all, a man who once embarked in it was almost sure to get entangled in the views and prejudices of his associates, and, from a popular reformer, to become a fierce and obstinate champion of existing abuses. But there was another course open to Tiberius. As a plebeian he was eligible to the tribuneship, an office which required no

apprenticeship of long public service, while, without the honours, it possessed many of the powers of the consulship itself, and, above all, afforded, in the inviolability which attached to it, a ground of vantage to the oppugners of rank and authority. The person of the tribune was considered sacred; and, while his single veto could quash the legislative proposals of any other officer, he had himself the right of proposing measures to the people, which, if carried in the assembly of the centuries, became law to all classes of the commonwealth. Tiberius sued for the tribuneship, and the people elected him with acclamations. They were aware of the projects he entertained for their advantage, and stimulated him by appeals inscribed on the porticos, the walls and the tombs, in every open place of resort, to recover the public land for the poor.

A. U. 621. B. C. 133.

The new tribune immediately proposed to re-enact the Licinian law; but while he demanded the resumption by the state of all the public domains under lease, and their re-distribution as freehold property among the poorer classes, he proposed at the same time some plan for indemnifying the noble occupants who had been wont to regard them as their own. He allowed these claimants to retain in possession five hundred *jugers* each, together with half as much in the name of their children; and this was the extent to which he limited the assignment of lots to the citizens generally. Those who insisted upon the abstract right of the state to resume the use of its domains regarded this arrangement as studiously mild and moderate; the nobles, however, resisted it with vehemence, and denounced the proposer as a demagogue and revolutionist. It is remarkable that the Italians generally, from whom these domains had been originally wrested by conquest, and to whom the mode in which the conquerors disposed of them might be supposed entirely indifferent, sided in this

quarrel with the nobles, and exclaimed against the new measure with hardly less vehemence than they. Possibly the patrician occupiers had left their estates to a great extent in the hands of Italian tenants, and these tenants might fear to be turned out of their holdings by a new race of resident landlords.

Long and fierce were the debates which ensued at Rome. The arguments of the actual occupiers, founded on long possession and fancied security, had no little intrinsic strength; but, after all, the question once raised was soon removed from the region of debate, and the clamour of the masses drowned the voice of reasoning and eloquence. The senate now resorted to the means it possessed of counteracting the popular influence of an aggressive tribune. It prevailed on another of the tribunes named Octavius (for they were ten in number), to interpose his official veto on his colleague's motion. Tiberius was incensed at this unexpected obstacle. Forgetful, in his generous impatience, of all the formalities of the laws, the sanctity of which he so strongly advocated, he proposed to the tribes the instant deposition of his colleague. Such a measure was in itself utterly violent and illegal; in urging it, however, Tiberius preserved some show of dignified consideration for his victim. When the first seventeen of the thirty-five tribes had all voted successively for the deposition, he turned to Octavius and entreated him to withdraw his untimely and fruitless opposition, and avert the inevitable degradation which must follow upon the impending vote of the majority. But Octavius remained firm. "*Finish*," he replied, "*the work you have begun.*" Tiberius put the question to the remaining tribes, all of which, one after another, pronounced for his expulsion from office. Octavius resisted, and in the tumult which ensued, one of his slaves lost an eye, an accident which

at the time caused a painful sensation among the citizens. A few years later hardly an election of magistrates took place without costing the lives of many freemen. Such was the violence by which and amidst which the *lex Sempronia* was passed. Tiberius, his brother Caius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius, were named triumvirs, a special commission of three, for carrying it into effect, with all its intricate provisions.

But the appointment of this commission was only the commencement of the tribune's difficulties. The domain lands had to be ascertained, to be recovered, to be apportioned among a host of claimants; the regular distribution of equal allotments to be carried out in spite of every inequality of surface, soil, and natural limits; a little lost in one corner was to be compensated by a little added in another; indemnification to be made to existing occupiers; the respective pleas of Romans and Italians, of the near and the distant, to be considered; and all this in the teeth of a hostile opposition, both open and disguised. The nobles had recourse to the old artifice of representing the demagogue as covertly aspiring to the tyranny. This device had succeeded against Cassius, Manlius, and Spurius Mælius. Tiberius, it was now insinuated, had accepted a diadem and purple robe as presents from some foreign emissaries; and the tribune, compelled to strengthen himself by aggression equally unscrupulous, decreed the distribution among the citizens of the treasures bequeathed to the state by Attalus, king of Pergamus, in order to defray their expenses in entering upon their new allotments.

This decree was an attack upon the ordinary prerogative of the senate, which claimed the right of administering all foreign affairs. It inflamed, of course, still more the angry passions of the nobles. Tiberius rushed upon measures still more popular. He proposed

abridging the term of military service, and joining the knights with the senators on the judicial tribunals. The prerogative of presiding in the *Judicia*, or trials for public misdemeanours, was a much-coveted distinction. It conferred authority over the lives and fortunes of the most exalted servants of the state, if impeached by the agents of bold and unscrupulous factions; and in the growing corruption of the times it was already made an instrument for extorting money, no less than deference and awe.

But the tribune knew that as soon as he descended from his inviolable office, his person would be no longer secure. It was necessary to obtain a renewal of his term. He demanded re-election for the year ensuing. But in the month of June, when the proper time arrived for holding the comitia, many of his stanchest adherents were detained at harvest in the country. Some of his own colleagues were induced to obstruct his movements. Still he persevered. In spite of every disadvantage, still the prospects of his election seemed favourable. The nobles exclaimed with indignation that a renewal of the tribuneship was illegal. Both parties were, perhaps, prepared for an appeal to physical force. The first overt acts, however, came from the side of the senate. Tiberius called upon his friends to help him, and in the noise and tumult raised his hand to his head, to indicate that his life was menaced. "*He demands the diadem*," exclaimed the senators with a burst of pretended patriotism. Scipio Nasica, a chief of the nobles, the foremost man of the times, urged the consul Scævola to destroy the tyrant and save the state. But Scævola was mild in disposition and calm in judgment. He refused to interfere with illegal violence, while at the same time he promised to prevent by legitimate means the enactment of unconstitutional measures. Thereupon Nasica, leaping from his seat, sum-

moned the citizens to his aid, exclaiming, "*Since the consul shrinks from protecting the commonwealth, follow me!*" Throwing the skirt of his toga over his head, as a hasty defence against the rude blows of the multitude, or in token, as some might understand it, that he was performing an act of religion — for he was chief of the college of pontiffs — he rushed to the Capitol, and was followed by a handful of nobles, with their slaves and clients, armed with sticks and fragments of chairs and tables. Tiberius and his friends had, meanwhile, furnished themselves with similar weapons. The two parties met, jostled, and struck. Some were slain, others driven to the edge of the Tarpeian rock, and hurled to the bottom. Tiberius sought refuge in the temple of Jupiter, but the priests had closed the doors. In the hurry of his flight he stumbled over a dead body, and fell at the foot, as was remarked, of the statue of one of the ancient kings. As he rose, one of his own colleagues, named Saturninus, struck him on the head with a club, and a second blow from another despatched him. More than three hundred of his partizans perished in the fray, and
A. U. 621. B. C. 133. their corpses were dragged ignominiously to the Tiber, and cast into the stream.

This, it is said, was the first disturbance at Rome since the expulsion of the kings, which ended in bloodshed and the death of citizens. All previous disputes, though such there had been neither few nor trivial, were settled by mutual concessions: the nobles yielded through fear of the people, and the people yielded from respect to the senate. The Romans of a later age persisted in believing that, even on this occasion, Tiberius would have given way eventually, or the people would have refused to support him in asserting his principles by main force. The nobles, it seems, were the actual aggressors; and when the

affair came to blows, the multitude evidently shrank from a contest in which they must have been immensely superior in numbers. The nobles followed up their victory with a ferocity which seems to show that their motives were personal rather than patriotic. They refused to listen to the request of the murdered man's brother, to take up his body and bury it privately, but threw it into the Tiber with the other corpses. They proceeded to banish some of his friends without trial, and others they put to death. One Caius Villius they shut up in a vessel with snakes and vipers, the fearful death of a parricide. Blossius, the Greek sophist of Cumæ, one of Tiberius's teachers, being brought before the consuls, and questioned about what had passed, admitted that he had shrunk from nothing at the bidding of Tiberius. On Nasica asking him, *What if Tiberius had told you to burn the Capitol?* Blossius replied, that Tiberius would never have given him such an order. The same question being often put to him, and by several persons, he added, "*If he had commanded me to burn the Capitol, it would have been a good deed for me to do; for Tiberius would not have given such an order unless it were for the interest of the people.*" Such was the influence the young reformer had gained over the minds even of his own instructors. His motives were pure, and his ambition generous; but he was unwise in the attempt to stem a change in society, which circumstances had rendered inevitable, and resistance to which could not fail to engender even worse evils. He exhibited some violence and unscrupulousness in his short career; and it is fortunate perhaps for his good fame that he was cut off before being precipitated into more flagrant enormities.

The nobles had effected the destruction of their enemy, and had blackened his memory with the monstrous charge

of aspiring to the tyranny. But this had not sufficed to deter the people from the projects he had promulgated, and his opponents dared not repeal the agrarian law which now went by his name. Appius Claudius died about the same time; but the places of the deceased triumvirs were supplied by M. Fulvius Flaccus and C. Papirius Carbo. The nobles trusted to time and opportunity, together with the inherent difficulties of the scheme itself, to defeat the enactment which they shrank from directly abrogating. The triumvirs could not move a step without increasing their own embarrassments. Every partition they proposed was parried by excuses and evasions. The occupiers resisted, the allies complained, documents were lost, limitations were contested; the tribunes, some hostile, others lukewarm, gave no aid to the perplexed and menaced distributors; the senate covertly undermined their authority, while the attention of the people themselves was diverted to other objects. All that resulted from the labours of the commission was general disquietude and the suspension of business. Of all the provisions of the *lex Sempronia*, the prohibition of the sale of domain-land by the occupiers alone was carried into effect.

At this conjuncture Scipio Æmilianus returned victorious from Numantia. His exploits, and the brilliancy of a name which united the glories of two illustrious families—for himself the offspring of Paulus Æmilius, he had been adopted by the son of the great Scipio—together with the renown of his patriotism and virtue, might point him out as the fittest umpire between the rival factions of the city. But he was by character as well as by birth an aristocrat; and it was reported that on hearing of the death of Tiberius, his own brother-in-law, he had not scrupled to exclaim, in the words of the Homeric Athene,—

"So perish all who do the like again."

With such prejudices, and such boldness in expressing them, it was not to be expected that he would arbitrate impartially. Without, however, moving the rejection of the impracticable measure, he contented himself with throwing suspicion on the fairness of the triumvirs, while he exposed the insufficiency of their powers. He adroitly contrived to get the further prosecution of the affair transferred from the commission to the consuls themselves, and the pretext of a war in Illyria was presently seized for postponing the execution of the *lex Sempronia*, and letting it fall into abeyance. A. U. 621. B. C. 133.

But Scipio, at least, is not to be confounded with the selfish and tyrannical nobles whose views he seemed in this instance to espouse. He was a man of a generous disposition and enlightened views; and possibly his long absence from Rome, at the head of her armies, had removed him from the focus of prejudices which would otherwise have entangled him as well as lesser men. Among the soldiers of the republic, Scipio had recognised the valour of the Italian allies; and he had learnt to despise the rabble of the city, which, while it claimed the right of Roman suffrage and the privilege of electing tribunes and consuls, was deemed unworthy to be entrusted with the defence of the republic. This rabble was composed in a great measure of enfranchised slaves, who had been transformed, by the mere will of an indulgent master, from barbarians and strangers into Roman citizens; while the freemen of Samnium and Etruria, of Umbria and the Cisalpine Gaul, who had shed their blood for Rome, were debarred from even nominating to her magistracies. "*Silence, Rome's spurious children,*" Scipio had exclaimed, when interrupted by popular clamour in the forum; "*think ye that I regard the cries of citizens whom I myself have brought captives into Italy?*" The Italians rejoiced in the regard with

which the Roman hero distinguished them. They feared the results of the new agrarian distribution; they hated the miserable hordes which claimed to be their conquerors, and sought to establish themselves on their lost estates; and they now aspired to be admitted themselves to citizenship, and obtain, at least, a share in the privileges of their rulers. They chose Scipio as their patron, thus giving him certain legal rights for the advancement of their interests.

The nobles may have countenanced these aspirations of the Italians, as a set-off against the aggressions of the commons, but at heart they were hardly less jealous of the one than of the other. Scipio had been twice advanced to the consulship; and now, at last, when the name of dictator was pronounced by the classes which demanded rest from unceasing agitation, no man could stand in competition with the conqueror of Carthage and Numantia. "*A tyrant, a tyrant,*" exclaimed Caius Gracchus, while Fulvius threatened the vengeance of the people. "*The enemies of Rome do well,*" Scipio replied, "*to wish me dead, for they know that while I live Rome cannot perish.*" But Scipio was about to die, and genuine freedom was destined not long to survive him. He had retired to his chamber to meditate a discourse which he was to pronounce on the morrow before the people; on the morrow he was found dead in his bed. No wound, it was asserted, appeared on the body; his slaves, however, being put to the question, affirmed that the house had been entered during the night, and a murder perpetrated. The persons of the assassins were, they declared, unknown to them. Suspicion fell sometimes on Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, sometimes on Sempronia, the wife of the deceased, who was supposed to have causes of domestic chagrin; but when the senate failed to institute further inquiries, and

A. U. 625. B. C. 129.

shrank from avenging the noblest of the Romans, some share of the suspicion might naturally attach even in that illustrious quarter.

The Italians were struck with consternation. Silently and almost unperceived, they had been making their way towards their cherished object, the franchise of the city. One of them, named Perperna, a distinguished soldier, had just been allowed to attain the consulship, and with the aid of Scipio they hoped to break down the interests still armed against them. But his death was the signal for a more violent proscription of their claims. The senate decreed that all Italians should be expelled from the city. Perperna himself was included in the sentence of banishment. He snatched the fasces from his mansion, and carried them to the seat of his ancestors, among the Samnian mountains, chased with ignominy from the city in which his son had merited a triumph.

At this conjuncture the leaders of the popular party suddenly changed their tactics. Caius Gracchus, with politic boldness, offered himself as the defender of the Italians. Fulvius seconded this new movement. Elected consul, he allowed the exiles to appeal to the people against this odious decree. Further, in order to conciliate in one league the opposing interests of the Italians and the Roman commons, he proposed to give the franchise to all such as should fail to obtain a portion of the public lands. The senators could not be expected to ratify such a measure; but Fulvius refused even to ask their opinion. It would have been ratified, however, by popular acclamation, had not Fulvius been compelled to withdraw from the city, and take the command of the national armies in defence of the Massilians, who claimed the aid of the republic, as their ancient ally, against some neighbouring aggressors. At the same time Caius was got rid of for

the moment, by means of an official appointment in Sardinia. The Italians were exasperated; perhaps they conceived themselves deserted by their pretended friends. The little commonwealth of Fregellæ rashly flew to arms, and the prætor Opimius marched against it. It was betrayed by one of its own citizens, who was branded to after ages, even by the Romans themselves, by the title of *Numitorius the traitor.* Fregellæ was sacked and destroyed, and the bloody execution done upon it arrested for thirty-five years the insurrection of Italy against Rome.

The Italian states had refrained from succouring their comrades in their extremity, and the senate had failed to connect any other of their allies with this abortive revolt. Convinced, however, that a single petty community would not have ventured on such a step without instigators and accomplices, it looked for the real promoters of the rebellion in Rome itself. It pretended to discover in C. Gracchus the real author of the revolt, and caused him to be impeached for treason. This was a rash move. Caius had acquired popularity with the soldiers in his late office; he had displayed courage and conduct in the field; and he had devoted himself to the comforts of his comrades in arms. The citizens had already screened him from a petty charge of having quitted his duties, and repaired to Rome, without his commander's permission. When, therefore, the graver accusation was advanced against him, his eloquence, which was bold and manly, fell upon favourable ears. Not only was he acquitted with acclamations, but his suit for the tribunate was crowned with success. The influence of the nobles indeed effected that he should be elected fourth instead of first on the list; but, once installed on the tribunitian bench, his zeal, activity, and popular manners, soon gave him a

virtual preeminence above all his colleagues. More ambitious than his brother, he was far less scrupulous in the choice of his means. Coming second to the contest, he had already had his warnings, and he had determined to profit by them. Tiberius, firm in his own integrity and the justice of his views, had ventured to attack the senate, without first securing the people on his own side. Caius resolved to secure his own position in the first instance. Tiberius had for his object, to better the condition of the poorer classes. Caius aimed at a reconstruction of the national polity. His mother Cornelia, terrified by the slaughter of one of her sons, urged him, it is said, to abstain from the fruitless attempt. But a voice sounded in his ears, that the destiny of both the Gracchi was the same, to fight and die for the people; and with the mixed feelings of vengeance, of indignation, of patriotism, and of ambition, he trode boldly and resolutely in the bloody footsteps of his brother's career. A. U. 631. B. C. 123.

To vengeance his first thoughts were given, his first measures directed. He caused two laws to be enacted; the one levelled against Octavius, to the effect that a person who had once been deprived of a public charge should be ineligible to any office in future; the other subjected the consul Popilius to impeachment for the banishment of citizens, friends of Tiberius, without a formal trial. The first of these laws Caius himself, at his mother's instance, annulled; but Popilius was constrained to withdraw himself, by voluntary exile, from the terrors of the other. This second enactment, which was indeed only a more solemn ratification of the old constitutional principle on which the commons had been wont to insist, which secured a full trial to every Roman citizen in matters affecting his life and station, became important in the

later history of Rome's civil commotions, as a safeguard of liberty or an instrument of vengeance.

Having offered this sacrifice to the shade of his brother, Caius proceeded to develop his own policy. He confirmed, by reiterated edicts, the principle of the agrarian law promulgated by Tiberius, though he advanced no nearer to its practical execution. Caius, it is said, was the first Roman statesman who appointed a regular distribution of corn among the poorer citizens, requiring the state to buy up large consignments of grain from the provinces, and to sell it again at a fixed rate below the natural price. The nobles themselves seem to have acquiesced without alarm in this measure, by which they hoped to secure the city from seditious movements in time of scarcity; but they failed to foresee the discouragement it would give to industry, the crowds of idle and dissipated citizens it would entice into the forum, the appetite it would create for shows, entertainments and largesses, and the power it would thus throw into the hands of unprincipled demagogues. Caius next established customs duties upon various articles of luxury imported into the city for the use of the rich; he decreed the gratuitous supply of clothing to the soldiers, who had hitherto been required to provide themselves out of their pay; he founded colonies for the immediate gratification of the poorer citizens, who were waiting in vain for the promised distribution of lands; he caused the construction of public granaries, bridges and roads, to furnish objects of useful labour to those who were not unwilling to work. Caius himself, it is said, directed the course and superintended the making of the roads, some of which we may still trace traversing Italy in straight lines from point to point, filling up depressions and hollowing excrescences in the face of the country, and built upon huge substructions of solid masonry. Those who most

feared and hated him confessed their amazement at the magnificence of his projects and the energy of his proceedings; the people, in whose interests he toiled, were filled with admiration and delight, when they saw him attended from morning to night by crowds of contractors, artificers, ambassadors, magistrates, soldiers, and men of learning, to all of whom he was easy of access, adapting his behaviour to the condition of each in turn; thus proving, as they declared, the falsehood of those who presumed to call him violent and tyrannical. He thus showed himself more skilful as a popular leader in his dealings with men than in his harangues from the rostra. But his speeches were distinguished not only for their eloquence, but for an innovation of peculiar significance. Before his time, the speakers in the forum were wont to turn towards that portion of the open space called the comitium, which properly belonged to the patrician curies; but Caius Gracchus addressed himself to the mass of the citizens behind the rostra, a practice which from thenceforth became usually adopted.

By these innovations Caius laid a wide basis of popularity. Thereupon he commenced his meditated attack upon the privileged classes. We possess at least one obscure intimation of a change he effected or proposed in the manner of voting by centuries, which struck at the influence of the wealthier classes. He confirmed and extended the Porcian law, for the protection of citizens against the aggression of the magistrates without a formal appeal to the people. Even the powers of the dictatorship, to which the senate had been wont to resort for the coercion of its refractory opponents, were crippled by these provisions; and we shall see that no recourse was again had to this extraordinary and odious appointment till the oligarchy had gained for a time a complete victory over

their adversaries. Another change, even more important, was that by which the knights were admitted to the greater share, if not, as some suppose, to the whole, of the judicial appointments. In a republic, it may be observed, the judicial prerogative is the most important of all public functions. If it fall into the hands of a class or party in the state, it becomes inevitably an instrument of persecution and aggrandizement. As long as the senators were the judges, the provincial governors, who were themselves senators, were secure from the consequence of impeachment. If the knights were to fill the same office, it might be expected that the *publicani*, the farmers of the revenues abroad, would be not less assured of impunity, whatever were the enormity of their exactions. But at this moment the provinces were exclaiming against an Aurelius Cotta, a Livius Salinator, a Manius Aquilius, and their envoys were vainly soliciting justice against these extortionate proconsuls. The tribune took advantage of the scandal of this grievous iniquity; he proposed a fundamental change in the constitution of the tribunals, and the knights were suddenly installed in the seats of justice.

It was vain, indeed, to expect greater purity from the second order of citizens than from the first. If the senators openly denied justice to complainants, the knights almost as openly sold it. This was in itself a grievous degradation of the tone of public morality; but this was not all the evil of the tribune's reform. It arrayed the two privileged classes of citizens in direct hostility to one another. *Caius made the republic double-headed*, was the profound remark of antiquity. He sowed the seeds of a war of an hundred years. Tiberius had attempted to raise up a class of small proprietors, who, by the simplicity of their manners and moderation of their tastes, might form, as he hoped, a strong conservative barrier between the

tyranny of the nobles and the envy of the people; but Caius, on the failure of this attempt, was content to elevate a class to power, who should touch upon both extremes of the social scale,—the rich by their wealth, and the poor by their origin. Unfortunately this was to create not a new class, but a new party. The knights, the monied men, the financial agents of the republic, at home and abroad, formed already a powerful corporation, closely allied in interest and sympathies, the last of all, perhaps, to whom the privilege should have been entrusted of dispensing justice between classes and parties in the commonwealth. On more than one occasion, indeed, we shall find the knights do good service to the commonwealth in preventing different sections of the nobility from flying at each other's throats, and maintaining the equilibrium of government against the attacks of the governors themselves. But as regarded their treatment of allies and subjects, the second order was no less violent and rapacious than the first, and both conspired together to fill the measure of the national iniquities, and draw down upon the republic their appropriate retribution.

One direct advantage, at all events, Caius expected to derive, besides the humiliation of his brother's murderers, from this elevation of the knights: he hoped to secure their grateful co-operation towards the important object he next had in view: this was no less than the full admission of the Latins and Italians to the right of suffrage. We have seen how much the policy of the Roman statesmen had vacillated on this subject. Tiberius Gracchus had desired it, but the people, in whose interest he was acting, were too decidedly opposed to it to allow him seriously to entertain the idea. Scipio Æmilianus had espoused the cause of the Italians, and excited thereby the jealousy of the senate itself. His premature death had frustrated

whatever design he may have really contemplated. Caius had boldly assumed the patronage of the same liberal policy, though he could not hope to carry it at once into execution against the rooted hostility of the classes he pretended to lead; but his enactment for the distribution of corn among the populace helped to soothe the jealousy of the commons. Their own subsistence once assured, they felt themselves no longer constrained to struggle against every other competitor for the means of living. The chief boon which the franchise conferred was exemption from tribute to the national treasury, which had been remitted to the citizens since the conquest of Macedonia; but the admission of a larger number to this immunity made no addition to the burdens of those already relieved from it: the enhancement of taxation required to replenish the public coffers would fall upon the provinces, and more distant subjects of the republic. To acquire a share in the opportunities for honour and advancement, in the use of public domains, in the foundation of colonies, in the distribution of largesses, was an object of natural ambition to the Italian population; but, besides these direct advantages, they longed for the right of citizenship, to relieve them from the tyrannical oppression to which, as conquered foreigners, they were too often subjected. The officers of the haughty republic allowed themselves to treat the Latin colonies, even within a few days' journey of Rome, with the same overbearing insolence they practised upon the barbarians of Spain, or the effeminate Greeks and Asiatics. The Roman populace itself was disgusted at the wanton enormities their noble magistrates perpetrated on the helpless Italians. Caius could appeal to a sense of humanity, even in the Roman forum, and urge the claims of his clients by harrowing tales of the atrocities they were made to suffer from

their Roman governors. "*A consul,*" he said, "*lately entered Teanum: his wife expressed a wish to bathe in the men's baths. The chief magistrate of the town obsequiously ordered the bathers to remove. The lady, however, complained to her husband that the baths were not cleared soon enough, and were not as clean or neat as they should have been. Whereupon the consul caused the magistrate, a man of high birth as well as station, to be bound to a stake in the market-place, to be stripped and beaten with rods like a common slave.*" Such a beating, besides its ignominy, generally ended in death. At another place, a local magistrate cast himself headlong from the walls to escape a similar indignity for a similar delinquency. The wretched people proclaimed that none should venture to use the public baths whenever a Roman officer was in their city. Caius had another anecdote to tell. "*Let me show you from a single example,*" he said, "*the violence and recklessness of our young nobles. A few years since a young legatus was journeying home from Asia. He was carried in a closed litter. As he passed through the territory of Venusium, a rustic herdsman met him on the road, and asked the bearers in jest whether they were carrying a corpse.*" It was a word of evil omen. "*The young man caused the bearers to set him down, and, unfastening the straps of the litter, lash the unfortunate countryman till he expired under their blows.*"

These stories, the general truth of which unfortunately cannot be doubted, made a grave impression upon the Roman people. When Caius elevated the knights to the judicial bench, in the place of the senate, he had been taunted, as we have seen, with raising a perpetual source of division between the dominant classes of the people. "*The commonwealth,*" he might have retorted with at least

equal justice, "*will continue divided against itself, as long as the Romans and Italians are arrayed in a hostile attitude against each other. Let the two nations coalesce finally in one, the strength of the republic will be doubled, and the period of its empire indefinitely prolonged.*" The nobles perceived with alarm that their enemy had excited the sympathy of his audience. Still more were they alarmed when he proposed and carried a rogation for the foundation of ample colonies, on the very spots which had been signalized by their powerful rivalry to Rome. Caius undertook to restore the political importance of Capua and Tarentum in Italy; and, in spite of the imprecations denounced against any one who should dare to rebuild Carthage, to found upon its ruins a colony of plebeians, hardly less hostile, it might be feared, to the actual government of Rome, than the Carthaginians themselves.

This noble idea of restoring the capital of Africa, which the conquerors had so ungenerously destroyed, became fixed in the minds of the democratic reformers of the republic. It was destined to be achieved by a greater man than Caius Gracchus, almost a century later: but the tribune was thoroughly in earnest; and in order perhaps to expedite and secure the accomplishment of the undertaking, in the face of the jealousies which it would excite on the part, not of the Romans only, but of the local colonists at Utica or Hippo, he crossed the sea in person, and spent some months on the spot, laying the new foundations, and inaugurating them by religious ceremonies. On his departure the work seems to have languished, and was speedily extinguished. But, in the meanwhile, his absence from Rome had given an advantage to his adversaries. The nobles, who had long vainly opposed, had suddenly offered to outbid him.

They put forward one of the tribunes, whom they had gained, named Livius Drusus, to propose the foundation not of three colonies only, but of twelve, to annul the rent-charge, which Caius had reserved to the state on the lands distributed to the poor, and to extend to the Latins immunity from corporal punishment, along with the other Roman privileges which he had claimed for them. It was in the midst of the agitation caused by this manœuvre, that Caius had imprudently quitted the city. On his return he found the basis of his popularity undermined, and his own safety menaced by the suit for the consulship of Opimius, the destroyer of Fregellæ, the most inveterate of his personal foes. The tragedy of Tiberius, it was but too apparent, was about to be re-enacted. Caius abandoned his stately mansion on the Palatine, and took up his residence, for the sake of security, in the midst of the people near the Forum. He called upon the Latins to enter the city for his protection. But an edict of the consul commanded every Italian to leave Rome. The tribune protested against the decree, which he dared not forbid. When one of his friends, a guest from Italy, was dragged to prison before his eyes, he shrank from defending him. The confession of his own weakness was fatal to him. The people drew back coldly from their patron, and he failed in his suit for a third tribunate.

Opimius, on succeeding to the consulship, decreed an inquiry into the condition of the new colony of Carthage, and vaunted openly an intention of rescinding its charter. Caius, no longer tribune, and divested of personal inviolability, was called upon to defend it at a serious disadvantage. He despaired of success by legal means, and prepared at once for force. His mother Cornelia aided him with masculine resolution. While he maintained

himself in the city, she collected a number of foreigners, and sent them armed, but disguised as rustic labourers, to his assistance. These men had fewer scruples than even the degraded populace itself. When a lictor of the consul insulted Caius and his friends, by calling on them to make room for better men, these hot partizans struck him suddenly to the ground. The senate, hastily convened, declared the state in danger, and invested Opimius with arbitrary powers. He armed the nobles, the knights, and the slaves; he occupied during the night the Capitol and the temple of Castor and Pollux in the Forum, and next morning summoned Caius and Fulvius to answer for the murder of the lictor. Far from obeying the summons, they too distributed arms to their adherents, and seized the temple of Diana on the Aventine, from whence they issued a proclamation, in which they promised freedom to the slaves who should join them. But this invitation met with no response. The consul offered pardon to all who would abandon the chiefs of the sedition, and the band of mutineers melted rapidly away. Fulvius was discovered in a deserted bath, and put to the sword. Caius fled by the Sublician bridge, and two of his companions sacrificed their lives to retard the pursuit. With a horse he might have escaped, but though he loudly called for one, no friend or adherent came forward to his succour. He cast himself into the sacred grove of the Furies, and there caused a slave to give him the death blow. Opimius had promised to pay for his head its weight in gold. Septimuleius, a friend of the consul, who had acquired the precious trophy, extracted the brains, replaced them with lead, and so claimed the reward. A massacre of the rebel's adherents followed, and three thousand are said to have perished. Their houses were razed; their estates confiscated; their widows forbidden to wear

mourning for them: the wife of Caius was even deprived of her dowry. A. U. 633. B. C. 121.

At a later period the people erected statues to the Gracchi, and raised altars on the spots where they had fallen, on which sacrifices continued long to be offered. This tardy gratitude consoled Cornelia, who retained in a distant retirement the memory of the greatness both of her parents and her offspring. In her dwelling on the promontory of Misenum, surrounded by the envoys of kings and the representatives of Grecian literature, she rejoiced in recounting to her admiring visitors the life and death of her noble children, without shedding a tear, but speaking calmly of them, as heroes of ancient days. Only she would conclude her account of her father Africanus with the words—"*The grand-children of this great man were my sons. They perished in the temples and groves of the Gods. They deserved to fall in those holy spots, for they gave their lives for the noblest end,—the happiness of the people.*"

CHAPTER II.

ARISTOCRATICAL REACTION AGAINST THE POPULAR LEGISLATION OF THE GRACCHI.—WAR WITH JUGURTHA AND THE CIMBRI.—CAIUS MARIUS. — SEVEN CONSULSHIPS.—TRIBUNATE OF SATURNINUS.—HIS OVERTHROW AND DEATH.

A. U. 633—654. B. C. 121—100.

THE nobles celebrated their victory with insolent triumph. When the 3000 corpses had been thrown into the Tiber, the stains of massacre wiped from the streets, and the price of murder paid, Opimius commemorated the bloody triumph by a medal, on which Hercules, the exterminator of monsters, was represented with his club and a laurel chaplet. He proceeded to purify the city with lustrations, and dedicated a temple to Concord, in arrogant imitation of the crowning act of Camillus, the father of his country. But Camillus had not put his opponent Licinius to death: he had brought an era of public troubles to a close, whereas Opimius had only opened the door of revolution and proscription.

For the moment, however, the success of the nobles appeared complete. With the exercise of some prudence and self-control they felt assured of the speedy reversal of all the innovations of the Gracchi. They allowed themselves fifteen years (B. C. 121—106) to effect this reaction. The partizans of Caius Gracchus were not entirely daunted at first. A tribune, named Decius, had the temerity to impeach Opimius, on the old legal principle to which the Commons clung with pertinacity, for having

put citizens to death without trial. The senate employed Papirius Carbo, as consul at the time, though himself a friend and adherent of the murdered man, to defend his predecessor in office. By this condescension Carbo expected perhaps to make his peace with his old foes, or, rather, his admission to the consulship may have been the seal of a pretended reconciliation between them. Nevertheless, after successfully defending Opimius, he was himself subjected in the following year to impeachment, and L. Licinius Crassus, afterwards distinguished as the greatest of the Roman orators before Cicero, gained his first laurels in driving him into banishment, or, as some reported, to a voluntary death. From henceforth the Sempronian laws were successively modified or abolished. The Agrarian law had hitherto been very imperfectly executed, and the provision by which the new possessors were forbidden to alienate their lots, had materially vitiated the boon to the poorer citizens, who had little inclination, especially after the establishment of a largess of corn, to quit the voluptuous idleness of the city for the cultivation of distant farms. This prohibition was accordingly speedily revoked. The result which Tiberius foresaw immediately followed. Rich capitalists began to swallow up the petty allotments of the poor, and the sole effect of the Agrarian law was to restore to the nobles in complete dominion the lands, the mere occupation of which had been denounced as so capital a grievance. A tribune, named Sp. Thorius, now stepped forward to stay all further division of the public domains. The Agrarian law was definitively abrogated; the nobles were confirmed in the full possession of their occupations, with only a certain rent-charge levied upon their lands for the benefit of the inferior citizens, among whom it was severally distributed. This was almost precisely the same in principle as the English poor-rate.

But even this modification lasted only a few years. The nobles did not long pause in the career of reaction. In
A.U. 646. B.C. 108. the year 646 they prevailed on another tribune to denounce and abrogate this provision also, and the people were spoiled of their legal and equitable rights by the hands of their own chosen protectors. At the same time even the distributions of corn, for the sake of which they had renounced their share of the public lands, were gradually restricted and reduced.

While, however, the nobles gained to their side some of the natural champions of their adversaries, they were not free from jealousies among themselves. The subjugation of the people only served to revive their own intestine divisions. The conquest of Greece had opened a wide field to new ideas, which threatened to sap the antique prejudices of the nation, and together with them many of the most obvious safeguards of the existing order of things. Among the nobles there had always been a class of liberal, well-informed, and speculative men, who had encouraged the dissemination of ideas which they had themselves imbibed. But the greater number, led by some of the gravest and most influential of the consulars and senators, had strenuously opposed every social innovation, fraught, as they proclaimed, with danger to the austere virtues of the republic. All foreign arts and institutions they held in abhorrence. The scenic representations of Etruria, the literature and philosophy of Greece, the religious mummeries of the East they denounced with equal fervour.
A.U. 638. B.C. 116. In the year 638 the censors Metellus, surnamed Dalmaticus, and Domitius Ahenobarbus expelled all foreign show-mongers from the city. At the same time, in revising, as was their duty, the list of the senate, they erased from the album the names of thirty-two, of whom two were their own predecessors in that grave and honour-

able office. The times were not so pure, that the vices of these victims could be the real cause of their expulsion, We may conclude that the censorship was already employed, as it was still more notoriously on later occasions, for the gratification of personal or party objects. Among the expelled senators were, doubtless, those whose sympathy with the commons, or personal ambition, were most feared by the pampered champions of aristocratic monopoly. In the following year the consul Scaurus promulgated a new sumptuary law, and placed some restrictions upon the political rights of freedmen. Specious efforts were made for the reformation of manners, and vindication of the national purity. Several vestals were condemned for incest, and with them their convicted paramours, who, it appears, were of the equestrian order. These judgments, it seems, lay within the province of the consul; but the political tribunals were still occupied by the knights, and they carried the war into the quarters of the enemy by the condemnation, on various pretences, of Opimius and four other consulars. The nobles now armed themselves for a final struggle. Crassus, whose eloquence was rising in fame and popularity, pleaded for them before the assembled citizens. "*Save us,*" he cried, "*from these wild beasts, whose cruelty thirsts for our blood; let us not be made subject to others than yourselves; for we cannot, we ought not to have any masters but the people of Rome.*" The people, already debauched by idleness and indulgence, had forgotten all the principles for which the Gracchi had so lately contended. The knights were deprived of their monopoly of the judicia, and the bench of justice was now fairly divided between the two superior orders of the commonwealth.

In recovering their ground, the nobles were aided by certain external circumstances. In the year 641 the A. U. 641. B. C. 113.

republic was first alarmed with the formidable names of the Cimbri and Teutones, who, descending upon the northern flanks of the Alps from the heart of Germany, threatened to overleap the barrier which defended Italy from the barbarians. These two confederate nations had issued, as was believed, from the low countries between the Elbe and the Baltic, under pressure of inundation, famine and pestilence. Rushing southward in quest of food or booty, they had penetrated the vast Hercynian forests which covered the whole interior of modern Germany, and had re-appeared at the foot of the Rhœtian Alps. At this period the Romans were slowly making their way against the scattered but warlike tribes which occupied the vast regions between the Danube and the mountains of Thrace. Their consuls went forth year by year, and won triumphs over the Dalmatians, the Illyrians, and the Carnian or Rhœtian Gauls. They commanded the new invaders to retire from regions which they had either claimed themselves, or relinquished to occupants whom they denominated friends and allies. The barbarians were appalled at this bold defiance from an enemy they had never yet seen, but whose fame was bruited throughout Europe. They paused, and even offered to apologize for their ignorant intrusion. But Papirius Carbo, the general of the Romans, deemed it safer to destroy them by treachery, and suddenly attacked them while awaiting the return of their envoys from his camp. He was unexpectedly defeated with such loss, that the invaders might have crossed the Alps without resistance, had they followed up their victory without hesitation. But they turned away in the direction of Gaul, and Rome was for the moment relieved from her apprehensions.

The occurrence of a perilous crisis generally unnerves the masses, and causes them to relax from the attitude of

defence or aggression they may have assumed against a domestic adversary. But at the same time it raises the spirits of the upper class, revealing to them the secret of their strength, and giving them confidence in their own unity and resolution. The nobles undertook with alacrity the defence of the republic, and the people submitted with more apathy than ever to the march of aristocratic reaction. Numerous and well-appointed armies were despatched into Gaul to confront the northern wanderers in the quarter which they had now visited. But the barbarians exceeded, both in numbers and personal strength, the legions of the republic. They defeated the consul Silanus on the fron- A. U. 645. B. C. 109.
tiers of the Roman province; their allies, the Helvetians, routed and slew a second consul, Cassius, in the territory of Savoy; while a third imperator, Aurelius Scaurus, was captured almost at the same moment by another division of the invaders. The firmness of the A. U. 647. B. C. 107.
captive in defying his victors, and assuring them of the unshaken power and unfailing vengeance of the republic, seems to have deterred them from marching upon Italy, which was again open to them. Rome recruited her armies, and sent out two more generals to arrest their progress. But these too were routed in their turn. The camps of Cæpio and Manlius, who had refused to unite their forces, were forced, one after the other, on the same day: the rout was more complete, and the slaughter more overwhelming than had befallen the republic since the days of Cannæ and the Allia. Once more the victors refrained from attacking Italy itself. Separating into detached columns, they occupied themselves with desultory incursions in other quarters, and even penetrated beyond the Pyrenees, while the Romans recovered breath, called forth their vast reserves, and scanned the ranks of their warlike nobility for a general worthy to command them.

During the recurrence of these disastrous defeats, military events, occurring in a distant quarter, were forming an imperator for the salvation of the state.

Since the destruction of Carthage, northern Africa had been shared between three sovereignties; to the west, the kingdom of Mauretania; in the centre, that of the Numidians, which stretched from the Mulucha to the Tusca; and beyond this latter river the Roman province, the ancient Zingitana. On the eastern frontier of the Province, for such was the special designation this possession received, Leptis, buried at the head of the inhospitable Syrtis, solicited the friendship of the republic, and admitted the protection of a Roman garrison: still further eastward Cyrene and Egypt were both devoted to the interests of Rome, whose alliance was also sought by many cities even on the coast of Numidia. The perfidy and barbarity of the native princes had everywhere estranged their own subjects, and particularly those who had acquired, in the pursuits of art and commerce, some knowledge of European civilization. The Romans, with their usual artifice, had represented themselves as humane deliverers, and far and wide the barbarians shook their chains impatiently, and yearned for their aid and sympathy.

With the Mauretanians or Moors, the nations of Europe had little acquaintance, and the factories established among them by the Carthaginians for purposes of trade had perished with the fall of the great Punic republic. But Numidia abounded, especially in its eastern districts, with rich and flourishing cities; and Massinissa, its recent ruler, had been successful both in his wars and his intrigues, and had extended his acquisitions till they completely enveloped the Roman province, reaching even to the borders of the western Syrtis itself. On the south he had penetrated through the defiles of the Atlas into the

country of the Gætulians. The kingdom of Massinissa far exceeded, both in extent and population, the formidable rival Rome had lately conquered on the same continent. She was jealous of its power and advancing consolidation, and sought to divide it. At the death of Massinissa, Scipio Æmilianus had required his three sons to share it between them; but two of them had died prematurely, and the kingdom had fallen again under the sole dominion of the survivor Micipsa. This monarch proposed to divide his realm between his two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal; but together with them he had brought up a natural son of one of his brothers, by name Jugurtha, who far excelled in abilities and spirit the legitimate heirs to the throne. "While they were nourished in the luxuries of a court, Jugurtha, like his grandfather Massinissa, trained himself in perils and hardships; he was the best rider among a nation of riders, the boldest hunter of the lions of the desert. Micipsa, alarmed at his growing reputation, hoped to get rid of him in some dangerous and distant war. He sent him with succours to Scipio before Numantia; but Jugurtha returned with fresh laurels, and added to his renown as a warrior the esteem of the Roman officers, experience in Roman tactics, and a general acquaintance with the Roman policy. He learnt the secret, that the love of gold was the sordid spring of the most brilliant enterprises of the republic, and that in the Roman senate every man had his price. Micipsa now feared him more than ever; perhaps he admired him. Dying soon afterwards he left him one-third of his kingdom, in the hope of securing the remaining portions for his own sons. The hope was vain. Neither party was disposed to acquiesce in this arrangement. Quarrels speedily arose between them; Jugurtha found means to seize and massacre Hiempsal; Adherbal rushed to arms, was defeated, and

betook himself straightway to Rome, to plead his cause
A. C. 637. B. C. 117. before the senate, the acknowledged arbiter of nations. But Jugurtha knew how to deal with the Romans better than his rival. He sent his envoys to Italy, laden with gold, with which, almost openly administered, they speedily neutralized the claim of justice and the sentiment of compassion. It was the public interest indeed of the Roman people to foment the division of Numidia; and the senators required perhaps no personal bribes to make them reject the prayer of the suppliant, and send commissioners to divide the kingdom between the claimants on the spot.

Opimius however, the chief personage among the commissioners, had been gained by Jugurtha before he left Rome, and his colleagues were seduced successively by the same influence. They assigned to their patron the larger or better share of the disputed inheritance. Even with this division Jugurtha was not long content. He made incursions into Adherbal's territories, complained of intrigues and conspiracies against himself, forced his rival into open hostilities, and after defeating him in a great battle, drove him to seek refuge in his royal fortress of Cirta, from the impregnable walls of which he despatched pressing solicitations to the Romans to come to his rescue. A party among the senators would have seized this opportunity for sending the legions into Africa, and enlarging the borders of the province as the price of interference. But the friends of Jugurtha succeeded in averting this danger, and restricting the interference of the republic to the appointment of a second deputation.

At the head of the new commission was M. Æmilius Scaurus, a man of the highest rank and consideration in the state, who had distinguished himself as a general in the Cisalpine and the Carnian Alps, and had attained the

dignified position of prince of the senate. He was noted for the austerity of his consular administration, and the strict discipline he had maintained in the camp. The lavish corruption by which he had obtained his magistracies, did not detract among his corrupt contemporaries from the renown of his antique virtues; and the disfavour with which he was known to regard the Numidian usurper was a pledge to the Romans that he would uphold the character of the republic for justice and integrity. They were surprised and shocked when the envoys shortly returned, quickly followed by the news that Adherbal, undefended and unrelieved, had been forced by famine to surrender, and had perished in torments at the hands of the barbarian Jugurtha. A tribune Memmius insisted on vindicating the honour of the republic by signal vengeance, and the people, inflamed by his harangues against the perfidy of the nobles, demanded that Numidia should be occupied in the following year by a consular army. The province fell by lot to Calpurnius Bestia, who took Scaurus with him as his lieutenant. But the expedition ended in a speedy and dishonourable peace. Once more Memmius rose in the forum to denounce the venality of the senate, and the incapacity of the magistrates. He reminded the tribes of the tyranny which had trampled upon them for the last twenty years, not with the hope of recovering their rights for ever lost, but to inflame their just anger against the public traitors; not to avenge the slaughter of their fallen champions, which could not be expiated but by the blood of citizens, but to maintain the relations of the republic towards its acknowledged friends and foes, whom the nobles had dared to treat, the one as foes, the others as friends. The people, carried away for the moment by an appeal, which sounded like an echo of the voice of a

A. U. 643. B. C. 111.

Sempronius or a Fulvius, decreed that the prætor Cassius, on whose honour they relied, should proceed to Africa, and summon Jugurtha to repair to Rome under safeguard, there to reveal the manœuvres of Scaurus and his accomplices. The Numidian, it seems, could trust to the assurances of personal safety guaranteed him, and did not hesitate to obey the invitation. But, while he showed this disposition to submit himself to the will of the Romans, he contrived that his own mouth should be stopped by another hand. When Memmius called upon him to speak, another tribune, named Bæbius, interposed, and forbade him to reply. The republic kept faith with him; and even when he caused the assassination of a Numidian chief, who was intriguing with the senate to get himself nominated king in his room, she was satisfied with indignantly commanding him to quit the shelter of her walls. As Jugurtha passed the gates he turned about, more than once, to cast a last look upon the fortress of his enemies. "*O venal city,*" he at last exclaimed,
A. U. 644. B. C. 110. "*and destined quickly to perish, whenever a purchaser shall be found for thee!*"

Jugurtha was speedily followed to Africa by the consul Albinus with a Roman army. The Numidian resorted to fresh intrigues, and wore out the year without being driven to any decisive operations. The consul returned to Rome to hold the comitia, and left his legions under the command of his brother Aulus. The legatus made a forced march to surprise the royal treasures: his troops were utterly demoralized from want of discipline; the auxiliaries betrayed their posts, and his army was routed, captured, and passed under the yoke. The senate disavowed his dishonourable capitulation, and sent Albinus back to recommence the war, while the tribunes demanded, with louder cries than ever, the punishment of the traitors

who had accepted Jugurtha's gold. Scaurus, the most guilty of all, had the address to get himself named on the commission of inquiry, and coolly presided at the condemnation of four consulars and a pontiff. It was a season of public alarm and of public severity. The consul Silanus had just been defeated by the formidable Cimbri, and new levies were demanded to maintain the frontiers of the empire on the north. Nevertheless the affairs of Africa were deemed at the moment still more pressing. Cæcilius Metellus, the colleague of Silanus, was despatched before the end of the year to supersede Albinus. The new general was sensible how much the forces of the republic had suffered from the relaxation of discipline in the face of an enemy whose arms they despised, and whose resources they had not learnt to measure. A. U. 645. B. C. 109.

Before leading his legions against the enemy, he exercised them in the severe labours of the camp, and trained them to self-control and implicit obedience. He was ably seconded by an officer of rising reputation, a rude soldier of the old Roman stamp, who had passed through every stage of military service, and was about to prove himself worthy to command. Caius Marius, one of the greatest names in the military annals of the republic, was a native of the obscure town of Arpinum, in the Volscian mountains. He began life, it was reported, though perhaps unjustly, in no higher condition than that of a farm labourer; but in his early years he entered the ranks of the legions, and raised himself to distinction by personal courage and conduct. He had learnt the art of war under Scipio Æmilianus before the walls of Numantia, and attracted the notice of his general not more by his prowess than by the readiness with which he submitted to the strict discipline which that commander restored to the camp. When Scipio's flatterers asked him where the

Romans would find such another leader when he was gone, he is said to have touched the shoulder of Marius, saying with a smile, "*Perhaps here.*" The ambition of the young Arpinate was roused, as might have been expected. As soon as an opportunity offered, and to a rising young officer it could not long be wanting, he plunged into the career of civil advancement. As a tribune he distinguished himself by urging popular measures; but in politics his aims were indistinct, and his course unsteady. Destitute of education or refinement of any kind, he had never applied his mind to the consideration of public interests, nor had he the natural eloquence and versatility of character, which sometimes in political life supply the place of strong ideas and comprehensive judgment. A fortunate marriage allied him with the illustrious family of the Cæsars, and connected him with the interests of the highest nobility, to which, however, his own taste and temper were still directly opposed. But it was owing to this connexion, perhaps, that Metellus now enlisted him among his lieutenants, in which capacity he aided materially in restoring the moral feelings of the legions. Their self-confidence once recovered, the Romans were invincible as before. Metellus baffled his adversary's intrigues, broke up his combinations, and, when the moment came, defeated him in a great battle. Jugurtha, whose subjects were hardly less hostile to him than the foreign invaders, found himself abandoned on all sides. He retreated into the great natural fortifications between the ranges of the lesser and the greater Atlas, and protracted the campaign amidst their plains and mountains, with the indefatigable activity of the nomade life to which he had been trained. The Romans, baulked and wearied, retired into winter quarters, holding possession of many of the principal towns, but

A. U. 646. B. C. 108.

unable to bring to bay the prey they had so long hunted in the desert.

The service of Marius had been brilliant. Before Zama he had saved the camp from a sudden attack; he had rescued the convoys, on which the safety of the legions depended; he had dispelled, by the firmness of his resistance, the clouds of Numidian cavalry which had enveloped his division on its march. When he was not directing or leading an attack he had laboured in the trenches like a common soldier. His manners were engaging, and he had become the idol of the legionaries. He had served as tribune and prætor, and had administered the government of a province. At the age of forty-eight years, and in possession of a high reputation, he was a ripe candidate for the consulship; only his birth was ignoble, and a *new man*, the maker of his own fortune, had never yet been allowed to scale the summit of civil dignities. The consulship had latterly been monopolized by a few illustrious families. The Metelli alone had enjoyed it six times in the course of fourteen years; and when Marius ventured to demand leave of absence to solicit the suffrages of the people, his imperator repulsed him with scorn and undisguised amazement. "*It will be time enough*," he said, "*for you to seek the consulship when my son is of age to become your competitor.*" The young Metellus was little more than twenty, and the consular age was forty-three years.

Marius, notwithstanding his habits of military submission, found means to make himself formidable to his general even in the camp. Metellus after much delay, at last, when he thought it, perhaps, too late, gave the leave of absence required. Marius, from his quarters in the centre of Numidia, had only twelve days to reach Rome and address himself to the tribes. He arrived in the capital on the seventh day. The people at the moment

were under the influence of tribunes opposed to the policy of the nobles. By a great effort, the election of the *new man* was carried, and at the same time the people assigned him the province of Numidia, in spite of a decree of the senate for prolonging the government of Metellus. In such cases of collision, which at this period, at least, but rarely occurred, the legitimate right lay with the people: the usual appointment of the province by the senate was, in fact, an usurpation, which had only gained force by tacit consent. Marius regarded his elevation as a triumph over the nobles, and felt himself planted in hostility against them. "*My consulate and my province,*" he exclaimed, "*are the spoils of victory over the senate. These people despise my birth, forsooth: I scorn and denounce their vices. The bravest man is the noblest. Whom, think you, would the ancestors of Bestia and Albinus wish for their son, — me or them? They call me rude and vulgar, because I cannot lay out a banquet, but pay my rustic bailiff higher wages than my cook. I avow it; I glory in it. I learnt from my father and my father's honest friends, that elegance is for women, labour for men; that arms are glorious, and not ornaments. I can display in my simple halls no ancestral images nor triumphal ensigns; but with my own hand I have won spears and standards and the trophies of war.*" The populace grinned with delight at this humiliation of their superiors.

To this degraded populace Marius did not scruple to open the career of arms. It was indeed a grave innovation, of far more importance to the future fortunes of the republic, than the idle scorn, and not less idle boastings, which had called down the acclamations of the multitude. Hitherto the Roman legionary had been enlisted from among the men who possessed some property, and held a stake in the safety of the republic. To put arms into the

hands of the *proletaries*, the needy refuse of the population, was deemed equally dangerous and dishonourable. But the free population of Rome had been thinned by war and emigration; the Latins and Italians were still excluded from the roll of Roman citizens, and there was no other alternative but to trust the defence of the conquering republic to the allies whom she had subdued. Under these circumstances the revolution introduced by Marius, and a vast revolution it was, was undoubtedly indispensable. The senate itself, harassed by two enemies at either extremity of its dominions, yielded to the urgent necessity. The mendicants of the city, flushed with the hope of plunder, excited perhaps by the unexampled success of a man of the people, as base-born as themselves, rushed in crowds to his unfurled banners, and Marius led forth a numerous army of men, without a prejudice or a principle, ready at his bidding to turn their arms upon either friends or enemies. There was no help for it. The republic was urged on in a career of aggression, in which the temper of her people, her traditional policy, interest, and even necessity forbade her to pause: but from henceforth her armies transferred their allegiance from herself to their imperators, and her laws and liberties lay at the mercy of her own victorious proconsuls. A. U. 647. B. C. 107.

The news of the fresh successes of Metellus hastened the consul's departure. At the opening of a new campaign the imperator had dispersed a Numidian army for the third time, and pursued the enemy into the desert. Jugurtha reached the city of Thala, which held his children and treasures. Metellus sat down to the siege, and at the end of forty days captured the place; but the crafty fugitive had escaped. Jugurtha was exposed, however, to the treachery of his own subjects, not less than to the arms of the Romans. He distrusted every friend and dependent, and dared not

repose two nights following in the same spot. Flying from place to place, he collected around him the barbarians of the Gætulian deserts. These hordes require little, either of money or equipments, to fit them for the warfare to which they were accustomed; and Jugurtha could carry with him the treasure that he immediately needed. Once more at the head of an army, he prevailed upon Bocchus, the king of Mauretania, to join him against the foreigner. Their combined forces advanced towards Cirta, beneath the walls of which city Metellus was entrenched. The Roman general hearing at the same moment that he was superseded by the new consul, abandoned his posts, and retired moodily to Rome, where his mortification was soothed by a triumph and the surname of Numidicus. The legions were retained by his lieutenants in their secure position till Marius arrived, and united them to his own armament.

The war recommenced with activity and circumspection on both sides. Jugurtha confined himself to predatory attacks upon the convoys of the Romans, or on their distant allies. Marius constantly followed, attacked and drove him off; on one occasion, the king himself barely escaped with the loss of his sword. In the meanwhile, Marius was making himself successively master of all the fortified places of the kingdom, and reducing Jugurtha once more to the defences of the desert. He was intriguing, moreover, with Bocchus, and gradually disposing him to make his peace with the invincible invaders by the desertion, and perhaps the betrayal, of his ally. In this campaign, Lucius Cornelius Sulla first came into notice. He served the consul as his quæstor, in which capacity he was charged with the finances of the province; but this confidential office he combined with the command of a division of cavalry, and his talents and address marked him for the conduct of the

most delicate negotiations. Descended from a branch of the great Cornelian family, he belonged by extraction to the highest nobility of the republic, and he had the advantage common to his class, of instruction in the best learning and accomplishments of his times. Nor was he less conspicuous for his love of pleasure, and the laxity of his principles; though he kept his passions under the control of a cool and calculating ambition.

Jugurtha now roused himself to a last effort. To decide Bocchus to risk a great battle by his side, he promised him one third part of his dominions. The Mauretanian acceded. The Roman army was surprised on a night-march, and severely handled; in the morning it recovered the advantage, and effected a great slaughter of the Moors and Gætulians. Again were the Romans surprised and broken in a combat near Cirta, and Jugurtha for a moment believed, or pretended, that he had slain the consul with his own hand. When he brandished his sword in front of their faltering ranks, and exclaimed in Latin, which he had learnt before Numantia, that it was the blood of Marius which dripped from it, victory was almost in his grasp; but at the same moment Marius himself rode up in front, and Sulla attacked the Moorish auxiliaries on the flank. Bocchus escaped from the field without striking a blow; the slaughter fell upon the followers of Jugurtha, who were routed, dispersed, and massacred in every direction. The Numidian had not spared himself while success was possible; but as soon as the fortune of the day turned against him, he no longer exposed himself to no purpose, but evaded the assailants with his usual ingenuity. Bocchus no longer hesitated to make terms with the conquerors. Marius referred his envoys to the senate at Rome. The republic, they were informed, never forgets either injuries, or good service. She forgives Bocchus in consideration of

his repentance; but her friendship and alliance she withholds, till he has done something to deserve them. Bocchus easily divined the meaning of these words. He desired to confer with a confidential agent. Sulla was commissioned to traverse Numidia, and seek him in his own dominions. The Romans were never satisfied that they had painted an African perfidious enough. Their histories described the vacillation of Bocchus in this last extremity, at one moment resolving to betray Jugurtha to Sulla, at another, Sulla to Jugurtha. This latter treachery would have been perfectly useless. Doubtless Bocchus never hesitated a moment. But he continued to deceive his Numidian ally, and contrived to entrap him into a conference. Jugurtha was seized and loaded with chains, and Sulla led him as a captive through his dominions, in which no hand was raised
A. U. 648. B. C. 106. to receive him. With all his admirable genius and resources he had made himself detested for cruelty and perfidy, both to his subjects and his enemies. The Romans had many injuries to avenge, and they avenged them with their accustomed barbarity. When Jugurtha was carried to Rome, and led before the triumphal chariot of his conqueror, they had no scruple in consigning him to the cruel death reserved for the most inveterate of their foes. Cast headlong into the subterranean chamber of the prison in the Capitoline rock, he was left to wrestle with cold and
A. U. 650. B. C. 104. hunger in a mortal agony of six days.

Before quitting Africa, Marius had regulated the condition of his conquests. Bocchus, as the price of his treachery, received the western regions of Numidia, while some of its districts to the east went to enlarge the borders of the Roman province. The remnant of the ancient kingdom was divided between two princes of the royal family of Massinissa, on whose rivalry the republic relied to maintain the whole country in independence.

She exhibited great prudence and moderation in thus renouncing the entire fruits of her victory; but the pressure of the northern foe demanded all her strength, and with no rival to fear on the southern continent, she could trust their recovery to the sure though tardy encroachments of influence and civilization. From the Atlas to the Nile the shadow of her wings was gradually enveloping the whole coast of the Mediterranean. A few years later (B. C. 96), Ptolemæus Apion, the last of the Grecian dynasty which reigned over the Cyrenaica, bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans. A shadow of independence was left to the five cities which constituted this favoured seat of Hellenic art and literature; but they acknowledged the supremacy of Rome by an annual tribute of their medicinal gum, which sold for its weight in silver. Leptis, situated half way between the two Syrtes, received a Roman garrison, and maintained the communications of the republic between her subjects on the one side and her dependents on the other.

When Marius returned to Rome to celebrate his triumph, the consulship for the year had been already thrust upon him. The Cimbri, still wandering westward and plundering the wretched hamlets of the Celtiberians, threatened to return to the richer spoils of the Roman province, and speedily to burst the barrier of the Alps. Since the flood of Gaulish conquest was rolled back from the gates of Rome, the republic had gained ground steadily against the northern invaders. She had driven them across the Apennines, to the Rubicon and to the Po; and in the fertile plains at the foot of the Alps she had accepted their final submission, and enrolled their Cisalpine territories among her subject provinces. With that conquest all danger of a Gaulish invasion ceased; but the acquisition of new dominions in Iberia rendered it necessary to secure

the communication between the Alps and the Pyrenees. Rome was driven on from conquest to conquest. The claim of her Grecian ally Massilia, an aristocratic republic, planted on the coast of the Mediterranean, near the mouth of the Rhone, midway between the Var and the Aude, soon invited her legions beyond the Alps. She chastised the barbarians who menaced her ally or insulted herself, advanced her own stations along the coast, formed relations of trade with both the Greeks and the Gauls, and was speedily led to found and fortify colonies. Aquæ Sextiæ, Convenæ, Narbo and Biterræ, became important positions. A Roman province was gradually formed, which received the name of the Transalpine Gaul, divided in the middle by the Rhone, and extending northward to the Cevennes and the Isére, while its furthest outpost was bathed by the waters of lake Lemanus. But during the latter years of the war with Jugurtha all this fair province was exposed to the ravages of the Cimbri and Teutones, the Helvetii and Ambrones. Five Roman armies had been lost in its defence: the natives, long accustomed to the peaceful cultivation of the arts, and taught to rely on the protection of the republic, had abandoned their fields and crowded into the cities, which the barbarians had not the skill to besiege, nor the patience to blockade. Consternation reigned in Rome: the people clamoured for an efficient defender: the nobles stifled their jealousy, and the general voice raised Marius by acclamation to a second consulship, with the conduct of the war.

Marius triumphed at the commencement of the year, and immediately summoned his veterans to accompany him into Gaul. But a large portion of his numerous army was composed of new levies, and of a class of recruits not yet trained, we may suppose, to the use of arms. The troops which he found in the province were demoralized by defeat

and indiscipline, and the hideous figures, the vast stature, as well as the mode of fighting of the barbarians, inspired them with terror. The wary general declined to lead them against the enemy, till by field-labour and camp-exercises he had restored the tone of discipline. Fortunately the barbarians, scattered as they were, some in quest of distant booty, others in the enjoyment of the spoil they had acquired, allowed him a considerable interval for preparation. He established a fortified camp near the mouth of the Rhone, and employed his men in excavating a canal through the shingly plain to the sea, to avoid a dangerous navigation, and secure an easy access for his supplies. The *fossæ Marianæ* retained their name and their use for several centuries. During the continuance of these works, a third and a fourth consulship were conferred upon him. Meanwhile, wearied with inaction, or having exhausted the resources within their immediate reach, the invaders separated into two divisions. The Cimbri and Helvetii proposed to make the circuit of the northern base of the Alps, and pour into Italy by the passes of the Tyrol. The Teutones and Ambrones engaged to crush the resistance of Marius, and double the southern extremity of the mountains where they fall into the Mediterranean. A place of meeting was appointed on the banks of the Po. The republic divided its forces to oppose them. While Marius retained his post in the Transalpine province, his colleague Catulus led a second consular army to the banks of the Adige. As his men acquired confidence in their general and themselves, Marius found great difficulty in still restraining them from the attack. He worked upon their imaginations, he kindled, perhaps, his own enthusiasm, by employing the divinations of a Syrian woman, named Martha, whom he carried about with him, and whom he professed to consult

in every emergency. The Teutones at last attempted to storm the camp which their opponent so steadily refused to quit. Repulsed, they resolved to march forwards, and leave the enemy in their rear. As they defiled past the lines, the Romans counted their numbers, or followed with their eyes the length of their interminable trains, which continued, it is said, to move incessantly before them for the space of six days. As they passed along they asked the Romans, with a sneer, if they had any message to send their wives, for they should soon be with them. When they had advanced some distance, Marius also broke up from his camp and followed in their track, entrenching himself carefully every night. The barbarians were still eager for the combat, and Marius had only to choose his ground for a pitched battle. He placed his troops on elevated ground about twelve miles east of Aquæ Sextiæ (Aix), in a strong position, but ill supplied with water. He was well assured that the enemy would lose no time in giving battle; but when some of his men complained of this want of precaution, he pointed to a stream which ran near the barbarian lines, and said they must get drink from thence. "*Why then,*" they exclaimed, "*do you not lead us at once to battle?*" Marius calmly replied, "*We must first secure our camp.*"

The soldiers obeyed unwillingly; but while they were making the trenches, the camp-servants sallied forth to the stream for water with such arms as they had. The barbarians at first straggled down to meet them in small numbers, their main body being engaged at their repast. A conflict ensued, and larger forces were presently engaged. The Ambrones, thirty thousand strong, sprang from their tables, full of food and inflamed with wine, yet in no confusion or frantic haste, but keeping pace to the measured striking of their arms, and advancing steadily in

line to the cry *Ambrones! Ambrones!* Before they could all cross the stream they were met first by the Ligurian auxiliaries, who came to the combat shouting in the same barbaric fashion as themselves, and then by the Roman legionaries, hastening to the support of their vanguard. The Ambrones were hurled back into the water, crowded in helpless masses, overthrown and trampled upon. The Romans crossed the river over their bodies, and pursued the remnant to their waggons, where a few only were saved by the desperate resistance of the women, who mingled among the combatants, tearing with bare hands their swords and shields from the legionaries.

The Romans, after this first success, regained their position. During the night no cry of triumph or merriment issued from their quarters. They passed the hours of darkness in anxious watching, for their camp had neither palisade nor rampart, and the loud howlings of the vanquished Ambrones, like the cries of wild beasts, reminded them that the enemy was still at hand, lashing himself into greater fury for a second encounter. A vast number of the barbarians, they well knew, had not mingled in the fray, and they feared lest these fresh combatants should not pause for the dawn of day, but attack their feeble defences under cover of the night. The Teutones, however, postponed their onset for two days, and then charged up the hill on which the Romans were arrayed to receive them. Their weight and strength were counterbalanced by the advantage of ground. Marius had already checked and shaken the advancing hordes, when his lieutenant Marcellus fell unexpectedly on their rear. The contest was now quickly decided, though the slaughter long continued. The barbarians, broken and dispersed, fled in every direction; but the pursuers were more agile than the fugitives, and the numbers slain were only limited

A. U. 652. B. C. 102.

by the numbers captured for slaves. The dead, lying unburied upon the field, gave to it the frightful appellation of the Putrid Plain, which still seems to be retained in the name of Pourrières, a village which marks the spot. The ghastly mass sank gradually into the soil, and abundant harvests waved over it in the next season, while the people of Massilia carried off the bones of the northern giants, and used them, we are assured, to fence their vineyards.

After the battle, Marius picked out the richest spoils for the spectacle of his expected triumph, and collected all the rest in a heap to consume it as an offering to the gods. The soldiers were marshalled in a circle round the splendid pile with chaplets on their heads: Marius himself, clothed in the purple robe and girded for the sacrifice, raised a torch towards the heavens, and was about to kindle the flame, when horsemen suddenly rode up, and greeted him with the news of his election for the fifth time to the consulship. The auspicious interruption was hailed with redoubled cries and clatter of arms; the officers crowned Marius afresh with a laurel wreath, and he then set fire to the pile, and consummated the sacrifice. The remembrance of this solemnity seems to be still preserved in a rustic festival now celebrated in the vicinity. The people of Pertuis, a village near the spot, march annually in procession to the summit of a neighbouring hill, raise a vast heap of brushwood, and consume it with shouts of *Victoire! Victoire!* The hill itself has received the name of Saint Victoire; but the victory no doubt is that of the Romans over the Teutons, and the real saint is Marius, the preserver of the republic.

Meanwhile the Cimbri, led perhaps by the Helvetii through their gloomy defiles along the northern base of the Alps, had reached the pass of the Brenner, the first

route practicable for the unwieldy equipage with which they made their campaigns. Catulus, it seems, despaired of closing against them the passage of the mountains. He retired into the plain beneath, and placed himself in a fortified position behind the Adige. He can hardly be excused for thus allowing the invader to overcome without armed resistance the first obstacle to his enterprise: the tales which became current of the vast strength and reckless audacity of the barbarians,—how they tore up trees and rocks to dam the torrents, how on the summit of the mountains they seated themselves on their shields and slid upon the snow over clefts and precipices,—were invented perhaps to palliate this unworthy abandonment of the first line of defence. Even on the Adige the Romans did not long maintain their ground: when they retreated with unseemly precipitation, Catulus, it is said, sought to disguise their panic by hastening to overtake them in their flight, and place himself at the head of the retiring legions. Far and wide the country was left undefended, and the invaders divided their time between plunder and carousals.

Marius had been recalled in haste to Rome. He postponed the celebration of his triumph till he had saved the republic a second time. He arrested the retreat of Catulus, effected a junction with his own victorious troops, whom he had summoned from the Rhone, and quickly confined the Cimbri to the left bank of the Po. The barbarians declined a battle: they pretended that they were waiting for the arrival of their allies; perhaps they had already heard of their defeat. But, meanwhile, they did not relax from their boastful language, and sent to Marius to demand lands for themselves and the Teutons. "*The Teutons*," he replied, "*have got their lands: we have given them all they need on the other side of the Alps.*" At the same time he showed them some of the survivors in chains.

The Cimbri were not discouraged, but straightway prepared for battle on the Campi Raudii in the vicinity
A. U. 653. B. C. 101. of Vercellæ. The day was sultry; the combatants filled the atmosphere with clouds of dust, but the dazzling brightness of the sun, blazing at noon day in the faces of the northern invaders, harassed and disconcerted them. Inured to the rigours of a northern climate, they were far inferior to the Italians in endurance of heat. Their recent idleness and excess in living had unnerved them. They raised their shields to shade their eyes, while the Romans thrust home to their hearts. To prevent their line being broken, the first rank were fastened together by chains drawn through the men's belts, and thus entangled among the dead and dying they were cut to pieces almost without resistance. The hinder ranks broke and fled; but they were received at the sword's point by the infuriated women among the waggons. When all was lost, the sexes vied with one another in the frenzy with which they slaughtered themselves and one another. Women strangled themselves with the traces of their carriages; men tied themselves to the horns of their cattle, and goaded them to plunge across the plain and drag or trample them to death. The dogs defended their masters' bodies from the spoiler, and were shot down at a distance with arrows. Marius himself, charging at the head of his division, and eager to win the battle by his own prowess, had been carried, in the confusion of the fray, beyond the enemies' ranks. The victory was really gained by Catulus, or rather by his lieutenant Sulla. Nevertheless, the popular voice accorded the chief laurels to the victor of the former battle, and hailed him as the third founder of the city, equal in merits and renown to Romulus and Camillus. The citizens were encouraged to pour their libations in his name as of a tutelary genius. Nor was this an idle com-

pliment. The remembrance of the Cimbric invasion, the last great terror Rome had to encounter till the period of her decrepitude, remained deeply impressed on the mind and language of the people. In spite of the horrors which clouded his later career, and the series of civil wars and domestic massacres which sprang from his ambition, the feeling that their champion had saved Rome endeared his name to the Romans. Even his enemies were proud of his achievements. "*No,*" they exclaimed, in the words of the historian Velleius, "*Rome shall never repent of having produced a Marius.*"

The wars with Jugurtha and the Cimbri are two great episodes in the long epic of Rome's civil contentions. They served for a season to divert men's minds from the jealousies still covertly at work among them, and enabled the ruling class to impose silence upon the demagogues, and reduce the commons to a still more abject submission. But the instrument with which the nobles gained their victories was beyond their power to control. Thirty years before, Scipio Æmilianus had returned from the conquest of Numantia, to quell the seditions of the city by the influence of his name and the terror of his arms. He had accepted the task at his country's call, and had brought to it the simplicity of the hero and the devotion of the patriot. But now times had changed, and men had changed with the times. The nobles were no longer the stern defenders of a supposed right: their aggression was manifest, and their conscience was haunted by the remembrance of the blood they had caused to flow. The commons contended for no political principle: debauched and degraded by indulgence, instead of demanding lands to cultivate, they were content to call for largesses to pamper their indolence. Marius himself was neither a hero nor a patriot he placed no restraints upon his

vengeful and envious passions: he was guided by no political ideas, and he cared no more for the interests of the commonwealth than any of the refuse of the streets whom he had armed with the sword of the legionary. For the moment political parties had fallen into a state of dissolution: the great men who rose above them appear before us as merely selfish agents, striving for their own personal aggrandisement. Scenes of disorder will pass before us, in which old names will be invoked, but the meaning and the motive will be no longer what they were. Presently new agents will appear upon the stage; new ideas will arise in correspondence with new interests; the contests of Rome will be transferred to a wider theatre, and a broader phase of her existence developed.

During the absence of Marius in Gaul the city had been harassed by domestic troubles of a new character. The slaves in Italy had revolted. Forty years before a servile insurrection had kindled the flames of war throughout Sicily, and Rome had been compelled to arm her generals and her legions to extinguish the spreading conflagration. But now the danger was nearer home. The misery of the servile population was excessive. Composed of men of all nations and all classes, there were numbers among them who felt in servitude a sense of degradation more intolerable than even chains and chastisement. In this respect ancient slavery was, doubtless, far more painful than that, a remnant of which still subsists in our own times, which is confined to a single people, already degraded even in their own eyes by the consciousness of moral and physical inferiority. But the slaves of Italy, though fully equal perhaps to their masters in abilities and civilization, and therefore far more formidable in insurrection than the blacks of Brazil or Virginia, differed widely among themselves in origin and language, and had

no other community of feeling except the sense of their sufferings. Their revolts were desultory and unconnected. The movement was put down at Nuceria; another was crushed at Capua. A third, of which a Roman profligate named Vettius took the lead, became more formidable. He armed his own slaves and slew his creditors, assumed the diadem and purple robe, surrounded himself with lictors, and invited the bondsmen of Campania to be his soldiers and subjects. Lucullus the prætor was despatched against him, and he was betrayed by one of his own followers, and forced to kill himself to escape the cruel punishment to which the policy of the Romans would have devoted him.

From Campania, however, the movement spread to the opposite shores of Sicily, where the measures recommended by the senate for alleviating the condition of the slaves after their recent revolt, or for facilitating enfranchisement, and at least releasing the unjustly detained, had been frustrated by the cupidity of the masters. In different places and under various leaders the Sicilian slaves flew once more to arms. One of their chiefs named Salvius, renowned for his skill in the art of divination, was perhaps by origin an Etruscan. Another named Athenio, is said to have been a Cilician; and he too practised on the credulity of his followers in Oriental fashion by a pretended inspiration, and the assurance he claimed to have received from the Gods that he should become sovereign of Sicily. These early symptoms of the development of the monarchical principle in opposition to the tyrannical republic, deserve to be remarked even in an insurrection of slaves, for gradually a large portion of the free population of Rome derived its origin from enfranchisement. They will grow in strength, frequency and importance, till the struggle finally ends in the establishment of the despotism

of the emperors. More than one Roman army was beaten in succession by these miserable insurgents. It was not till both Salvius and Athenio had fallen, with not less perhaps than a hundred thousand of their followers, that the flame was quenched. We shall have to record a still more formidable insurrection thirty years later.

A. U. 654. B. C. 100.

Marius had taken no part hitherto in the old contentions of classes at Rome. But his plebeian origin, the attitude of defiance he had assumed towards the nobles on the occasion of his first election to the consulship, the outrage he had done to established usage in the enlistment of the proletaries, above all, perhaps, the arrogance with which he had extorted so many successive consulships from the hands of the most illustrious competitors, all combined to mark him as the champion of the "movement party," whatever its immediate objects or popular cry might be. Under the shadow of his anti-oligarchical aggressions, the people, and more particularly their tribunes, took courage to renew the demands of the era of the Gracchi. The knights were irritated by the loss of their monopoly of the judicia, and a cry for a new agrarian distribution was always sure to interest a portion at least of the multitude. But envy and spite against unpopular individuals among the nobles were still more effective instruments to work with. Q. Servilius Cæpio, who had been defeated by the Cimbri, was selected as an object of popular persecution. A few years before he had captured Tolosa in Gaul by an act of signal treachery, such, however, as the Romans seldom animadverted severely upon as long as they were successful. But Cæpio had forfeited their forbearance by his recent disaster, and the hoards of gold which he had rifled from the temples of the Gaulish deities were supposed to have brought the vengeance of Heaven upon him, and the country whose armies were entrusted to him.

The people, at the instigation of their demagogues, proposed to deprive him of his *imperium*, confiscate his property, and declare him incapable of serving the state in future. The senate defended its luckless proconsul, who had helped to restore to it a share in the judicia; but the tribune Vibius Norbanus drove the nobles from the comitium, together with two of his own colleagues who sided with them. In the tumult by which this act of violence was consummated, Æmilius Scaurus, the prince of the senate, was wounded on the head by a stone. Cæpio was deprived, cast into prison, and subsequently banished, unless indeed, according to another account, he was strangled in his dungeon. The retribution of his crime did not stop here. His noble family was further dishonoured by the licentious conduct of his two daughters, and the *gold of Tolosa* passed into a proverb, for the unlawful gain which precipitates its possessor into misery and disgrace.

In the year 651 the tribune Domitius, transferred to the people the election of the chief pontiff, which had formerly been vested in the appointment of the pontifical college. The head of the national religion was an important political personage. He held in his hands the threads of the state-policy, which opened or shut the oracular books of the Sibyls, appointed sacrifices and ceremonials, interpreted the will of the Gods from portents, and placed the seal of the divine approbation upon every public act, or withheld it from it. This engine of government had been long firmly grasped by the nobles: it could still be handled only by patricians; but the patricians had ceased to be identified in interest and feeling with the ruling oligarchy, and from the hands of patricians the traditions of the old republic were destined to receive their rudest shocks. The appointment of the chief pontiff by

the people became eventually an important agent in the overthrow of the Roman constitution. In the year of the
A. U. 652. B. C. 102. battle of Aquæ Sextiæ, Marcius Philippus proposed an agrarian law, which, however, was rejected. But at the same time another tribune, Servilius Glaucia, carried a resolution of the people for wresting the judicia once more from the senators, and conferring them again upon the knights exclusively. He increased the stringency of an existing law against extortion in the provinces, and to the holder of the Latin franchise, who should convict a senator of its violation, he assured the superior privileges of full Roman citizenship.

A. U. 653. B. C. 101. When Marius returned to Rome he was already for the fifth time consul. But he was not satisfied with this extraordinary series of honours, and was not the less anxious to obtain a further renewal of his long lease of office. The nobles, he felt, were his natural opponents: many of the most illustrious among them were kept out of the highest magistracy by his repeated intrusion, while between him and Metellus, the most influential among them, there was an ancient grudge and implacable enmity. He hastened therefore to connect himself with the leaders of the people, to whom the chief of the aristocracy was personally hostile. Allying himself with the tribunes Servilius Glaucia and Appuleius Saturninus, he mingled his disbanded legionaries with the dissolute mob of the forum, and by threats, promises and largesses easily overpowered the votes of the honest citizens. Marius was
A. U. 654. B. C. 100. raised to a sixth consulship: yet he was neither popular in his manners nor eloquent in his address. On the contrary, in all civil matters, it is said, and amid the noise of popular assemblies, the conqueror of the Cimbri was utterly devoid of courage and presence of mind. The undaunted spirit he showed in the field entirely failed him in the forum,

where he was disconcerted by the most ordinary expressions of praise or censure. In his policy also he was unfixed and wavering: instead of steadily courting the prejudices of the Roman rabble, he favoured and rewarded the Italians, of whom the Roman commons now entertained a deep jealousy. After his late victories he ventured to stretch the prerogative of the consulship to confer the citizenship on a thousand soldiers of the state of Camerinum, who had served him well in the field. The act was illegal as well as unpopular, and Marius did not perhaps make it more palatable by the excuse he gave for it:—"*Amid the din of arms,*" he said, "*I could not hear the voice of the laws.*" The tribunes, however, who wished apparently to strengthen their position by a new alliance, or were influenced perhaps by bribes, bestowed their countenance upon the Italians also. They caused a measure to be enacted, by which Marius was allowed to create three Roman citizens in every colony which enjoyed the Latin franchise, thus enabling him to bestow the boon they chiefly coveted upon many of the soldiers who had distinguished themselves in his service. With the same view Saturninus carried another measure, by which the unfortunate inhabitants of the Transalpine provinces were deprived of their estates, and forced to make room for the victors of Aquæ Sextiæ and Vercellæ. Your lands, he argued, were no longer your own, the barbarians had taken them from you: the republic has recovered them by the hands of her own brave soldiers, and she alone has now the right to dispose of them. The nobles resented these concessions to the conquered Italians, and even the commons, we may believe, regarded them with uneasiness and distrust. They sought to interrupt the proceedings on the occurrence of rain or thunder. "*Be still,*" cried Saturninus, "*or it shall presently hail.*" His adherents armed themselves with stones.

Tumults arose in the forum; the senators and their partizans among the populace were driven away by the fury of the veterans, and Saturninus carried his rogation with open violence. Marius kept warily aloof, and affected great horror at the illegal disturbance. He excited the nobles underhand to protest against the execution of a law carried in a manner so irregular, which the tribune insisted on their accepting under specified penalties. As soon, however, as they had committed themselves, Marius withdrew his countenance from them, and left them the choice of submitting with dishonour, or enduring the punishment of refusal. The senators entrapped and cowed, took the oath required, till it came to the turn of Metellus; but the haughtiest of the nobles, though urged and entreated by his friends to yield to necessity, disdained to swerve from the principles he had avowed. Saturninus demanded that he should be outlawed, and fire and water forbidden him. His friends were numerous and strong enough to have defended him with arms, but he forbade them to draw their swords, and went proudly into banishment. The province was planted with colonies of Italians possessed of the Latin franchise.

Saturninus now took advantage of a law introduced by the demagogue Papirius Carbo, to obtain the renewal of his tribunate. He had carried matters with a high hand: on the occasion of his first election he had daringly murdered an opponent: he had thwarted the nobles, and even risked his popularity with the commons by proclaiming himself the patron of the Italians. It was now requisite, perhaps, to recover his ground with his supporters in the city; and for this purpose he imposed one of his freedmen upon the citizens, as a son of their favourite Tiberius Gracchus. This intrigue, indeed, seems to have had little success; Sempronia, the widow of Scipio

Æmilianus, and sister of the murdered tribunes, vehemently denounced it, and the people laughed at the imposture, if they did not resent it. But force, after all, was more familiar to Saturninus than fraud. When C. Memmius, one of his adversaries, was about to be elected consul, he caused him to be poniarded in the forum by the bandits who surrounded his own person. But he had now gone too far. To save himself he rushed into open revolt. He climbed the Capitol with his companion Glaucia, and his band of ruffians and assassins, seized the citadel, in virtue, perhaps, of his official dignity, and defied the republic to arms. The nobles retorted upon him with the fatal cry, that he aspired to royalty; and the people, already perplexed at his leaning to the Italians, and shocked, perhaps, at the frantic violence of his proceedings, were not indisposed to listen to it. They acquiesced without a murmur in the decree of the senate, by which the state was declared in danger and Marius charged as consul to provide for its safety. The city was placed in what in modern times is called a state of siege; that is, the consul, whose ordinary functions within the walls were purely judicial and administrative, received the power of the sword as fully as if he were in the camp. He proceeded to invest the fortress, which was considered impregnable to an attack, and could only be reduced by blockade. By cutting some leaden pipes, upon which, in the security of the times, the citadel of the republic had been allowed to become dependent for water, the insurgents were deprived of the first necessary of life. Saturninus offered to capitulate on the promise of personal safety. Marius guaranteed his life; and in order to preserve him from the fury of the populace, placed him, in the first instance, with his followers, in the Curia Hostilia, a large public building at the foot of the hill. But when the people

scaled the walls, tore off the roof, and poured missiles upon the wretched captives, the consul made no effort to save them, and they all perished miserably: a deed of blood which was long remembered, and afforded at a later period the handle for a persecution of the nobles themselves.

A. U. 654. B. C. 100.

No event, perhaps, in Roman history is so sudden, so unconnected, and accordingly so obscure in its origin and causes, as this revolt or conspiracy of Saturninus. The facility with which a favourite champion of the people is abandoned and slain by his own clients, seems to point to some unseen motive, with which history has forgotten to acquaint us. The Roman demagogues were well aware of the inveterate horror with which the people regarded the name of king; and none of them, it may be safely said, notwithstanding the oft-repeated calumnies of their opponents, ever ventured to aspire to it. If it be true then (as the historians represent), that Saturninus was hailed as king by his adherents, and accepted the invidious designation with joy, it is highly probable that his adherents were foreigners and Italians rather than citizens. We have already seen the use which leaders of all parties were making at this time of the claims of the Italians to emancipation from the state of conquered subjects in which they were still held. All in turn pressed these claims, when it suited their particular purpose, nor did most of them scruple to abandon them when their convenience required it. Sometimes the nobles, sometimes the commons, were cajoled into supporting them, as a counterpoise to the aggressions of their immediate opponents; but both the one class and the other were at heart bitterly opposed to them, and the hope of obtaining favour or justice from the republic seems to have gradually disappeared from the minds of the claimants themselves.

They hated Rome, and with Rome they identified, perhaps, republican government itself. They could only hope for redress of their grievances from a revolution which should overthrow the supremacy of the senate-house and the forum. This was the menace from which even the licentious rabble of the city recoiled, and which determined Marius to allow the violation of his plighted faith, and the sacrifice of his friend and ally. Even if entirely devoid of patriotic feeling, which we may well believe, Marius was deeply interested in preventing any demagogue from attaining a monarchical ascendancy superior to his own.

CHAPTER III.

CLAIMS OF THE LATINS AND ITALIANS TO THE FULL ROMAN *CIVITAS*.—M. LIVIUS DRUSUS EXERTS HIMSELF TO OBTAIN THEIR ENFRANCHISEMENT, AND IS ASSASSINATED.—THE SOCIAL OR MARSIAN WAR.—TRIUMPH OF THE ROMANS.—THE FRANCHISE CONCEDED BY THE LEX JULIA AND LEX PLAUTIA PAPIRIA.

A. U. 654—666. B. C. 100—88.

THE citizen of Rome, in complete possession of that illustrious title, combined the enjoyment of two classes of rights, civil and political. The civil law regulated the forms and effects of marriage, the exercise of paternal authority, the holding of property, the capacity of willing and inheriting; it secured, further, the inviolability of the citizen's person. The political law, on the other hand, gave the right of suffrage in the election of magistrates, and in voting upon projects of law; it conferred eligibility to public office; it permitted initiation in certain religious rites, and, finally, it conceded the honour and advantage of military service in the legions. The combination of these rights and capacities constituted the complete title to the Roman franchise. It was sometimes thus conferred upon individuals, in reward for special services; in a few cases the inhabitants of a favoured city were invested with it in the mass.

The admission, however, of a foreign city, in alliance with the republic, to the full right of citizenship, required it, in the first place, to renounce its own ancient institu-

tions. The favoured community adopted at once the civil law of Rome, and organized itself internally upon the Roman model, with an assembly of the people, a curia, representing the senate, and superior elective magistrates, generally two in number, corresponding with the consuls. A city thus constituted took the name of a *municipium*, that is, an office-bearing community. The inhabitants, when they presented themselves in Rome, might exercise the right of suffrage there, and were rendered capable of filling any of its magistracies.

It seems, however, that the petty states of Italy, attached to their own domestic institutions, were frequently unwilling to sacrifice them for these advantages, and rejected the concession of political rights, contenting themselves with the acquisition of the civil, which, while they placed them upon a footing of equality with the inhabitants of the city in respect to marriage, family authority, property and person, did not require the surrender of their own political customs. Rome herself was not unwilling to recognise this distinction, and was wont to dispense the favour of her franchise with affected coyness, conferring her civil rights upon various states in succession, but reserving her political franchise as a special boon for the most meritorious.

Thus were formed within the bosom of the great Roman empire various classes of communities, of different grades of civil and political condition; but every one among them, which acquired any portion of Roman rights, obtained the common designation of a *municipium*. Each municipium retained entire authority over everything relating to, 1. the exercise of its religion; 2. the administration of its local finances, the election of its magistrates, the maintenance of its edifices and public works; 3. its internal police. The regulations of these matters appertained generally to the

curies or governing bodies, sometimes to the mass of the people. Accordingly, the *municipes*, or citizens of such a community, possessed, as Cicero proclaims, two countries, the one natural, the other political; the one actual, the other privilegial. Thus, he continues, we regard as our fatherland both the spot where we were born, and that which has adopted us; but that one of the two has the strongest claims upon our affection which, under the name of *commonwealth*, constitutes our own country preeminently; it is for that fatherland that we ought to be ready to die. "*I shall never deny*," he says, "*Arpinum, as my country; but Rome will be always more peculiarly such; for Rome comprehends Arpinum.*"

While such were the distinctions introduced by the republic among those whom she adopted as her own citizens, she did not omit to classify also the condition and privileges of the various nations of Latium and Italy which fell successively under her sway.

The first rank among the allies of Rome belonged to the tribes of the Latin confederation: their treaties with the republic contained generally more favourable conditions than were acquired by the other Italian communities. Thus, for instance, the Latins preserved their territory, their laws, their alliances, under the paramount control of Rome: they were placed, as regarded the payment of tribute, upon a footing of almost complete equality with the citizens of the republic; nor could they justly complain of being required to furnish a military contingent to fight side by side with the legions themselves. They could acquire the rights of Roman citizenship by the exercise of certain magistracies in their own state, or by the transfer of their domicile to Rome, provided they left children behind them in their native place, or by the successful impeachment of a Roman officer for political offences. In respect of property they

enjoyed a portion of the Roman privileges. But they were excluded from the rights of Roman matrimony, and of paternal authority; from the faculty of willing in favour of a Roman citizen, or inheriting from one; nor could they claim the immunity from stripes and capital punishment, which was counted the most precious of all privileges by a people who invested their highest magistrate with the terrors of the axe and the rod. The condition of the Latin was far better than that of any other subjects of the republic; but it was decidedly inferior to that of the citizen: its most engaging feature was the capacity it conferred of acquiring completer rights, and changing the first foretaste of freedom into its full enjoyment.

This mass of privileges, peculiar, in the first instance, to the Latin cities, and flowing from the rights conceded to them by treaty, became extended in due time, under the general name of *jus Latii*, or *Latinitas*, both to individuals and to communities which had no connection with Latium at all. As the Roman law admitted, by a fiction, the existence of Romans without the city itself, so it allowed the name and rights of Latium to be claimed by more distant foreigners. These foreign Latins, under the name of New Latins, became, in process of time, a distinct class of citizens, a special subdivision of the second rank of the republic's favoured children.

Among the allies of the republic, the Italians occupied a rank next to the Latins. The name of Italy was confined at this period to the peninsula, extending from the rivers Æsar and Rubicon on the north to the promontories of Rhegium and Iapygia. The Etruscans, the Umbrians, the Samnites, the Marsians, the Greek communities of Campania and Apulia, in submitting to the Roman arms had generally made treaties with the republic, but had failed to secure for themselves the advantageous terms

extorted by the Latins in the period of her greater weakness or moderation. Yet in transferring their swords to the service of their conquerors, they had merited on many a battlefield the amelioration of their political lot. Accordingly the Italians were allowed, for the most part, to preserve their domestic independence, their laws, magistracies and tribunals; while they were forbidden to form political alliances among one another; and, though free in outward appearance, they received the commands of Rome, which claimed to decide upon their mutual disputes. Together with domestic liberty they enjoyed, like the Latins, immunity from personal and territorial tribute, and shared with them the same guarantees for the acquisition and enjoyment of property. The chief point in which the Italian was inferior to the Latin, was his not possessing the same capacity of becoming a Roman. In the natural order of things, it was requisite for the Italian to pass through the stage of *Latinitas*, or *Latium*, to obtain Roman *civitas:* nevertheless the privileges peculiarly his own were justly regarded as a boon in comparison with mere provinciality; for even within the barrier of the Alps the Gauls and Ligurians hardly escaped the character of enemies of the republic, and were subjected to military control and the severest exactions under the plenary authority of imperators and proconsuls. Accordingly these privileges became an object of desire to the less fortunate subjects of the empire, and, as in the case of the *jus Latii*, so also the *jus Italicum* became extended, in many instances, to individuals and communities beyond the limits of Italy.

The development of this political organization, logical and methodical as it appears, was in fact the result of no theoretical legislation, but the gradual and almost fortuitous effect of a series of revolutions. Up to the

moment of its complete accomplishment, even the wisest of the Roman statesmen neither counselled nor foresaw it. But thereupon Italy presented, under the supremacy of the metropolitan city, a hierarchy of communities, of which one was already completely Roman; the others more or less nearly prepared to become so: the whole machine, in all its parts and subordinations, seemed to gravitate with a slow and regular movement towards the central point — the franchise of the republic. But this movement was arrested by domestic jealousies and selfish prejudices. The same spirit of isolation and monopoly which had striven, in the time of the kings, to shut the gates of the city against the Latins and Etruscans, which had conceded so slowly and reluctantly the inferior grades of privilege to the Italians themselves, still arrayed itself against the natural tendency of the principle of assimilation. The jealousy of the Roman commons was blind and ignorant; that of the nobles, who came forward to marshal and direct it, was more consciously selfish and interested. All classes, with few and honourable exceptions of individual statesmen, wished to hinder, as far as they could, the Latins from becoming Romans, the Italians from becoming Latins.

The struggle for these privileges had commenced almost from the period of the first conquest of Latium and Italy; but it was not till after the overthrow of Carthage, and the commencement of a brief period of domestic repose, that it attained force and consistency, and succeeded in enlisting in its favour the leaders of Roman parties. With the extension of her conquests in the rich provinces of the East, the citizenship of Rome became more precious; and amidst the degradation of so many subject nations, the allies who had fought and bled for the republic felt themselves entitled to rise to a higher level. The Latins

claimed with urgency and vehemence a perfect equality with the Romans; the Italians pretended to succeed, at least, to the privileges of the Latins; but to make the first concession was clearly no less than to open the door to the abolition of all existing distinctions. The Romans were not unnaturally alarmed at the shape in which the question now presented itself to them. The idea of sacrificing to the conquered the nationality of the conquerors was so new in the history of antiquity that we cannot wonder at the reluctance, the pious horror, with which it was generally regarded. Moreover, practical statesmen, who might soar above the scruples of a mere sentiment, were still perplexed and terrified at the prospect of the administrative difficulties which such a change would introduce. They beheld in their imagination the roads of the peninsula crowded with troops of foreigners hastening to Rome at every recurring election to swamp the votes of the urban population; or taking up their abode within its walls, and conquering, as it were, the citadel of their conquerors. In the amalgamation of Rome with Italy they could only foresee the annihilation of Rome itself. Meanwhile the allies, repulsed in every overt attempt to scale the fortress of the constitution, contrived to glide surreptitiously within the sacred pale. As early as the year 567, the censors discovered no less than 12,000 Latins settled in the city, and pretending to the rank of genuine citizens. The intruders were indignantly expelled. Ten years later a new fraud was exposed. The foreigners sold their children to actual citizens, with the understanding that they should be immediately enfranchised. The stroke of the prætor's wand conferred upon them the full franchise of the city. The precautions and prohibitions of the senate would have been of little avail, had they not been seconded, in a great measure, by the magistrates of the Italian cities them-

selves, who regarded with jealousy the flight of their own people to Rome, whereby the burden of their domestic dues was enhanced. The Samnites and Pelignians reclaimed 4,000 of their own countrymen who had thus established themselves in the Latin town of Fregellæ, there acquiring the Latin privileges and preparing to sue for the Roman. For half a century, however, these fraudulent acquisitions of the Roman franchise were only partial or individual. The agitation of the Sempronian reforms raised a general ferment in the minds of the Italians, and gave force and volume to the tide of their ambition. It would seem that while the great Roman nobles pretended to detain vast tracts of public domain, they cultivated and even occupied only small portions. The conquered communities, though nominally dispossessed of their lands, were allowed, by abuse and connivance, to enjoy the use of a large part of them. But when the state should resume her rights over these estates, and actually redistribute them among her poorer citizens, the claims of the intruding natives would meet with no consideration; they would be dispossessed of them a second time, and absolutely excluded from their enjoyment. Accordingly, upon the first mooting of the Agrarian laws of Tiberius, all the Italians found themselves united by the same pressing interest, and they had no other alternative but either to defeat the passing of these laws by combining with the faction opposed to them in Rome itself, or, by obtaining the rights of the city, acquire a legal title to share with the actual citizens. They hesitated and balanced as to their course: but upon the whole the wish to obtain Roman privileges and Roman exemptions, to escape the tyranny of Roman magistrates and enjoy the fruits of Roman conquest, combined with the legitimate ambition of their soldiers and statesmen to

enter upon the noble field of Roman employments, determined them to press their claims to admission. For a hundred and fifty years the various races inhabiting the peninsula, distinct as they were in origin and language, had been arrayed together under the same discipline, and a common yoke. The Romans had unconsciously formed their subjects into one nation, and the time was arrived when a common sentiment could arm the whole mighty mass in a combination against them. Italy had at last become a cry and a sentiment not less powerful than Rome herself.

The senate and the nobles, who retained the national feelings in all their strength, girded themselves to resist the threatened innovation: but in the time of the Gracchi, the mass of the commons was already adulterated by foreign admixtures, and felt far less keenly the old prejudices of race and country. Accordingly, when their favourite leaders, overlooking every ulterior consequence rather than justly estimating them, called the Latins and Italians to their standards, the Roman populace were easily persuaded to admit them to a share in their own struggle, and pledged themselves to advance together the respective interests of both. The allies themselves, under the able direction of the Gracchi, turned all their indignation against the aristocracy of the city, which they sought to make their own. They ascribed to the peculiar constitution of Rome the jealous and selfish opposition they encountered, and denounced republican government itself, on account of prejudices incident, in fact, to all conquering races. Monarchy, indeed, it may be allowed, is generally more favourable than aristocracy to the surrender of national prejudices, and the Italians acted upon a genuine instinct in invoking kingly rule, and, while the tribunes allured them with the hope of citizenship, seducing the

tribunes themselves with the prospect of the regal diadem. We have seen how Saturninus was actually saluted king by his seditious followers; and nothing, perhaps, but the deep impression, so sedulously fostered by the nobles, of the traditional tyranny of the Tarquins, prevented the Roman commons from joining generally in the same cry. But the title of king was destined still to remain the popular bugbear for many centuries; and no man had yet arisen with genius to disguise a monarchy under the republican names of dictator or imperator.

The nobles attacked the tribunes with brute violence; the Roman commons and the Italian confederates they managed by craft and intrigue. At one time they sought to sow dissension between them, at another to outbid their own demagogues in the liberality of their offers, which they took care never to fulfil. They debauched the populace by largesses and amusements, and detached them from the cause of the allies. Alarmed at the progress Marius had made in opening the franchise to his Italian veterans, they contrived, at last, to throw a cloud over the brilliancy of his reputation, and availing themselves of the venal voices of the tribes, to recal Metellus from banishment and consummate another aristocratic reaction. In the insolence of their triumph they enjoined the consuls of the year 659 to expel from the city all the Italians who had domiciled themselves within the walls; and the law of Crassus and Scævola, which repeated the harsh enactments of eighty and ninety years before, convinced the injured subjects of the republic that their mistress had learnt neither wisdom nor justice by the triumph of her arms and the extension of her empire. A. U. 659. B. C. 95.

But though conquered the Italians had not ceased to be formidable. The free constitution of the generality of their cities had nourished a race of able speakers and

statesmen, and the Cimbric war had trained many thousands of brave veterans, who had been disbanded after the battle of Vercellæ, and not yet recalled to their standards by the urgency of any other foreign contest. With these resources among themselves, they had still, moreover, a powerful friend in the Roman tribunate. M. Livius Drusus, a son of the opponent of the Gracchi, whom the senate had commissioned to promise still ampler concessions to their assailants than the Gracchi themselves, had devoted himself in earnest to the policy which his father only pretended to advocate. But in assuming the patronage of the reformers, the younger Drusus did not abandon the party of the nobles with which he was hereditarily connected. He sought, with every appearance, it may be allowed, of honest zeal, to conciliate the interests of all parties. He restored the *judicia* to the senators, while, at the same time, he introduced three hundred knights into the senate. He coupled these measures with a promise of lands to the needy citizens, and of the franchise to the Italians and Latins. Of all the Roman demagogues Drusus may justly be esteemed the ablest and the wisest. Full of confidence in himself, his views were large, and his frank and bold demeanour corresponded with them. He affected the generous virtues of the ancient republic. When his architect offered him the plan of a house so disposed as to exclude his neighbours' supervision, "*Build me rather*," he exclaimed, "*a dwelling in which all my countrymen may behold every thing I do.*" His principles, however, were less rigorous than his pretensions. The necessities of his position, which required him to make friends of all parties, demanded an exorbitant outlay, and the means by which he supplied it were reprobated as dishonourable. His profusion surpassed that of all his predecessors in the arts of popular flattery; and he ventured

to vaunt that his successors would have nothing left to give but the skies above and the dust beneath them. His manners were overbearing, and might suggest the idea that he aimed at regal domination. He spoke of the commonwealth as "*his own;*" and when the senators invited him to attend at their ordinary place of meeting, he replied that he would await their coming in the curia of Hostilius, which happened to be most convenient to himself. Such was the man whom the Italians gladly invoked as their leader. In his sickness all the cities of the peninsula offered vows for his safety. It seemed as if the salvation of the country depended upon his recovery.

Drusus required indeed strong support in that quarter to enable him to bear up against the odium excited by his measures among the privileged orders at home. Even in his own house he was surrounded by timid and murmuring friends; his own family were imbued with hostility to his avowed policy. Among them was his nephew, M. Porcius Cato, at that time about four years old. A chief of the Marsians, admitted to the uncle's hospitality, amused himself by asking the child to support the cause of the Italians. Cato, so ran the story, frowardly refused: he was offered playthings and sweetmeats; still he refused. At last the Marsian, piqued at his obstinacy, held him from the window by the leg, and again demanded his assent, threatening to cast him headlong unless he yielded. But caresses and menaces were equally fruitless, and the Marsian sighed to think of the resistance he must expect to encounter from the men, if a mere child could display such dogged inflexibility.

During the progress of the tribune's intrigues, the indisposition of both the senate and the knights to his measures became more strongly marked, and notwithstanding the adherence of some of the principal nobles, he was

compelled to draw closer the bands of alliance between himself and the Italians. The impatience of his foreign associates was not easily restrained, and he was obliged himself to denounce a plot they formed for murdering the consuls at the great festival of the Latin feriæ. But his influence waxed more and more powerful with them, and the oath they took to promote the common interests of the confederacy expressed their entire devotion to the person of their generous leader. They swore that they would have no other friends than his friends, that they would count his foes their foes, that they would spare nothing, neither their parents, nor their children, nor their own lives for his advantage together with that of the common cause. "*If I become a Roman citizen,*" the oath continued, "*I will esteem Rome my country and Drusus my benefactor.*" The senate heard with indignation of the progress of these intrigues at the moment when it was called upon to ratify by a vote the proposal for conferring the franchise upon its mutinous subjects. It was informed that Pompædius Silo, the chief of the Marsians, was marching at the head of ten thousand men, along by-roads, and with arms concealed, towards the city, to intimidate the nobles. A force was dispatched to intercept his progress, and a parley ensued, in which the leader of the Romans assured his adversary that the senate was actually prepared to concede the boon required.

For a moment blows were averted; but in the curia the discussion was still animated and the decision dubious. The classes opposed to the concession had gained some of the Italians to their side, and with the support of the Umbrians and Etruscans, alarmed at the projected foundation of new colonies in their territories, ventured still to withhold the concession. When the day for voting arrived, the consul Marcius Philippus attempted to break up the meeting. One of the tribune's officers seized and throttled him

till the blood sprang from his mouth and eyes. The city was now thrown into a state of the fiercest excitement Tribunes were arrayed against tribunes, nobles against nobles, Romans against Romans, Italians against Italians. The streets were traversed by armed bands on either side. Every thing seemed to portend a bloody solution of the crisis. At this juncture Drusus, attended by a number of his adherents, was returning one evening to his house. Passing along an obscure corridor he was heard suddenly to cry out that he was struck, and fell to the ground with a poniard planted in his groin. In a few hours he expired, exclaiming with his dying breath, "*When will Rome again find so good a citizen as myself?*" The assassin had escaped in the crowd. A. U. 663. B. C. 91.

The murder was generally imputed to the senatorial party, and especially to the consul Philippus. The magistrates omitted to make inquiry into the circumstances, while the murdered man's opponents hastened to abrogate such of his measures as had already passed into laws, and his adherents were too stupified to resist. Severe decrees were speedily issued against the Italians, and they were peremptorily forbidden to interfere in the affairs of the republic. An obscure tribune of foreign extraction named Varius, was put forward by the knights to impeach some of the principal nobles, as reputed favourers of the movement. A Bestia, a Cotta, a Mummius, a Pompeius and a Memmius were condemned and banished. Among the accused, was the illustrious Æmilius Scaurus. The only reply he deigned to make to the charge was this: "*Varius the Iberian accuses Scaurus prince of the senate, of exciting the Italians to revolt. Scaurus denies it. Romans! which of the two do you believe?*" The people absolved him with acclamations. But the knights still thirsted for vengeance upon their hereditary enemies, and the actual outbreak of

the threatened insurrection alone prevented them from effecting a wider proscription of the most unpopular of the nobles.

The allies flew desperately to arms. The death of Drusus and the prostration of his adherents within the city reduced them to their own national resources; but their last scruples vanished with the loss of their Roman associates. The Marsians were summoned to take the lead, and their chief Pompædius Silo was the soul of the confederacy. Eight or more nations, the Picentines, the Vestines, the Marrucines, the Pelignians, the Samnites, the Lucanians and the Apulians, together with the Marsians, gave mutual hostages and concerted a simultaneous rising. Now for the first time they vowed to unite together in a permanent association. They proposed to constitute a great federal republic, organised on the model of Rome herself, with a senate of five hundred, two consuls, twelve prætors, and for their capital, the central stronghold of Corfinium in the Apennines, to which they gave the name of Italia. They struck medals bearing the impress of the Sabellian bull trampling under foot the Roman she-wolf. This alliance indeed was confined for the most part to the nations of Sabellian origin, and its decrees were issued in the Oscan language, the common root of the idioms then in use among the central tribes of the peninsula. The Etruscans, the Latins and the Umbrians held aloof from it, and together with Campania, which was already thoroughly Romanized, adhered to the fortunes of Rome. The Bruttians no longer existed as a nation, and the cities of Magna Græcia had ceased to have any political importance. The Gauls beyond the Rubicon, who had joined Hannibal against the Romans, long since exhausted by their struggles, made no effort now to recover their independence.

What was the relative strength of the combatants now arrayed against each other? Three centuries earlier, at the date of the great Gaulish invasion, the nations of Sabellia, together with the Apulians, could arm, it is said, two hundred thousand men, while the Etruscans, Latins, and Umbrians vaunted one hundred and twenty thousand warriors. Supposing, therefore, the proportions to remain the same at the later period, the allies alone who still remained to the republic may have balanced in numbers three-fifths of the whole force opposed to her. At the same time the census of Rome herself gave a total of at least four hundred thousand warriors; and she could draw vast numbers of auxiliaries from her provinces and dependencies beyond the limits of Italy. The forces, therefore, of Rome trebled or quadrupled those of her adversaries. She occupied, moreover, the chief places of strength throughout their territories, securely fortified against sudden attacks, and communicating with one another and the capital by the great military roads. But from this formidable enumeration of her resources great deductions have on the other hand to be made. It was necessary to maintain powerful garrisons at every point of her vast empire. Greece and Spain, Asia and Africa, drew off her life-blood from the heart to the extremities. The disposition of her allies was doubtful and precarious; her own citizens were capricious, and might easily be seduced by the arts of the demagogues, while her internal dissensions had made her suspicious of many of her ablest statesmen. The mass of the commons of Rome took no vital interest in the political question for which the Italians contended, and served in the legions with no other feeling than that of mercenaries.

The Social or Marsic war commenced in the year 664. A. U. 664. B. C. 90. The republic was taken by surprise; while her adversaries

had already completed their preparations and hastened to assume the offensive. The Italian consuls, the Marsian Pompædius and Papius Motulus, a Samnite, commanded two different branches of the confederacy, the one acting in the north between the Adriatic and the frontiers of Etruria, whence he sought to penetrate by the valley of the Tiber to Rome; the other directing himself against Campania and Latium on the south. While such was the disposition of their principal armies, various detachments, led by Iudacilius, Lamponius, Afranius, Præsenteius, Vettius Scato, Marius Egnatius, Herius Asinius, and others, were charged with the reduction of the strong places occupied by the Romans in the heart of their own country. The whole confederacy was in a moment in arms, and the final embassy which it despatched to Rome announced the defection of three-fourths of Italy. The senate boldly refused to listen to demands extorted by the sword, and required the allies to lay down their arms before presuming to ask a favour. The consuls summoned the citizens to their standards, and while Alba in the country of the Marsians, Œsernia in Samnium, and Pinna in the Vestinian territory, kept the confederates in check, they drafted a hundred thousand men into the legions, and went forth to confront the enemy. Julius Cæsar undertook the defence of Campania, Publius Rutilius placed himself on the line of the Liris and Tolenus, which cover Rome in the direction of the Marsians and Pelignians. Perperna, with a smaller detachment, maintained the communications between the consular armies, and guarded the approach to Latium through the frontier of the Volscians. The great Marius himself, of whose fidelity the senate might entertain suspicion, was entrusted with a small force on the flanks of Rutilius, while Cæpio and Pompeius, Sulpicius and Crassus were directed to harass the operation of the enemy by making

incursions within their territories, and menacing their armies in the rear. A considerable reserve was kept at the same time in Rome itself, and the gates and walls duly repaired and guarded against a sudden attack. Since the flight of Hannibal the city had forgotten the possibility of being again exposed to a siege.

But the Romans had scarcely time to make these dispositions before the Italians rushed impetuously upon them, and broke their lines in various quarters. The consul Cæsar was routed by Vettius Scato in Samnium, and driven from the gates of Œsernia and Venafrum, which he was anxious to support. While the first of these places continued to hold out against a rigorous blockade, the other was surrendered by treachery, and its garrison put to the sword. Motulus defeated Perperna, turned to the left and threw himself into Campania. Disregarding or masking the fortresses on his flanks and rear, he traversed the country with his troops, received the submission of Nola, Pæstum, Stabiæ, Salernum, massacring some of their defenders, and pressing others into his own ranks. But the hearts of the Campanians were still with Rome. Naples, Nuceria, Capua and Acerræ remained firm, even while their territories were overrun by the Samnite, their slaves liberated and enlisted by thousands among the soldiers of the confederacy.

The losses and disgraces of the Romans still crowded upon one another. Lamponius defeated Crassus and recovered Grumentum, the strongest place in Lucania; while Canusium and Venusia in the same quarter were taken by Iudacilius. Cæsar sustained a second defeat from Egnatius in attempting to relieve Acerræ, Pompeius received a check on the frontiers of Umbria, and lastly the consul Rutilius, drawn into an ambuscade by Vettius Scato, was routed and slain on the Tolenus with a large

part of his forces. Marius, who was posted lower down the stream, was advertised of his general's disaster by the corpses wafted past him by the descending current. He promptly crossed the river, and took possession of the enemy's camp in their rear, while they were still occupied in gathering the trophies of their victory. But the success of this brilliant manœuvre failed to compensate even one of the many discomfitures the arms of the republic had received.

The spirits of the victors of so many encounters were elated to the highest pitch. The Etruscans and Umbrians began to falter in their allegiance to Rome, while the envoys of the Italians were seeking a more distant and still more formidable alliance at the court of Mithridates, king of Pontus, a chieftain, whose power and resources the republic had not yet learnt to measure. The Romans on their part, though neither dismayed nor disconcerted, began to feel the imminence of their danger. The sense of peril restored, perhaps, their national feelings of pride and mutual confidence. The bodies of the consul and the brave officers who had fallen had been carried into the city, and had excited the deepest sensations of distress. The senate was compelled to decree, that henceforth the dead should be buried on the spot where they fell. As in the days of the Gallic tumults, all the citizens arrayed themselves in arms, and swords were placed in the hands of the freedmen, of whom several corps were formed for the defence of the city and its environs. In this attitude of grave resolution they awaited the arrival of succours from the provinces. Sicily signalized its fidelity by the zeal with which it furnished the necessaries of war. The Cisalpine Gaul sent ten thousand soldiers to the army of Cæsar at Teanum; and he was further reinforced by numerous bodies of Moors and Numidians. Enabled now

to reassume the offensive he advanced once more to the relief of Acerræ, defeated Motulus with great slaughter, and threw succours into the place. The citizens were reassured by this gleam of victory, and resumed within their walls the garb and occupations of peace.

With this victory of Cæsar fortune began to turn to the side of the Romans, but still with faltering and uncertain steps. After the defeat of Rutilius the senate had united his shattered forces with the divisions of Marius and Cæpio, but so deep was its jealousy of its veteran general, that it combined his inexperienced colleague in the command with him with equal authority. Cæpio, dazzled by a trifling success, allowed himself to fall into the snares of Pompædius. The Marsian pretending to deliver himself up to the republic, came with two young slaves, to personate his own sons, as hostages, with ingots of gilt lead to represent gold, and offered to surrender to the Roman the army confided to him. Cæpio put himself under his guidance, and was led into an ambuscade. Pompædius galloped to an eminence under pretence of reconnoitring, and gave the signal to his troops. The Romans were surrounded, attacked, and cut to pieces, and Cæpio the proconsul with them. This disaster, followed by the surrender of Œsernia, which had suffered the extremity of famine, compelled the senate to transfer to Marius the undivided command of all its forces in that quarter. He commenced his operations with the same circumspection which he had manifested in his campaign against the Teutons. By the able choice of his positions he secured the frontier against the inroads of the victorious Marsians, whom he refused to encounter in the open field with his own beaten and dispirited soldiers. "*If you are so great a general,*" exclaimed his opponent, "*why come you not to the combat?*" "*So powerful and so victorious, why do you not compel me?*" replied Marius.

But when the proper moment arrived, the conqueror of the Cimbri knew how to profit by it. He engaged the enemy and defeated them with great slaughter, and the loss of Herius Asinius, the chief of the Marrucinians. But the peasant of Arpinum, the accomplice of Saturninus, the man who had defied the nobles of Rome, who had armed the proletaries, and enfranchised the Italian veterans, could not fail to cherish sympathy with the nations now opposed to him. To Marius at least the war was a civil war, and many of his legionaries appear to have entertained a similar feeling. When his troops found themselves arranged in front of the forces of Pompædius, they recognised in the opposite ranks many of their own guests and kinsmen. They called one another by their names, and made kindly gestures with their hands. The two chiefs came forth from the ranks and entered into conversation together, deploring the unnatural contest which had so long divided them. Encouraged by the familiarity of their leaders the soldiers themselves broke from their lines, and mingled with one another in the plain, like citizens in their common forum. We may believe that Marius would have been well pleased to put an end to the war by the concession upon the spot of demands to which he at least was indifferent or favourable. But he commanded a portion only of the forces of the republic, and besides the army of Cæsar in the south, he was checked by the jealous observation of his own lieutenant Sulla, who had already more than once snatched the laurels from his hand. He was forced to engage the enemy once more; but he fought without spirit, and refused to complete his victory. The honour of the day fell again to his youthful rival, who attacked the Italians in their retreat, and thoroughly routed them. It was the first time, according to the boast of the vanquished Marsians, that the Romans

had ever won a battle either against them, or without them.

Marius might plead the languor and ill-training of his raw soldiers for the want of spirit he had himself manifested; but the easy success which followed upon the more decisive blows of his subordinate were sufficient to refute him. The same vacillating and inconsistent politician, who as tribune had repudiated a popular measure, who as consul had launched himself against the senate, who had seconded Saturninus and presently reduced him to submission, who had favoured the Italians, and finally had led the legions against them, had now once more abandoned his post, and grounded his arms in the moment of victory. After the affair of Saturninus, suspicious and suspected on all sides, he had retired moodily into voluntary exile. He now renounced the command by which he had made the Italians his enemies, without securing the gratitude of the Romans, and pretended that age and infirmities unfitted him for the duties of the camp. He retired to his villa at Misenum, formerly the residence of the mother of the Gracchi, while Sulla sprang into his place at the head of the legions, and at the summit of popular favour.

Meanwhile the Roman arms had been crowned with success in other partial encounters. The Umbrians and Etruscans, who had threatened for a moment to join the general defection, were chastised and checked. But fresh dangers were accumulating in the remoter distance. The Transalpine province was harassed by an insurrection of the Salyi, which required to be promptly repressed, and the king of Pontus was preparing to take up arms, and wrest from the republic her possessions in the East. At such a conjuncture policy might dictate the concessions which pride had so resolutely refused, and in the moment

of victory they could be accorded with a better grace.
A. U. 664. B. C. 90. The consul Cæsar was empowered to carry a law for imparting the franchise to all the Italian states which had held aloof from the general insurrection, together with those already in the enjoyment of Latin rights. The *lex Julia*, both in its principle and its immediate effects one of the most important enactments of the republic, required the citizens of such states, including Umbria, Etruria, and the southern extremities of the peninsula, to come in person to Rome, and demand the freedom of the city within sixty days. The time allowed for deliberation was not long, and the hardships and dangers of the journey might deter many even of those who could resolve at once to renounce their own laws and institutions for the charges and immunities of the metropolis. It is probable therefore that the concession was after all more specious than real; and that the numbers who actually availed themselves of it were but limited. Nevertheless, it served to impart new hopes to the Italians, to distract their councils, and to relax the sinews of resistance.

With the commencement of the second year of war, the Romans were enabled to assume the offensive in every
A. U. 665. B. C. 89. quarter. Cn. Pompeius and Porcius Cato, the consuls of the year, assailed the confederates in the north; the one in Picenum, the other on the banks of the lake Fucinus. Sulla and Cæsar turned their legions against Motulus in Campania, while the cities of Apulia and Lucania were attacked and recovered by officers of inferior note. Porcius himself was slain in battle with the Marsians, but his death was speedily avenged by his colleague. Iudacilius, who commanded in Asculum, unable to repel his besiegers, constructed a pyre in the principal temple of the place, and laid his couch on the summit. He then caused a repast to be served, took poison, and applied the torch.

The Romans entered the undefended walls, massacred the inhabitants, and reduced the city to ashes.

Asculum was the bulwark of the Italian confederacy in the north, and its fall opened the heart of their territories to the Romans. Another great defeat, with the loss of Vettius Scato, crushed the spirit of the Marsians, the Pelignians, and the Marrucinians, who hastened to lay down their arms. Pompeius, the victorious general, obtained a triumph, and among the captives who were led in chains before his chariot was a child, carried at his mother's breast, who lived to become a consul at Rome, and to gain the honour of a triumph himself. This was a native of Asculum, by name Ventidius, whose strange reverse of fortune deserved to become the theme of public admiration. The laurelled car was followed by the Roman legionaries, and among them we may suppose was a youth, who gained in after times a far nobler reputation, Cicero, the chief of Roman orators, who earned under the auspices of Pompeius his first and only stipend.

In the south, the death of the late consul Cæsar had thrown upon Sulla the conduct of the war. The cities of Campania fell successively before his prowess and good fortune. Stabiæ was overthrown, Herculaneum and Pompeii capitulated. His progress was checked for a moment by a mutiny in a division of his forces, in which his lieutenant, Postumius, lost his life. Sulla recalled the men to obedience, and required them to expiate the slaughter of a citizen by torrents of hostile blood. Assured of their ardour and devotion to his ascendant genius, he led them against the Samnite general, Cluentius, and gained a sanguinary victory under the walls of Nola. Leaving this impregnable fortress behind him, he next entered the territory of the Hirpinians, and sacked their capital, Æculanum. Meanwhile a Roman officer, named

Cosconius, penetrated into Lucania, and defeated Egnatius by treachery. The shattered remnant of the confederate armies, reduced to thirty thousand men, were inclosed in the defiles of the Apennines. Pompædius, the last survivor of the gallant band of Italian generals, sought to envelope the Romans, as his last resource, in the flames of a servile insurrection. He summoned the slaves to rise throughout Italy, and put arms into their hands; at the same time he continued to press Mithridates for succours, and his emissaries solicited the subjects of the republics in Greece, Asia and Africa. The final struggle of the expiring confederacy was not uncheered by a gleam of sunshine. Pompædius gained a victory, and entered Bovianum with the imitation of a Roman triumph. But his success was transient, and his laurels quickly faded.
A. U. 666. B. C. 88. He was slain in the third year of the war in an encounter with the prætor Metellus, near Teanum in Apulia.

Nevertheless the exultation of the Romans at the gradual change in their fortunes had been repressed by the alarming accounts they continued to receive from Asia, where the king of Pontus, the ablest and most powerful opponent they had yet encountered in the East, was shaking the edifice of their dominion to its centre. They hastened to send their best general and their choicest armies to meet him; and they were disposed in the moment of victory to make further concessions, in order to disengage themselves from the hostility of the crushed and broken Italians. The *lex Plautia-Papiria* extended to all their Italian allies the privilege which had been accorded to Umbria and Etruria by the *lex Julia*. The franchise, that is, of the city was offered generally to such of the Italians as chose to claim it in person within sixty days. The Romans followed up this specious concession by great moderation in the use of their final victory. Very few,

at least, of the captive chiefs of the confederacy were punished with death. The territory of the subjected cities was not confiscated to the state, although the condition of its finances compelled the senate to sell the lands appropriated to the pontiffs and augurs beneath the shadow of the Capitol itself. The Italians, weary of the war, were easily appeased by this politic treatment. Corfinium, the presumptive rival of Rome, dwindled once more into a petty provincial town. The political combination of the states of the peninsula, the offspring of a moment of enthusiasm, fell in pieces, never to be reunited again; and even their common language, proscribed by the Romans in the public instruments of their cities, fell into disuse, and was speedily forgotten. But the results of the war still lingered after the war itself had died away. Bands of armed marauders continued to prowl about the country, exciting partial movements in various quarters. The mountains of Samnium, and the great forests of Sila, continued to harbour the enemies of peace and order rather than the enemies of Rome. There, for more than half a century, the materials of insurrection were never wanting; political outlaws and fugitive slaves still maintained themselves against the regular forces of the republic; life and property were rendered insecure; the rustic labourer and the wayfaring man were kidnapped on the public roads; even in the cities men began to accustom themselves to the wearing of weapons, nor did the dignified and noble venture to travel abroad without an armed retinue of clients and retainers.

The *lex Plautia-Papiria*, so called from the tribunes who effected its enactment, offered, as we have seen, the franchise to all the allies of Rome in Italy. The boon, however, was far from universally accepted. The richest and the poorest classes were those to which alone it proved

seductive; to the former, for the sake of sharing the fruits of distant conquest; to the latter, on account of the largess it offered to the dissolute and idle. Of these classes many, we may suppose, flocked to Rome, and took up their residence within reach of the forum. The names of the chiefs of the Italian confederacy, of Papius and Egnatius, of Asinius and Cluentius, of Vettius and Afranius, rank from henceforth among the aristocracy of Rome; while her orators and historians might plausibly attribute the increasing degeneracy of the inferior populace to the foreign elements which now began so deeply to tinge it. But the middle classes of the Italians, to whom these advantages were less accessible, and to whom constant attendance at assemblies and elections was impossible, found themselves amply compensated for the loss at home, where, content with their own municipal privileges and honours, they could enjoy without rivalry or disturbance the comfort and dignity of self-government. The number of new citizens thus enrolled on the list of the censors was not disproportioned perhaps to the new tribes, eight, or as some say, ten, which were now added to the existing thirty-five. The citizen was still compelled to present himself in person at the polling-booths: the distance of his actual residence could not plead against inveterate usage, and the sanction of the national religion. For the Roman forum was a holy place, elections and assemblies were holy ordinances, sanctified by auspices and ritual ceremonies: the devices of modern governments, by which the votes of federal communities can be taken on the spot, or their voices represented by local delegates, were inadmissible on the principles of Roman, and indeed generally of all ancient polity.

The theory that the same individual could not be at the same time citizens of two states, and that in accepting

the prerogative of Roman *civitas*, he forfeited the franchise of his native country, might cause many devoted patriots to hesitate in accepting the proffered boon. Several cities, especially those of Greek origin, to whom the institutions of Hellenic civilization were justly dear, such as Naples, Heraclea, and Puteoli, continued steadfastly to reject it. Brundisium did not at once accept it, but received the Roman privilege of immunity from the land-tax at a later period from Sulla. We are at a loss to ascertain the regulations under which the municipal governments were conducted, where the inhabitants were nearly equally divided between Romans and Italians. It is probable, however, that the concession became speedily accepted almost throughout the peninsula. The right of suffrage might be justly disregarded, but citizenship conferred rights of property, marriage and immunity from taxation, which were felt to be substantial benefits. The inviolability of the person, and exemption from official caprice and tyranny, were advantages also which could not fail to be highly prized. From henceforth the admissibility of the provincials to the privileges of the capital became more generally recognised as a fundamental principle of policy. The full franchise was conceded in special instances to various states in Spain, Africa and Gaul, and it became necessary to declare what nations, from their barbarism and inveterate hostility, as for instance the Germans and certain Gaulish tribes, should be formally pronounced ineligible. The Latin franchise, which conferred, as has been shown, a special aptitude for the Roman, was at the same time more widely diffused. Pompeius Strabo extended it to the entire nation of the Transpadane Gauls. Thus did Rome wisely educate her subjects for the full enjoyment of the privileges which she now held out to them in the distance.

The enrolment of the Italians among her own citizens deserves to be regarded as the gravest stroke of policy in the whole history of the republic. In modern times it has been frequently condemned as an unqualified error, and the general approbation it met with from the Roman writers may, doubtless, be explained by the fact that the masters of Roman literature were in almost every case Italians or provincials themselves; but in fact they require no such excuse for the opinions they have so generally expressed. They judged correctly in pronouncing the policy of comprehension upon which the republic now boldly entered, and from which she never long departed till the whole mass of her subjects were incorporated with her own children, both just and salutary. Doubtless it helped in some measure to accelerate the destruction of the old national sentiments: but these were already mortally stricken, and were destined quickly to perish in the general corruption of society. It reduced the legions more directly to instruments of their general's personal ambition: but the strongest check to that fatal tendency had been already removed by the enlistments of Marius, and these the necessities of the state, as we have seen, had both justified and approved. It undermined the despotic rule of the oligarchy: but neither Rome nor her subjects should have shrunk from the impending catastrophe of that proud and tyrannical domination.

CHAPTER IV.

MARIUS AND SULLA.—THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

A. U. 666—673. B. C. 88—81.

THE personal rivalry of her two most fortunate generals becomes now the main channel of the history of Rome herself. In the year which closed the contest of the republic with her dependent allies, Sulla was forty-nine years old, Marius about seventy. The former was enjoying the full breeze of popularity and renown, while the latter, wearied but not sated with accumulated honours, was moodily throwing away the advantages he had earned in his earlier career. From campaign to campaign Sulla, as we have seen, had dogged the steps of the elder warrior, always ready to step in and seize the opportunities which the other cast recklessly in his way. Not that Marius in his exalted station was even from the first indifferent to this incipient rivalry. He was deeply jealous of his subordinate. He felt chagrin at the contrast presented by their respective birth and origin; for Sulla, though needy in point of fortune, was a scion of the illustrious house of the Cornelii, and plumed himself on the distinction and advantage such a lineage conferred. Sulla, moreover, was trained in the accomplishments of Hellenic education, which Marius, conscious of his want of them, vainly affected to despise. Sulla wrote and spoke Greek: his memoirs of his own life became the text-book of the Greek historians of Rome, from whom we principally

A. U. 666. B. C. 88.

derive our acquaintance with him. But this varnish of superior culture seems to have failed in softening a rough plebeian nature. Sulla was one of many noble Romans who combined with pretensions to literary taste the love of gross debauchery, and pleasure in the society of mimes and vulgar jesters. He was a coarse sensualist, and by his disregard of the nuptial tie offended even the lax morality of his age. His eyes, we are told, were of a pure and piercing blue, and their sinister expression was heightened by the coarseness of his complexion and a countenance disfigured by pimples and blotches, compared by the raillery of the Greeks to a mulberry sprinkled with meal. His manners, except when he unbent in the society of his inferiors, were haughty and morose; nor is there any act of kindliness or generosity recorded of him. The nobles who accepted him as their champion, had no personal liking for him. But selfish and ambitious though he was, the aggrandizement of his party and order was with Sulla a species of fanaticism. He despised the isolated ascendancy of a Marius, and aspired to rule in Rome at the head of a dominant oligarchy.

Marius had quitted the camp at the most critical moment of the war, and while he buried himself in a distant retreat, Sulla brought the contest to a close, having obtained his election to the consulship for the year 666. The imminence of a new war with Mithridates had hastened the arrangements for the peace, and Sulla was still consul when it became necessary to select a general to command in the East. For this important service both his merits and his position gave Sulla the highest claim; but Marius was mortified and jealous, and cursed his own folly in having at such a moment withdrawn himself from the public eye. He returned impatiently to Rome, and showed himself once more among the young soldiers who trained

and exercised themselves in the field of Mars, running, wrestling, and climbing poles in rivalry with the most vigorous and active among them, to prove that though old in years, he possessed the energy requisite for command. But the nobles had no wish to gratify the man they feared and distrusted, while they had found one of their own order, on whose fidelity they could rely as implicitly as on his valour. They mocked the clumsy feats of the veteran candidate, and persuaded the people to follow their example, and send their old favourite with jeers to his retreat in Campania. The enterprise demanded indeed a man of the maturest powers as well as the highest abilities. Pontus, on the eastern shores of the Euxine sea, the region from which Mithridates derived his title, constituted but a small part of the dominions over which he ruled. His patrimonial kingdom he inherited from a succession of princes of high Persian extraction, and he was himself the sixth sovereign of his own name. To the north he had extended his sway over the tribes of the Cimbric Bosphorus as far as the banks of the Borysthenes or Dniester, while to the south he had received from his father the sovereignty of Phrygia, which the republic had sold for a sum of money. This country indeed the Romans had again wrested from him at an early period of his reign; but he had taken advantage of their dissensions to interfere in the affairs of Cappadocia, to murder, it is said, its sovereign, and at last to place upon its throne an infant child of his own. The armies of Mithridates were recruited from the hardy barbarians of the Caucasus and the Taurus; but his generals were mostly perhaps of Greek extraction, skilled in military science hardly less than the Romans themselves. Nor had he failed to enlist in his service many able citizens of the republic, for the allegiance

of the Romans sate but loosely upon them in the provinces, and they were easily swayed from their principles by the seductions of Eastern civilization. His own genius was conspicuous both in war and peace. He was robust in bodily frame, and expert in martial exercises. The story that he had fortified his system against poison by the constant use of antidotes, is a mere romance which modern science has pronounced impossible; nor is it much more credible that he could converse, as has been asserted, with the various tribes of which his kingdom was composed in twenty-five different languages or dialects. Our accounts of the great king of Pontus are derived entirely from Roman sources, and we cannot rely implicitly upon the particular instances of ferocity and perfidy recorded of him. As an Oriental, however, it is but too probable that he maintained himself in power by the usual arts of Oriental conquerors, by shameless fraud and remorseless cruelty.

In the year of the city 661, the Romans interfered to overturn the appointment Mithridates had made to the throne of Cappadocia. Mithridates did not venture to resist, but he secretly instigated Tigranes, king of Armenia, to invade the country and expel the nominee of the republic. Ariobarzanes fled to Rome, and there obtained assurance of support. Sulla, at this time prætor in Cilicia, was ordered to reinstate him, while the king of Pontus still remained tranquil. But the state of the republic's affairs in Italy soon emboldened him. The death of a king of Bithynia gave him an opportunity; and he dared to defy the Western conquerors by setting up a pretender to the throne of which they claimed the disposal. At the same time he made a descent upon Cappadocia in person, and expelled the luckless Ariobarzanes a second time.

The disasters of the Social war were now carrying

dismay and consternation to the heart of the republic. Sulla had been recalled to aid the efforts of her best commanders in her defence. Nevertheless, when the fugitive appeared once more before the senate with entreaties for its support, he did not appeal in vain to the old Roman constancy. An army was dispatched to restore him, and once more Mithridates bowed to the storm, and retired from the disputed territory. But the Roman officers in the East were not satisfied with this act of submission. They incited their allies to harass and invade his dominions, and when appealed to by him, refused to check their aggressions. Then at last did Mithridates arm in his own defence. With an immense force he burst upon the territories both of the republic and its allies. He chased Ariobarzanes a third time from his dominions, defeated the king of Bithynia, supported by the legions of Rome, in a great battle on the river Amneius in Paphlagonia, routed the Roman commander in a second engagement, overran Phrygia and Galatia, and proclaimed himself a deliverer to the subjects of the republic in the East. His advent was hailed by the provincials with acclamations. The insolence of the conquerors and the tyranny of their fiscal agents had excited deep discontent among them. On the main land almost every city joyfully opened its gates to Mithridates, and when in the intoxication of his triumph he issued, as we are told, a decree for the massacre of all the Roman residents in Asia, it was promptly obeyed, if indeed, as we may fairly conjecture, it had not been spontaneously anticipated. Eighty thousand citizens, some say an hundred and fifty thousand, though even the lesser number is probably a gross exaggeration, are stated to have fallen by this bloody act of retribution.

Meanwhile the senate was preparing to encounter this

formidable assailant with adequate forces, and had pitched, as we have seen, upon Sulla to take the command. Marius was disgusted at the inactivity to which he found himself condemned amidst the derision of the populace. In his retirement at Misenum he meditated revenge. The new citizens of Latium and Italy were already mortified at finding the inefficiency of their votes, confined to a small minority of the tribes, and the slender importance attached to their favour. Their nobles complained of their want of influence, their proletaries of the paltry price their votes commanded. Marius conceived the idea of turning their discontent to his own advantage. Between him and them there was an ancient sympathy, and this it was easy to improve into strict alliance. He offered to repair the injustice of the senate towards them, and to diffuse them among the old tribes of the city, in which their voices would be more powerful than when cooped within the narrow limits of a few separate divisions. Marius recommenced his old game of popular agitation. Among the tribunes was one, Sulpicius Galba, a man whose eloquence and learning, and high aristocratic connexions, had raised him to eminence in the state, but who under the pressure of debt was ready to sell his services to a patron who could hold out to him at least a distant prospect of sharing the spoils of Mithridates. With this guerdon in view, he paused at no excess. Taking Saturninus as his model, he studied only to surpass him in audacity. He marshalled a body of 600 knights around his person, and gave them the name of his opposition senate. He attacked the consuls in the public assembly with a band of armed men, and seized and massacred the son of Pompeius Rufus. Sulla, the other consul, being pursued, made his escape into the house of Marius, where he was least likely to be sought for, and so baffled the pursuers who ran past him. Marius

himself received the credit of concealing and letting him out by another door, but Sulla, we are told, made no acknowledgment of such a service in his memoirs. Marius indeed was for the moment triumphant. Sulpicius having cleared the forum of his chief opponents, prevailed on the populace to nominate his patron to the command in Asia, and the new proconsul while preparing to set out on his mission, despatched two tribunes to receive the army of Sulla. But Sulla, escaping from the forum, had repaired directly to his camp. He had inflamed the fury of his devoted soldiers by the recital of his double injury. While the officers, men of birth and national feeling, refused to listen to his solicitations, the men responded to them without scruple, and carried his banners towards Rome, killing the emissaries of Marius on the way. Joined by Pompeius Rufus with the ensigns of the consulship, these tumultuous bands resumed the appearance of a regular army, and Sulla could avow himself with some show of legality, the defender of the state and avenger of the insults she had sustained in the person of her chief magistrates.

This daring movement was entirely unexpected. Six legions advanced upon the city, and the men who had just seized the government were totally unprovided with arms to resist them. Marius sent two prætors to meet the enemy, and command them to desist; but the soldiers neither listened to them, nor paused in their march. They were stripped of their togas, their fasces were broken, and themselves ordered to return with every mark of indignity. Such violence betokened worse to follow. The citizens were dismayed, and without regard either to Marius or Sulpicius, sent envoys to entreat the advancing generals to halt, while they promised to do full justice to their cause by legal and peaceful measures. Sulla himself,

it is said, had faltered in his daring design; but he was reassured by a dream, in which a strange divinity, whom the Romans had learnt to worship in the East, placed a thunderbolt in his hand, and directed him to launch it against his enemies. He advanced, and Marius, having vainly attempted to raise troops to oppose him, fled with precipitation. As he entered the city tiles and stones were hurled on his soldiers from the house-tops; but a threat of burning the city soon reduced every opponent to submission. Sulla had conquered Rome.

But the conqueror was moderate in the use of his victory. He caused his troops to observe the strictest discipline, and limited his personal vengeance to exacting the death of twelve of his enemies. Sulpicius was betrayed by one of his own slaves, and put to the sword. Sulla enfranchised the betrayer for his obedience to the edict, and then cast him from the Tarpeian rock for his treachery to his master. Marius himself escaped out of the city, while a price was set upon his head, and upon that of his son also. On the morrow Sulla summoned the people to assemble in the forum. He explained to them that factious foes had compelled him to resort to force; but having once taken up arms he was determined not to lay them down till he had secured the power of the insulted nobles against the future aggressions of the tribunes. Sulpicius, during his brief tenure of power, had recalled the exiles of the Varian law, and increased the influence of the Italians in the comitia. Sulla abrogated all these enactments, and to insure the permanence of his own, repealed the solemn statute which gave the force of law to the *plebiscita*, or resolutions of the people. The violence of Marius drove his rival to the opposite extreme, and established a counter-revolution upon the ruins of tribunitian ambition. But Sulla was not yet prepared to

enforce an oligarchical tyranny against every constitutional prescription. He left the people the free exercise of their suffrages, and professed himself not dissatisfied with their boldness in rejecting a nephew of his own as a candidate for the consulship. Cn. Octavius, a firm but independent supporter of the senate, obtained one place; but the people gave him for a colleague L. Cornelius Cinna, well known as a partizan of Marius. Sulla pretended, perhaps, to guide them in this latter choice: he claimed the right of binding the new consul to favour his own measures by a solemn vow. At his direction Cinna ascended the capitol, with a stone in his hand, which, when he had taken the oath, he hurled to the ground, imprecating upon himself that he might be cast as violently out of the city, if he failed to observe it. The Romans were deeply impressed by such religious formalities; and the peculiar horror with which they regarded Cinna's later atrocities was coloured, perhaps, by indignation at his perjury. For, no sooner had he entered upon his office, than he proceeded at once to disturb the settlement he had pledged himself to respect, and caused a process to be instituted against Sulla himself. But Sulla was eager to commence operations against Mithridates, and neither stayed to meet the charge nor to punish the accuser. The victory he anticipated would be a sufficient answer to the people, and give him the means of completing the policy of which he had hitherto laid only the foundations.

Meanwhile Marius was flying for his life, and hiding the head upon which a price had been set. His romantic adventures are narrated with great animation by his biographer Plutarch. On quitting Rome he was separated in the darkness of the night from the partizans who aided his escape. Retiring to a farm he possessed at Solonium he despatched his son to get provisions from a kinsman in

the neighbourhood, but during his absence, fearful of a surprise, or suspicious, perhaps, of his nearest friends, he abandoned this retreat and hurried to Ostia, where he knew that a vessel was in waiting for him. The son reached the place to which he had been sent, but the house was immediately invested by the enemy's scouts, and he was with difficulty saved from their pursuit, being conveyed in a wagon, hidden under a load of beans, to the house of his wife in Rome. The next night he made his way to the sea, and embarking in a vessel bound for Libya, arrived there in safety.

The elder Marius was wafted along the coast of Italy by a favourable wind, but fearing to fall into the hands of Geminius, a personal enemy, one of the chief people of Terracina, he charged the mariners to avoid touching at that place. Unfortunately the wind changed, and a strong gale setting in shore, they were unable to keep out at sea. The old man himself, alarmed at his danger, and tormented with sea-sickness, bade them run to land, which they reached near Circeii. They were now also in want of provisions, in search of which they descended from the bark, and wandered along the shore. Some herdsmen to whom they applied, but who had nothing to give them, recognised Marius, and warned him that horsemen had been just seen riding about in quest of him. Weary and famishing, his life at the mercy of companions hardly less harassed than himself, he turned from the road and plunged into a deep forest, where he passed the night in extreme suffering. The next day, compelled by hunger, and wishing to make use of his remaining strength before he was completely exhausted, he once more sought the highways in quest of some hospitable retreat. He kept up his spirits and those of his followers by repeating to them the prodigies which had foretold his greatness in

youth, and assured them that he was destined to enjoy the highest magistracy yet a seventh time. He had arrived within two or three miles of Minturnæ, when they perceived a troop of horse advancing towards them, and at the same moment two barks sailing along the coast. Running down to the sea as fast as their strength would allow, and casting themselves into the water, they swam towards the vessels. Marius, corpulent and heavy, and quite overcome with fatigue, was carried or hurried along by the exertions of his slaves, and with difficulty lifted on board, while the horsemen following closely in pursuit, shouted to the sailors to abandon him in the waves. The sailors touched with pity at first refused to surrender him, and the horsemen rode off in anger; but they presently changed their minds, brought their bark to shore, and induced Marius to quit it, and take food and rest on land, while they waited, as they pretended, for the evening breeze. As soon as he was lifted out of the vessel and laid on the grass his bearers rejoined the ship: the sails were hoisted, and he found himself betrayed and abandoned. For some time he lay in despair; at last he rose, and made another effort to save himself. The coast near the mouth of the Liris, at which he had been put on shore, was a desolate swamp, through which the wretched Marius waded with pain and difficulty, till he reached an old man's lonely cottage. Falling at his feet he begged him to save a man who, if he escaped from his present dangers, would reward him beyond all his hopes. The man, who either knew Marius of old, or perceived in the expression of his countenance the greatness of his rank, offered him shelter in his hut, if shelter was all he needed, but promised to conceal him in the marshes, if he was flying from the pursuit of enemies. With the old man's assistance Marius hid himself in a hole by the river's side, and covered himself with reeds and sedge. But

Geminius of Terracina was in hot pursuit of him. After ransacking every place of refuge far and near, he reached the hut in the morass, and loudly questioned the occupant. Marius, who overheard what was passing, seized with a paroxysm of terror, drew himself out of his hiding-place, and buried himself up to the chin in the water. In this position he was discovered, dragged out and led naked to Minturnæ. The magistrates here and elsewhere had received orders to make search for the fugitive, and to put him to death when taken. The decurions of Minturnæ met to deliberate, and resolved to execute the sentence and claim the reward. But none of their citizens would undertake the ungracious office. Marius was placed in custody, in a private house; a Cimbrian slave, a captive of Vercellæ, was sent with a sword to dispatch him. Marius was crouching in the darkest corner of the chamber, and the man, so ran the legend, declared that a bright flame glared from his eyes, and a voice issued from the gloom, "*Wretch, dare you to slay Caius Marius?*" The barbarian immediately took to flight, and throwing his sword down rushed through the door, exclaiming, "*I cannot kill Caius Marius.*" The Minturnians were shocked and penetrated with remorse: "*Let him go,*" they said, "*where he pleases, as an exile, and suffer in some other place whatever fate is reserved for him. And let us pray that the Gods visit us not with their anger, for ejecting Marius from our city in poverty and rags.*" Thereupon all the chief people of the place presented themselves before him in a body, and offered to conduct him with honour to the seacoast, furnishing him at the same time with everything requisite for his comfort. There was need of expedition, and their nearest way lay through the sacred grove of Marica, into which whatever was once carried was never permitted to be again carried out. But

when an old man exclaimed that no road was impassable to Marius, his voice was hailed as a divine monition, and superstition herself fell before the champion of Italy.

Marius thus effected his escape from his nearest pursuers. He set sail for Africa, but landing for water on the coast of Sicily was very nearly taken and slain. On the shores of Africa he hoped to find allies among the chieftains of Numidia, with whom he had formed relations of amity at the period of his war against Jugurtha. He landed to await the result of his negotiations. While he sate in silent meditation among the ruins of Carthage, himself a livelier image of ruin hardly less appalling, the Roman governor of the province sent to warn him to be gone. The Numidians could not venture to shelter him, and he was compelled to take refuge on an island off the coast, where he continued for a time unmolested.

While the conqueror of the Cimbri was thus flying before the face of his own countrymen, and his triumphant rival, prosecuting the war against Mithridates in the East, affairs were hurrying on to a new and unexpected revolution at Rome. The Samnites had never entirely laid down their arms at the general pacification of Italy: they rose under their leader, Pontius Telesinus, excited fresh movements among the slaves and bandits in the south of the peninsula, and at one moment threatened a descent upon Sicily. Metellus Pius, to whom the repression of this new Social war was entrusted, was unable to bring the enemy to a decisive engagement, but continued to make head against them with various alternations of success. The army of the north was still arrayed in Picenum, under the banners of Pompeius Strabo, who showed no disposition to relinquish his command at the conclusion of hostilities in that quarter. The senate dispatched the late consul Pompeius Rufus to receive its legions from his hands. But it had no

means of satisfying the soldiers' demands for pay or largesses, and its emissary met with a cold reception from these disappointed mercenaries. Their discontent soon broke out in open mutiny, instigated, as has been generally suspected, by Pompeius Strabo himself. Rufus was massacred before the altar at which he was sacrificing. Strabo presently appeared among the mutineers, and restored order without instituting inquiry or inflicting punishment. Such were the dispositions of the army and the general, upon whom Rome was now compelled to rely, both for the pacification of Italy and the maintenance of the established government.

As soon as Sulla had withdrawn to Asia, Cinna made no further concealment of his designs. Avowing himself the restorer of the late order of things, he demanded the recal of the exiles of his party, and the restoration of the laws of Sulpicius, that is to say, the full and final emancipation of Italy. In the actual temper of the public mind, such demands could not fail to produce a sedition in the forum. Such, in fact, was the result. A disturbance ensued, and blood was shed. But Cinna had miscalculated his strength. The new citizens, upon whose efforts he relied, were few in number. The senate, his colleague Octavius, and even a majority of the tribunes of the plebs, together with the mass of the original citizens, united themselves against him. They flew to arms, and drove his partisans out of the city. Cinna, we may suppose, counted in this abortive attempt upon the support of Pompeius Strabo, while that general, reserved and perhaps undecided, contented himself with observing it from a distance, and leaving the two factions to weaken and exhaust each other.

The victorious party proceeded to deprive Cinna of the consulship, and elected L. Merula, a flamen of Jupiter, a man respectable for his birth and reputed integrity, in

his room. Cinna, proscribed and outlawed, betook himself to the new citizens of Campania, and declaimed to them on the persecution to which he was exposed for his devotion to their interests. The Campanians discovered more zeal for the defence of their newly acquired rights than they had evinced in the struggle to obtain them. Cinna succeeded in collecting an armed following. Many exiles of his party flocked to his standard, and among them was Q. Sertorius, an officer of distinction. Nor did he scruple to unite himself with the Samnites and Lucanians, the avowed enemies of the republic. Clothed in black, with disordered hair and beard, he ventured to enter the camp of the Roman general commanding in Campania, and moved the soldiers to compassion at the sight of a consul kneeling to them in supplication. They insisted on placing themselves under his orders. At the head of a Roman army he demanded the restitution of his rights, and vowed the destruction of his opponents.

Wandering from coast to coast, and threading the ambuscades of a thousand enemies, Marius was not unapprised of the events that were passing. He found means of communicating with his friends, and when he suddenly threw himself on the coast of Etruria, he was joined by several adherents with a band of five hundred fugitive slaves. Etruria was crowded, as we have seen, with a population of serfs, whose native masters kept them in a state of degradation and misery. Unconscious of the political questions in agitation, these men flocked to the adventurer's banner as the symbol of vengeance and plunder. While Marius advanced upon the city from the west, Cinna was slowly approaching in the opposite direction. At the same time Sartorius and Carbo were threatening her from other quarters, and Rome found herself encircled by four armies of her own rebellious citizens, backed by

the resources of the Samnite insurrection. To resist these accumulating dangers, the senate hastily recalled Metellus, bidding him make peace with the Samnites on any terms. But the conditions they exacted in the insolence of this triumph, admission to the franchise, compensation for their losses, the surrender without return or reciprocity of their fugitive slaves, were intolerable to the pride of the Roman general. Metellus ventured to disobey his orders, and broke off the negotiation. He left a small detachment under his lieutenant Plautius to check the advance of the enemy, while he hastened in person to Rome. Plautius was speedily overpowered, and the rebel Romans were reinforced by the whole strength of the Samnite confederacy, which devoted Rome itself to destruction. There can be no peace, they exclaimed, for Italy until the forest shall be extirpated in which the Roman wolves have made themselves a den. The senate was reduced to extremity. Envoys were dispatched to the quarters of Pompeius Strabo in Picenum; his command was acknowledged, his services were invoked, his return to the defence of the city earnestly entreated. At this moment Strabo might feel himself the arbiter of his country's destinies; but he still vacillated as to his course, and continued apparently to treat with both parties, until the advancing successes of the Marians diminished the value of his adhesion. Treason was at work within the city. For a moment Rome was opened to Marius, and he well nigh succeeded in effecting his entrance by a gate on the side of the Janiculum, from which, however, he was repulsed after a sharp engagement. Mutiny broke out in Strabo's camp, which he had advanced almost to the walls. His soldiers seem to have personally detested him: a conspiracy was formed against his life, and defeated only by the devotion of his son, who threw himself on the ground

and declared that the mutineers should pass over his body before they reached the object of their fury. The young Pompeius was already beloved by the soldiers, and this spirited defiance saved the life of the father. But famine and pestilence quickly followed. The populace of the city were swept off in great numbers, nor were the soldiers, on either side, exempt from the contagion. The consuls, abandoning the unwholesome districts round the walls, withdrew their legions to the Alban mount. Strabo himself fell a victim to the disease, or, as some accounts related, was killed by lightning. It is not improbable that he was actually assassinated. This last blow paralysed the resistance of the senate. A first deputation was sent to Cinna, to arrange terms of accommodation. When these were refused, a second was only charged to solicit an amnesty. Cinna received it seated in his curule chair, with the ensigns of the consular office which he claimed to bear. Marius stood by his side, squalid and unshorn, and clothed in the black rags of an exile and an outlaw, and his gloomy silence interpreted, in the worst sense, the ambiguous reply which Cinna vouchsafed to the deputation. But no further time was allowed for parley. The senate hastened to invite her conquerors within the walls. Then, at last, Marius opened his mouth with bitter words: "*An exile,*" he exclaimed, "*must not enter the city.*" The restoration of Cinna to his consulship, of his associate to his dignities and privileges, may have saved Rome from being delivered to the Samnites for destruction; but the victorious generals had still their own soldiers to satisfy, and they did not shrink from surrendering the city to plunder and massacre. They had pledged their words for the safety of the consul Octavius, and the augurs whom he had consulted had ventured to assure him of his security. Fortified by these assurances he had repelled the

entreaties of his friends to effect his escape, and had declared that as consul he would never desert his country. He had betaken himself with a small retinue to the Janiculum, and there seated himself in his curule chair, with the ensigns of his office around him. Here he soon learnt that neither the dignity of his office nor the promises of the victors would command respect. But he refused to rise from his place, and when a band of assassins approached him, calmly offered himself to the sword. His head was severed from his body, and carried to Cinna, by whose order it was suspended before the rostra. This, it is said, was the first instance of the public exhibition of these horrid trophies of civil war, and the custom, which became but too frequent in the subsequent contests of the Roman factions, was thus inaugurated in the person of the highest magistrate of the city. As the massacre proceeded, the bodies of the knights and meaner citizens were cast out for burial, but the mangled heads of the senators were reserved for exhibition in the forum. The thirst for vengeance or plunder was succeeded by a savage delight in the horrors which accompanied it, and the populace itself, debauched and degraded, learnt to gloat upon the blood of the victims. In the list of slain are included many of the noblest names of Rome. P. Crassus, who had been both consul and censor, either slew himself or was killed by the assassins. M. Antonius, celebrated at the time, and long afterwards remembered as one of the greatest of Roman orators, was murdered by the leader of a body of soldiers, whom he had almost moved by his eloquence to spare him. Two of the Julii, kinsmen of Julius Cæsar, the future dictator, suffered. Some were caught and murdered in the act of flying; others, who ventured to throw themselves upon the mercy of Marius, were coldly repulsed and cruelly slaughtered. Marius

himself seldom condescended to answer their entreaties; but his followers were instructed to spare those only to whom he held out his hand to kiss. The swords of the hired assassins were directed, in the first instance, against the adherents of Sulla and the aristocratic faction, the special objects of the conqueror's vengeance; but their numbers were speedily swelled by slaves and Italians, who sacrificed men of every party to their indiscriminate fury.

For a few days Cinna and Marius allowed these ruffians to riot unchecked. At last they deemed it necessary to arrest their career of systematic murder and pillage. Sertorius was charged with the task of repressing them with a military force, and the assassins themselves were made to feel the edge of the sword they had so long wielded with impunity. But the new rulers of the city continued to destroy by the forms of judicial process the victims who had escaped tumultuary violence. Cinna could not pardon the illustrious Merula the crime of having succeeded to the consulship of which he had been himself deprived. The flamen of Jupiter opened his own veins, after a solemn declaration in writing, that he had previously laid aside his tufted cap of office, that he might not involve his country in the guilt of sacrilege. Catulus, the noble colleague of Marius in the last battle against the Cimbri, threw himself on his knees, and vainly begged for life. "*You must die,*" was the only response vouchsafed him; and he was compelled to suffocate himself with charcoal in a newly-plastered chamber.

Cinna and Marius now began to reorganize the government of the state. Not deigning even to summon the assembly of the tribes, they nominated themselves by their own authority to the highest magistracy. Marius became consul for the seventh time. At the age of seventy, with

A. U. 672. B. C. 82. his health broken and strength failing, which had borne him through so many fatigues, he reached the summit of his aspirations and accomplished the prediction, the assurance of which had nerved his courage in such dire vicissitudes. Nevertheless, while Cinna reserved for himself the administration of affairs in Italy, the old general was destined to resume the command of the legions, and wrest from Sulla the conduct of the war against Mithridates. Sulla, indeed, it was already reported, had driven the king of Pontus to sue for peace, and was about to return and measure himself once more with the usurpers of the commonwealth. Marius, upon whom the auguries of his young rival's ultimate success had made no less impression than the prognostications of his own triumphs, shuddered at the approaching contest, in which he felt himself doomed to be worsted. Harassed by terrific dreams, or worn out by nightly watchings, he sought escape from his own thoughts by constant intoxication. Wearied with life, he could hardly wish to protract the existence which had become so intolerable a burden to him. One evening, it was related, while walking with some friends after supper, he fell to talking of the incidents of his life, beginning with his boyhood; and after enumerating his triumphs and his perils, no man of sense, he said, ought to trust fortune again after such alternations: upon which he took leave of his friends, and keeping his bed for seven days successively, thus died. We are tempted to suspect that, impelled by disgust and despair, he shortened his last days by suicide. The deceased consul's obsequies were celebrated with pomp, and accompanied, if we may believe the story told us, with a frightful ceremony. In ancient times, according to tradition, it had been customary to slaughter slaves or captives on the tomb of the departed hero; but if any

such usage had actually prevailed among the Romans, it had been long softened at least into an exhibition of gladiatorial combats. On this occasion, however, the tribune Flavius Fimbria determined to immolate a noble victim to the manes of the dead. He caused the venerable Mucius Scævola, the chief of Roman jurists, to be led before the pyre, and bade the sacrificer plunge a sword into his bosom. The wounded old man was allowed to be carried off and tended by his friends, under whose care he recovered. But when Fimbria heard that he still lived, he brought him to the bar of judgment, and being asked what charge he had against him, coldly replied, "*Having escaped with life.*" The story thus told by Valerius Maximus is founded, perhaps, on a misapprehension of a passage in Cicero, who only says that Fimbria required Scævola to be wounded. If the tribune had intended to make a sacrifice, he would hardly have suffered it to remain incomplete. Only eleven years before human sacrifices had been abolished by a decree of the senate. But in many expiatory and lustral rites, the shedding of a drop of blood was retained as a type of the ancient usage with which it has been frequently confounded. It may be added, that the historians have passed over this shocking occurrence in total silence; and the actual death of Scævola will be related at a later period.

Cinna now chose for his colleague Valerius Flaccus, the same who, as consul fourteen years before, had aided Marius to crush the conspiracy of Saturninus; an appointment which seems to betoken considerable respect for the usages of the state; for Flaccus, though formerly both consul and censor, had taken much less part in the recent contest than either Carbo or Sertorius, whose inferior rank counterbalanced their higher services. Cinna was now actively engaged in fulfilling his pledges to his

allies. Censors were elected on purpose to effect the complete emancipation of Italy by suppressing the ten Italian tribes, and enrolling the new citizens of the Plautian law among the thirty-five tribes of the city. Whether this inscription was based upon a principle of numerical equalization, or of geographical distribution, or whether it was attempted to combine the two, we have, perhaps, no means of determining; but thus the last remaining distinction between the Romans and Italians was effaced, for as many at least of the latter class as chose to avail themselves of the proffered privilege. The Samnites, Lucanians, and others still scorned to accept it. Another measure, undertaken by Flaccus, was more delicate, and more generally interesting. The consul ventured to enact an adjustment of debts, and relieve the accumulating distress of the poorer citizens, by enabling all obligations to be cancelled by the payment of one-fourth of the principal. He exchanged, as the Romans phrased it, silver for copper; for the copper coin called the as, was made equivalent for the purpose to the silver sesterce, which at this time was of four times its intrinsic value. After so long a series of wars and revolutions, and the fatal changes which had long been operating in the possession of property, it is possible that this measure was adopted as a necessary expedient. But whatever the urgency of the occasion may have been, the stroke was of fearful augury for the future, and did not fail to kindle criminal hopes in the dissolute and discontended for more than one succeeding generation. Having accomplished this important measure, Flaccus placed himself at the head of the legions destined for the Pontic war, and proceeded to the East to watch the movements of Sulla.

While yet unchecked by the best troops and most accomplished generals of the republic, Mithridates had

obtained the most astounding successes. The kingdoms of Bithynia and Cappadocia had fallen without resistance into his hands. The Roman province of Asia had succumbed, and even received its new master with acclamations. From thence he had crossed the Ægean sea, accepting the submission of its rich and flourishing islands, and his admiral Archelaus had captured Athens itself, with its harbour in the Piræus, and all its naval stores and equipments. The Greek cities were, for the most part, favourably disposed towards the liberator, who promised to break the rod of proconsular oppression. It was impossible to foresee how far the contagion of provincial disaffection might spread; and when Sulla landed on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, his task had swelled to the reconquest of one hemisphere of the empire.

Nor had he now, like his predecessors in the career of eastern conquest, the undivided resources of the commonwealth to sustain him. Sulla was conscious that he was only the general of a party which, though for the moment triumphant, was, he well knew, insecure, and every express that arrived to him from Rome brought him alarming accounts of the fears and perils of the friends he had left behind him. He reached Greece at the commencement of the year 667 with a force of five legions, which he had no means of recruiting, and he might apprehend that in the course of another year he would be superseded by another commander, the nominee, perhaps, of his enemies. He had not a moment to lose. Instead of checking the licentiousness of his soldiers, and drawing tighter the long relaxed bands of discipline, which must have been a work of time and leisure, he was compelled to stimulate their ardour and secure their obedience by additional indulgence and licence more complete. The course of his march he allowed to be marked by plunder, devastation and sacrilege. He

A. U. 667. B. C. 87.

traversed Greece and Asia to gorge his men with booty before he turned their arms against the invader from the East. The sacred treasures of the temples at Epidaurus, Ephesus and Olympia fell successively into his hands. When the spirits of his soldiers were elated to the utmost, he led them under the walls of Athens, which he speedily reduced, and devoted to pillage. In Bœotia he encountered the enemy in the open field, and routed them in the great
A. U. 668. B. C. 86. battle of Chæronea. Flaccus was now advancing upon his steps, and summoning him to surrender his command to his legitimate successor. He was about to turn boldly upon the intruders, confident of his soldiers' devotion, when Mithridates placed a second army within his reach. A second great battle at Orchomenus broke the power of the king of Pontus, and reduced him to act on the defensive beyond the waters of the Ægean. Greece remained as a clear stage for the Roman armies to contend upon. At the close of the year 668 Sulla had taken up his quarters in Thessaly, while Flaccus, not venturing to engage him, had moved in a lateral direction, and watched him from the neighbourhood of Byzantium. Among the new consul's officers was Flavius Fimbria, the tribune whose ferocity has already been signalized. Beloved by the soldiers whose licentiousness he encouraged, while his general strove fruitlessly to repress it, Fimbria conceived the idea of making himself independent of the government at home, and acting the part of a Strabo, or a Sulla himself. Flaccus was assassinated in his camp, and Fimbria, who may be supposed to have instigated the deed, was proclaimed general in his room by the soldiers themselves. But neither they nor their new leader chose to measure themselves with the rival imperator
A. U. 669. B. C. 85. in Thessaly. Passing over into Asia they ravaged every fertile plain and wealthy city, attacked the forces of Mithridates wherever they could reach them, and defeated a son

of the great king himself. Mithridates was driven out of Pergamus, and reduced to shelter himself in Pitana, where he must have been captured, had not Lucullus, a lieutenant of Sulla, removed the fleet with which he co-operated to a distance, in order to prevent the upstart Fimbria from snatching the honour of such a triumph from his own superior. Mithridates escaped by sea, and Sulla opened negotiations with him. Upon his surrendering Bithynia to Nicomedes, and Cappadocia to Ariobarzanes, renouncing his pretensions to the province of Asia, and delivering up a large portion of his fleets and treasures, he was solemnly admitted to the alliance and amity of Rome. Sulla thus confined the enemy of the republic to the limits of his dominions, such as they existed before the war; but, doubtless, had his own resources been more abundant, and his position more secure, he would not have been content with a barren victory, nor have returned from the frontiers of the empire without an effort to advance them. A. U. 670. B. C. 84.

Sulla had entered Asia to conduct his negotiations at the sword's point. As soon as they were concluded he turned abruptly upon Fimbria. The two Roman armies met near Thyatira; but Fimbria's soldiers, plied with gold, rapidly deserted, and even those who still kept to their standards, refused to engage their brethren in the field. Having failed in an attempt to procure his rival's assassination, Fimbria found himself deprived of his last resource. In this extremity Sulla promised him his life, on condition that he should resign his command, and withdraw from Asia. When Rutilius, on the part of his general, offered him a safe conduct to retire by sea, he replied proudly that he knew a shorter and a better way, and pierced himself with his sword.

Fimbria might well despair when he saw the forces with which his own victory over Mithridates had armed the

champion of the party he had outraged. Sulla could leave in the East the legions which his rivals had brought to share or contest his laurels, while he took himself the route of Italy with a force of thirty thousand veterans, who had served three years under his standard, and had learnt in a rapid career of glory and plunder to regard him as the founder and the pledge of their fortunes. The treasures of Mithridates, swelled by the ransom of an hundred Greek and Asiatic cities, furnished him with ample means for securing their fidelity. The vast fleets of Asia, delivered into his hands, might be used to abridge the long march through Thrace and Macedonia. The news of the surrender and death of Fimbria was accompanied by the announcement of Sulla's speedy return; and the moderation he had professed while his successes were still incomplete, was already exchanged for bitter complaints of the injuries he had received, the confiscation of his estates, the banishment of his family, the proscription of his own person, and persecution of his party. But his foes and those of the republic, whom he classed together, were now, he declared, about to suffer due chastisement: in proclaiming an amnesty for honest men of all parties, he announced that he would respect the privileges of the Italians, and leave them no excuse for devoting themselves to his adversaries.

The senate, no less than the populace, was terrified by this manifesto. So many of the Marian party had become incorporated among the thinned ranks of the ancient aristocracy, that the counter-revolution now impending seemed not only to menace the safety of the particular faction which had aspired to rule the state, but to threaten the great mass of the nobility with indiscriminate massacre. Both in Rome and throughout the states of the Peninsula, the vicissitudes of war and conflicts of special interests

had gone far to efface the old distinctions of parties, and both Cinna and Sulla relied rather upon personal than political attachments. The senate, as an order in the state, could only pretend to mediate between rival chieftains. It now ventured to send a deputation to mollify the ferocity of the conqueror; while, on the other hand, it forbade the consuls to make preparations for their own defence. Cinna and Carbo, who had now succeeded to Flaccus, disregarded this feeble interference. They made new levies throughout Italy, and solicited the Samnites and Lucanians to wreak their vengeance upon Rome by arming once more against her victorious champion. The Italians promised their succours; but the troops they levied for the purpose could not be induced to embark, and the expedition which Cinna rashly undertook to lead against Sulla in the East was reluctantly abandoned. Cinna himself was soon afterwards massacred in his camp by his own mutinous soldiers. Carbo took advantage of the disturbed state of affairs to withhold the election of another colleague, and remained through the rest of the year 670 in sole occupation of the consulship. He strengthened himself by a further extension of the franchise, and enrolled large numbers of emancipated slaves in the thirty-five tribes of the city. His brief usurpation was a career of unbridled violence. He hurled his enemies from the Tarpeian rock and expelled the tribunes from the city. He caused the terrified senate to decree that all the legions then in arms should be disbanded, hoping to fix upon Sulla a charge of disloyalty in refusing, as he of course expected, obedience to the command. Sulla had, by this time, assembled his troops at Dyrrhachium, and this decree was the signal for his crossing the sea with five legions of veterans. The invader was aware that he should have armies far more numerous than his

A. U. 670 B. C. 84.

own to encounter; but these he knew were for the most part new levies; while the old soldiers they had among them were dispersed in petty detachments and under unknown leaders: nor did he apprehend that any confidence or concert would exist among the host of generals, Carbo himself, the young Marius, Cœlius, Carrinas, Brutus, Sertorius and others, under whom they were arrayed. The Italians ranged themselves on the side of Carbo and Marius; but many tribes were at least lukewarm in the cause: the promises and bribes which Sulla could administer might be expected to find their way into the camp of the enemy. The north of Italy, the Cisalpines, the Picentines, and the Marsians were jealous of the Samnite confederacy in the south; and even the Samnites, in their implacable hostility to the Roman power, seem to have negotiated secretly with the assailant, in whom they, for their part, recognised only the enemy of the republic. Sulla's address was equal to his valour. He was enabled to penetrate into the heart of Italy without striking a blow. One by one the most illustrious officers of the government brought over their troops to him. Metellus Pius raised his standard in Liguria; the young Pompeius, already the idol of his own soldiery, levied three legions for him in Picenum, and defeated the Marians in various encounters. Crassus, the son of a victim of the late proscriptions, who had been compelled to conceal himself for the last eight months in a cave, Cethegus, Dolabella and M. Lucullus, brother to Sulla's lieutenant in Asia, gave to his cause the lustre of their noble names. The persecution which the young Marius presently renewed against the most distinguished senators, effected the complete identification of the interests of Sulla with those of the highest aristocracy of the city.

At this crisis, an event, the origin or authors of which

were never discovered, threw the city into consternation. On the sixth of July, 671, the capitol was consumed by fire; even the Sibylline volumes, stored away in its most secret recesses, were devoured by the flames. This destruction of the sanctuary of the republic, the site of its wealthiest and most august temples, and of the oracles which guided the most solemn decisions of the senate, seemed to many an announcement of a great change in the destinies of the state. It was the closing of the first volume of the fortunes of Rome. A. U. 671. B. C. 83.

From Apulia Sulla had passed, as we have seen, without an obstacle into Campania. He was there met by the consul Norbanus, whom he defeated in the neighbourhood of Capua. Scipio, the other consul, commanded a second force at Teanum, a few leagues in the rear of his colleague. Sulla demanded a truce and employed the interval in tampering with the fidelity of the soldiers opposed to him, who speedily passed under his colours. At the commencement of the year 672, Carbo and the young Marius took possession of the consulate: the one undertook to close the passes of the Apennine, and check the threatened attack of Metellus and Pompeius on the north; the other to cover the approach to Latium against the advancing legions of Sulla. The former gained some successes against Metellus, and was only reduced to the necessity of retreating by the critical position of his colleague. Marius had selected Præneste, an impregnable position on the frontiers of Latium, for his head-quarters. There he assembled his military forces, and collected all the treasures he had amassed at leisure, including the plunder of many temples in the city, and a large mass of gold and silver drawn from the vaults under the capitol. Confiding, perhaps, in the strength of this citadel, he had not attempted to prevent Sulla from seizing the passes of A. U. 672. B. C. 82.

the Apennines, nor did he come forth to encounter his assailant till he had arrived at Sacriportus, four leagues in advance of Prænestc. The complete defeat which Marius sustained at this spot opened the road to Rome; for Sulla could venture to leave his beaten enemy behind their impregnable walls, and push on towards the city which was ready, as he well knew, to open its gates. He arrived indeed too late to prevent the crowning massacre in which Marius caused the most illustrious of his remaining enemies to be slaughtered in the curia itself. Among the victims was Mucius Scævola, the grand pontiff, who had so narrowly escaped on more than one previous occasion, and who was now sacrificed before the altar of Vesta, whose eternal fires were not extinguished by the scanty drops of blood the old man's veins could supply.

Sulla masked Præneste with a detachment under Lucretius Ofella, while he swiftly traversed Rome, and threw himself into Etruria, where Carbo was advancing to the rescue of his colleague Marius, being himself unable to maintain his position in the Cisalpine against Metellus and Pompeius. Carbo stationed himself near Clusium, behind the Clanis, with his Italian allies and some Gaulish and Iberian troops. Of the Iberians, however, a portion passed over to the enemy, and the general in a fit of despair caused the remainder to be massacred. Engaging the enemy he obtained two trifling successes, and fought a bloody battle without a decisive result. But fortune became more favourable to Sulla, who cut off one large division of his adversaries, and now eagerly expected the arrival of Metellus and Pompeius to surround Carbo with irresistible numbers. In this strait Carbo, instead of dashing forwards to relieve Præneste, returned on his steps to arrest the assailants from the north. He contented himself with detaching a division of his army to effect a

a junction with the Samnites, who were now advancing, and thus create a diversion on the right of Sulla's position. Sulla took measures to guard the defiles which lead towards Prænestè, while Pompeius, by a lateral movement, surprised and routed the detached division. The ground, however, was cleared around Carbo's entrenchments. He had only a single enemy, Metellus, before him, and upon him he threw himself with desperate resolution. But a great battle fought at Faventia, near Ravenna, resulted in his total defeat, with the loss of 10,000 slain, and several thousands of deserters. His officers hastened to pillage and betray him. His quæstor Verres plundered his military chest, while Albinovanus massacred several chiefs of the army whom he had invited to a banquet. Norbanus took ship and fled to Rhodes. Carbo, after raising another army in Etruria, and conducting for some time a war of guerillas in the mountains, abandoned his colleague to the fate which awaited him, and made the best of his way into Africa. Sertorius had already withdrawn from a contest which he judged to be hopeless, and was engaged in forming a new confederation in Spain. The Marian chieftains surrendered Italy to the senate, and sought to raise the provinces against it. A. U. 672. B. C. 82.

Sulla and his colleagues now directed their victorious legions upon the last of the Marian armies in their last stronghold, Prænestè. But Pontius Telesinus, at the head of a combined force of Samnites, Lucanians, and Campanians, to whom the destruction or humiliation of Rome was a dearer object than the success of either party among the Romans, seized the opportunity to wreak the vengeance of their countrymen upon the capital of their common enemies. Adroitly evading the lines of the numerous legions which were now concentrating upon Prænestè, they penetrated by night within ten or twelve

miles of the city, which they hoped to surprise, and give to the flames. But they spent one day in the preparations for the assault, and in the interval the slender garrison within the city was enabled to communicate with Sulla. On the first of November the Samnites advanced, but Sulla was already at their back. At the Colline gate he came up with them, and engaged them in a long and desperate encounter. Since the invasion of the Gauls Rome had never struggled against an enemy so near to her own walls, nor been brought so nigh to destruction. The combat lasted a whole day and the following night. The left wing commanded by Sulla himself was put to rout, and the fugitives running to the lines before Præneste, exclaimed that the battle was lost and their imperator himself slain. But Crassus meanwhile, with the right wing, had broken the enemy's ranks, and pursued them as far as Antemnæ. Eight thousand of the Italians were made prisoners, and the Roman officers captured in their ranks were devoted to the sword. Pontius Telesinus, grievously wounded in the fight, was despatched by the conqueror on the field of battle. His whole life had been devoted to the hatred of Rome, and at the moment when she finally escaped from his murderous grasp he could no longer wish to live. He was the last Italian enemy of Rome. As the adversary of the Decii and Fabii he might have been the destroyer of the Roman name, and have changed the face of history. But in the age of Marius and Sulla he could only hope for one day of plunder and conflagration, and when this momentary triumph was snatched from him, what sweeter satisfaction could he covet than to fall among 50,000 corpses, one-half of whom were Roman?

As soon as the Prænestines learnt the result of this bloody day, and saw the heads of the Italians and Marians

borne in triumph beneath their walls, they opened their gates to the victors. The young Marius had retired into a subterraneous apartment with the brother of Pontius Telesinus. Determined not to fall into the enemy's hands, they challenged each other to the combat, and Marius having slain his friend and confederate, caused himself to be dispatched by the hands of a slave. A few cities still held out. At Norba in Latium, the inhabitants chose to consume themselves together with their city, rather than submit to the conqueror. Nola opened its gates after a long defence: Volaterra resisted for two years. But the struggle in Italy was hopeless. Spain and Africa rose indeed against the Roman government; but the gates of the peninsula were securely closed against these foreign auxiliaries.

Events and circumstances had now fulfilled their part in developing Sulla's policy, and moulding his character. Fond of literature, vain of his accomplishments, attached to frivolous pleasures and frivolous people, a man, it is said, of soft and even tender feelings, and easily moved to tears by a tale of sorrow, Sulla in his early years had surprised his countrymen rather than alarmed them, by the success of his military career and his influence with the soldiers. The haughty jealousy of Marius had disposed him to take an opposite part in public life. The rivalry of the two great captains had been enhanced by the contrast of their manners, origin and connexions. In brooding over his personal resentments Sulla had insensibly come to identify himself with the cause of the oligarchy. The sanguinary violence of Cinna and Marius had irritated the champion of the persecuted faction, and he had vowed a bloody vengeance against the authors of the proscriptions. But the opposition he experienced in Italy expanded his views beyond the limits of party warfare.

The Etrurians and the Samnites transformed him from the chief of a Roman faction into the head of the Roman nation. The vows of extermination they breathed against the sacred city of Quirinus sank deeply into his mind. He had displayed in the East his contempt for the just claims of the provincials. The cries of the miserable Greeks and Asiatics he had mocked with pitiless scorn, and had reimposed upon their necks, in its full weight and irksomeness, the yoke from which they had in vain invoked Mithridates to relieve them. The man who had reconquered the East had now reconquered Italy, and he determined to restore the supremacy of his countrymen at their own gates, which he had vindicated with triumphant success at the farthest limits of their empire.

The morning after the battle of the Colline gate Sulla was haranguing the senate in the temple of Bellona. As an imperator commanding a military force, the law forbade him to enter the city, and the senators attended his summons beyond the walls. Cries of horror and despair were suddenly heard outside the place of assembly. "*Be not alarmed,*" he calmly remarked to the affrighted senators, "*it is only some rascals whom I have ordered to be chastised.*" They were the death-cries of the 8000 Samnite prisoners, whom he had delivered to be cut to pieces by his legions in the field of Mars. The first of his blows fell upon the Italian confederates; but he speedily launched his vengeance upon the Romans themselves. On his return from Prænestе he mounted the rostra, and addressed the people. He vaunted his own greatness and irresistible power, and graciously assured them that he would do them good if they obeyed him well; but to his foes he would give no quarter, but prosecute them to the death, high as well as low, prætors, quæstors, tribunes, and whosoever had provoked his just indignation.

These words were a signal to his adherents, and before the names of the destined citizens were publicly announced many a private vengeance was wreaked, and many a claim advanced upon the conqueror's gratitude. The family of Marius were among the first attacked. One of his relatives named Marius Gratidianus, who had signalized his prætorship by checking the debasement of the coinage, was pursued by Catilina, a brutal young officer, and murdered with the most horrible tortures. The assassin placed the bloody head upon Sulla's banquet-table, and coolly washed his hands in the lustral waters of a neighbouring temple. The corpse of the great Marius himself, which had been buried and not burnt, was torn from its sepulchre on the banks of the Anio, and cast into the stream. This desecration of the funeral rites was an impiety of which the contests of the Romans had hitherto furnished no example. It was never forgotten by a shocked and offended people. The troubled ghost, says the poet of the civil wars, continued to haunt the spot, and scared the husbandmen from their labours on the eve of impending calamities.

A great number of victims had already perished, when Catulus demanded of Sulla in the senate, "*Whom then shall we keep to enjoy our victory with, if blood continues to flow in our cities as abundantly as on the battle-field?*" A young Metellus had the boldness to ask, when would there be an end to these miseries, and how far he would proceed before they might hope to see them stayed. "*Spare not,*" he added, "*whomsoever it is expedient to remove; only relieve from uncertainty those whom you mean to save.*" Sulla coldly replied, that he had not yet determined whom he would spare. "*Tell us then,*" exclaimed Metellus, "*whom you intend to punish.*" Thereupon a list of proscriptions appeared containing eighty names. This caused

a general murmur: nevertheless, two days after, two hundred and thirty, and the next day as many more, were added to the list. And this proscription, in which Sulla had consulted no magistrate, was accompanied with a speech in which he said that he had proscribed all he could think of for the present; by and by he might perhaps remember more. Rewards were offered for slaying the proscribed: it was rendered capital to harbour them. Their descendants were declared incapable of public office, and their fortunes were confiscated to the use of the state, though in most cases they were actually seized and retained by private hands. Nor were the proscriptions confined to Rome: they were extended to every city in Italy, and throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula neither temple nor domestic hearth offered security to the fu-
A. U. 672. B. C. 82. gitives. From the 1st of December 672 to the 1st of June in the following year, this authorized system of murder was allowed to continue. Catilina, who had previously assassinated a brother, now got his victim's name placed on the fatal list, in order to secure his estate. The favourites of Sulla, his slaves and freedmen, drove a lucrative trade in selling the right to inscribe the names of persons whom any one wished to make away with. The dignity of public vengeance was prostituted to mere private pique and cupidity. One man was killed for his house, another for his gardens, another for his baths. One unfortunate wretch who had never meddled with affairs, examined the lists out of mere curiosity. Horror-struck on seeing his own name proscribed, "*My Alban farm*," he exclaimed, "*has ruined me*," and hardly had he spoken the words before the pursuers smote him.

Sulla might smile to see the number of accomplices he had associated in his crimes, and he sought perhaps to render their share in these horrors more conspicuous by the re-

wards with which he loaded them. Upon Catilina, the boldest and readiest of his partisans, a man of blasted character and ruined fortunes, he heaped golden favours. The young Crassus, who had so narrowly escaped the sword of Marius, now laid the foundation of the wealth which earned him the renown of the richest of the Romans. Pompeius had executed without remorse his master's vengeance upon captives taken in arms; at his command he had consented to divorce his wife Antistia, and take in her stead Sulla's step-daughter Metella; but he withheld his hand from the stain of the proscriptions, and scorned perhaps to enrich himself with the spoils of judicial massacre. Among the kinsmen of Marius was one whom Sulla himself vouchsafed to spare. Caius Julius Cæsar, then eighteen years of age, was connected by blood with Marius, and by marriage with Cinna. Sulla contented himself with requiring him to repudiate his wife. Cæsar refused, and fled into the Sabine mountains. The assassins were on his track, while his friends at Rome exerted themselves to the utmost to obtain his pardon. The Vestals interceded for him. Some of Sulla's own adherents raised their voices in his favour, and pleaded his youth, his reckless temper and dissipated habits, in proof of his innocence or harmlessness. "*I spare him,*" exclaimed Sulla: "*but beware! in that young trifler there is more than one Marius.*" Cæsar was saved; but he prudently withdrew from the scene of danger, and repaired to the East, where he served at the siege of Mytilene, which still held out for Mithridates. A. U. 673. B. C. 81.

The proscriptions were lists of selected victims, and though hundreds undoubtedly perished, whose names had never been publicly devoted to slaughter, yet the number of the original citizens who fell in the massacres were not beyond the reach of computation. The accounts we have received vary indeed in this particular; but of sena-

tors there were slain perhaps from one to two hundred, of knights between two and three thousand. The victims of a lower class were, we may suppose, proportionally more numerous. But the destruction of the Italians was far more sweeping and indiscriminate. Cities were dismantled, and even razed to the ground; their lands were seized and distributed among the veterans of the Sullan armies, of whom an hundred and twenty thousand were located in colonies from one end of the peninsula to the other. The natives driven from their houses and estates were massacred in crowds: according to popular tradition the Samnite people were utterly annihilated, and of all their cities Beneventum alone remained standing. The inhabitants of the wretched Præneste were slaughtered wholesale. The Etrurians expiated with the direst persecution the tardy aid they had given to the common cause of the Italians. The great centres of their ancient civilization had long fallen into decay, but a new class of cities had risen upon their ruins, and attained riches and celebrity. Of these Spoletum, Volaterræ, Interamna and Fæsulæ were delivered to Roman colonists: the latter city was dismantled, and the new town of Florentia erected with the fragments of its ruins. Throughout large districts the population became almost entirely changed; every where the chief people perished from the face of the land, and with them all that was distinctive in the manners and institutions, even in the language of the country. The civilization of Etruria disappeared from the sight of men, to be rediscovered at the end of twenty centuries, among the buried tombs of forgotten Lucumons.

The same exterminating policy extended also to the provinces, wherever the temper of the native races seemed to resent the uncontrolled domination of the Roman conquerors. Sulla had chastised Greece and Asia with a rod

of iron. He now commissioned his lieutenants to chase his enemies from the retreats to which they had been invited in Sicily, Africa, Gaul and Spain. Metellus fell upon the Cisalpine province, Valerius Flaccus devastated the Narbonensis, Pompeius was dispatched to punish the provinces of the South, and Annius was deputed to follow Sertorius into Spain and recover the vast regions which he had armed against the new government of Rome, and even against Rome herself. At the same time the republic was threatened with a renewal of her foreign warfare. The Thracians, never yet subdued, troubled the frontiers of Macedonia; Mithridates was commencing a new movement in Asia; the distressed and indignant population of the eastern coasts had betaken themselves in vast numbers to the sea, and infested the waters of Greece and even Italy itself with fleets of pirate-vessels. The mountains of Etruria and Sabellia, of Samnium and Lucania, swarmed with the miserable fugitives from spoliation and massacre, and armed bands roamed beneath the walls of populous cities ready to carry off any booty that fell in their way, and rendering both life and property every where insecure. Even the proprietors of estates leagued themselves with these wretched outcasts, and employed them to kidnap free citizens of the republic, to be buried as slaves in their forests, or chained in their factories.

Sulla had returned to Rome laden with the spoils of war; his troops had been gorged with plunder, and he could not plead for his proscriptions the demands of an insatiate soldiery. But the accumulating troubles of the empire, and the increasing armaments required in every quarter, demanded the opening of new sources of revenue. The provinces, harassed by war, were now crushed by imposts. Treaties and promises were alike disregarded. All were forced to contribute, not only the tributary states,

but even those which had acquired by their services immunity and independence. To satisfy the requisitions made upon them, many cities were forced to pledge their public lands, their temples, their ports, and even the stones of their walls. Sulla took upon himself to sell the sovereignty of the independent kingdom of Egypt to Alexander II. Donatives were demanded of foreign kings and potentates. The revolution in the capital extended its shock to the furthest limits where the name of Rome was known; and the restoration of the ancient republic which Sulla pretended to effect, required the efforts and sacrifices, not of her own parties and factions only, but of her subjects, her allies, and her dependents.

CHAPTER V.

THE LEGISLATION OF SULLA, AND STATE OF ROME AND THE PROVINCES AT THE CLOSE OF THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

A. U. 673—676. B. C. 81—78.

THE reign of violence and revolution dated from the victory of the Colline gate, the 1st of November, 672. B. C. 82. While the young Marius and his colleague still occupied the consular office, the master of Rome, omnipotent as he really was, could not legitimately be invested with any civil authority. The weapon which he wielded with such terrible effect was the unsheathed sword of his proconsular *imperium*. The tribunal, before which he cited the wretched victims of his policy or vengeance, was the military *suggestum* of the prætorian tent. The death of Marius a few days later rendered vacant one of the consuls' chairs. Carbo, who occupied the other, did not long survive, being taken in Sicily and executed by Pompeius without respect to his rank or office. Before the close of the year the republic was left without a chief magistrate. The senate appointed L. Flaccus, one of Sulla's officers, *Interrea*, to hold the comitia for the election of consuls for the term which was about to commence. But Flaccus, prompted by his imperator, proceeded to recommend the creation of a dictator. The senate obeyed, the people acquiesced, and after an interval of an hundred and twenty years, which had elapsed since the era of Q. Fabius

Maximus, the citizens beheld once more the four and twenty lictors, who invested with invidious splendour that union of civil and military preeminence of which their feelings and institutions were equally jealous. The dictatorship, they might remember, had been the rare resource of the patricians in ancient times, when they roused themselves to defend their hateful privileges against the just claims of the plebeians: but since the rights of either class had been happily blended together, the office itself had ceased to have any significance. To revive it now when no enemy was at the gates, was only to threaten the commons of Rome with a new aristocratical revolution, to menace rights and liberties acquired in a struggle of two hundred years, and on which the greatness and glory of Rome were confessedly founded. But all these misgivings were hushed in silence. The people crouched beneath the brandished sword of the conqueror, and the acclamations of the nobles, who relied upon his stern resolution to crush the insolence of the tribunes and repel the advance of democracy. Even the narrow limit of six months which the law had been wont to assign to the duration of this extraordinary despotism was now disregarded. Sulla was required to reform and reconstitute the commonwealth; he was allowed to determine for himself the period so arduous an enterprise would demand, nor less the principles and the means he should think fit to adopt. The Romans solemnly divested themselves of all their political rights, so long as the great reformer should deem it expedient to exercise autocratic control over them. To Sulla they committed without limit or question the power of life and death over citizens and subjects, of amercing his enemies and rewarding his friends, of building cities or destroying them, of giving away kingdoms or

incorporating them in the empire. In order perhaps to mark more conspicuously the preeminence of this sovereign power above the legitimate dictatorship of ancient times, Sulla required that the consulship should coexist with it in a state of degrading subordination. He allowed the comitia of the centuries to elect M. Tullius Decula and Cn. Dolabella for the year 673. In the following year he A. U. 673. B. C. 81. assumed the consular fasces himself in conjunction with Metellus Pius, while still retaining the ensigns of the dictatorship. He was elected a second time for the year 675; but his ambition was by this time satisfied and he declined the proffered title.

Proscription and massacre had cleared the ground for the social edifice which Sulla proposed to construct. With a blind and arrogant predilection for the traditionary forms of the ancient Roman municipality, he resolved to restore, as far as circumstances could be moulded thereto, by the harshest exercise of his prerogative, the civil ascendancy of the old Roman families. To re-enact indeed the letter of the old oligarchical constitution, as it had existed before the days of plebeian encroachment, was impossible; but he hoped at least to reanimate its spirit. The temper however of the dictator was too impetuous and vehement for an undertaking requiring the most delicate management. His reforms were bold and decisive, they were conceived on a single great idea, and executed with consistency and vigour: but they were not adopted with any consideration for the genuine tendencies of society, and accordingly they struck no root in the mind of the people. Sulla, we have seen, had cut off two hundred senators with the sword of the proscriptions; Marius had probably slaughtered an equal number. The remnant had been decimated on the field of battle. To replenish this frightful void the dictator selected three hundred from the equestrian order;

but however respectable in birth and rank these new senators may have been, they could hardly restore the lustre of the great council of the state, which had formerly owed its chief authority to the personal distinction of its members. We may conjecture that the numbers of the body thus reconstructed amounted to about four hundred. The vacancies which thenceforth occurred were probably more than supplied by the regular succession to the benches of the senate of the men who had filled certain high offices. Twenty quæstors were elected annually, and passed into it in due rotation. About thirty years later the number of the order could not have been less than five hundred.

The principle of hereditary succession to the senate was never recognised under the Roman republic, but the practical restriction of the great offices from which it was replenished to one or two hundred families, allowed none of the chief Roman houses to remain unrepresented in the great council of the nation. To these houses Sulla wished to confine the entire legislation of the commonwealth. He repealed the *lex Hortensia*, by which the resolutions of the tribes were invested with the force of law, and gave to the senate alone the initiation of all legal enactments. To the senate he transferred once more the exclusive possession of the *judicia*, while he extended the authority of the *quæstiones perpetuæ*, or standing commissions for the trial of political offences, to a large class of criminal cases, which had hitherto fallen under the cognisance of the popular assemblies. Nothing however so much advanced the influence of the senate as the limitations Sulla placed upon the functions of the tribunate. He deprived the champions of the people of the right of proposing measures in the assembly of the tribes, forbade them to exercise their arbitrary veto upon the legislation of the curia, and

restricted their protectorate of the plebs to the relief of individuals in a few trifling cases of civil or criminal process. Whatever shadow of authority the office of tribune might still retain, a stigma was cast upon it by the decree which declared its holder incapable of succeeding to any of the chief magistracies of the state. Ambitious men disdained an office condemned to silence and obscurity. By the disparagement of its leaders the assembly of the tribes lost all its real power. It was reduced to the election of certain inferior magistrates. As for the assembly of the people in their centuries, Sulla seems to have felt the impossibility of restoring the complicated machinery by which the citizens were enrolled in classes, according to their means, and the numbers of the lower ranks balanced by an artificial adjustment. If he could not restore in this popular assembly the preponderance which the Servian constitution had secured to property, the superiority he conferred upon the senate in the matter of legislation might suffice to keep the comitia in due subordination. The assembly of the centuries retained the election to the higher magistracies: the dictator relied on the influence of wealth, rank and dignity, in breaking down the independence of the electors, already sapped by the prevalent dissolution of manners and degeneracy of public feeling. Nevertheless, he took from the people the appointment to the college of pontiffs, and placed the great political engine of the state religion in the hands of a self-elective corporation of the noblest members of the aristocracy.

The senate thus planted one foot on the neck of the knights, the other on that of the commons. Having, as we have seen, almost re-created it by one enormous draft from an inferior order, Sulla wished to insure the permanence of its constitution, and he would have looked, we

may suppose, with jealousy on the independent action of the censorship, which ought to have called all its members to account every fifth year, and summarily ejected the unworthy. Accordingly he allowed no censors to execute their functions during his retention of power, nor was their venerable office revived for several years afterwards. The slaughter of the civil wars had caused a frightful reduction in the old Roman population. It was necessary to take measures for recruiting it, and on this account, perhaps, more than from any regard for the promises he had made at an earlier period, the dictator abstained from closing the franchise against the Italians. Dispersed among the thirty-five tribes, they could exert little influence in the elections, and the influence of the tribes themselves in the national legislation he had reduced, as we have seen, to the mere registration of the decrees of the senate. He showed his contempt for the needy and venal populace by the enfranchisement at one blow of ten thousand slaves, the miserable remnant of the families of proscribed and murdered citizens. Left without masters they would have endangered the tranquillity of the commonwealth, but enrolled among the citizens they might become themselves masters in their turn, and help to keep the oppressed and discontented in subjection, both at home and abroad. Inscribed on the list of the Cornelian *Gens*, they might, at least, devote themselves to support the policy of the dictator, who had placed himself at the head of that illustrious house.

The establishment of military colonies was one of the most important measures of the dictator. Besides satisfying claims he dared not disregard, he might hope to make these establishments the bulwark of his reforms. If so, we shall presently see how much he miscalculated their effect. But the change they produced in the social and political

aspect of Italy was neither light nor transient. A hundred and twenty thousand legionaries, as has been said, received lands in the most fertile parts of the peninsula, and with them, of course, the franchise of the city, if they did not already possess it. This was carrying out an Agrarian law more sweeping and far more arbitrary than the Gracchi had even ventured to conceive. But these same legionaries, thus pampered and enriched, became the most restless and dangerous members of the body politic. Scattered broadcast over the face of the land, they became, as will appear in the sequel, the prolific seed of disturbance and revolution.

Sulla's legislation, besides its grand political bearings, descended to many minute particulars of social and civil economy. His enemies had revelled in the enjoyment of many successive consulships: he forbade any magistrate to fill the same office twice within a period of ten years. Casting a jealous eye on the proconsular imperium, the foundation of his own extraordinary power, he enacted a law of treason (*majestas*), which defined the crimes of leaving the province, leading forth the legions, and attacking a foreign potentate without express command of the senate and people. Like other statesmen of antiquity, he was fully possessed with the notion that the moral character of a nation can be reformed and maintained by sumptuary laws. Accordingly, he sought to restrict the luxuries of the wealthy, in which the imitation of foreign tastes caused, perhaps, more scandal than the actual excess. He fixed the precise sums which might be expended on the pleasures of the table, and assigned three hundred sesterces, about sixty shillings, for suppers on the Kalends, Ides, and Nones, and certain of the most solemn festivals of the year. He went even further in the same delusive path, in fixing the prices of articles by arbitrary enact-

ment. Such laws could not outlast even the brief rule of the imposer himself, and Sulla seems, indeed, to have set the example of disregarding them in person. Nevertheless the same ineffective legislation continued to be frequently repeated at later periods.

Among other precautions for guarding the morality of the people, Sulla had denounced the vengeance of the law against the crimes of murder and adultery. But he lived himself in a course of notorious profligacy, and besides the guilt of the proscriptions, he showed that no law could deter him from shedding blood to gratify a momentary passion, or, at least, to confirm his enactments by terror. Lucretius Ofella, the officer who had so long blockaded Præneste, ventured to disregard the dictator's provision for confining the suit for the consulship to persons who had been already prætors. Sulla admonished him to desist; nevertheless he persisted in his claim. A centurion poniarded him in the middle of the forum. When the people dragged the assassin to the dictator's tribunal, he commanded them to let the man go, avowing that he had acted by his own orders; and he proceeded, with the rude humour which he affected, to relate a story, how a labourer, being annoyed by vermin, twice stopped from his work to pluck them off; the third time he cast them without mercy into the fire. "*Twice*," said Sulla, "*I have conquered and spared you; take care lest, a third time, I consume you utterly.*"

Such acts and such language were, however, rather ebullitions of a spoilt and vicious temper than any deliberate expression of contempt for law, or the assertion of an unlimited despotism. The reigning principle of Sulla's actions was still an affectation of legality. He pretended, at least, to consider the oligarchical constitution of the early republic the only legitimate model for its renovation.

The success of his schemes of ambition, the overthrow of all his opponents, the complete restoration, as he imagined, of the principles to which he had devoted himself, all combined to work upon a mind prone to superstition and addicted to fatalism, and changed him from a jealous partizan into an arrogant fanatic. Sulla claimed to be the favourite of Fortune, the only divinity in whom he really believed. His reforms were complete, his work accomplished, his part performed: he feared to tempt his patroness by trespassing another moment on her kindness. By resigning his power at the moment of its highest exaltation he sought to escape the avenging Nemesis which haunted his dreams with the prospect of a fatal reverse. In the year 675 Sulla abdicated the dictatorship. He could say that it had been conferred upon him for the reconstitution of the commonwealth, and having done what he was appointed to do, it was no longer his to enjoy. But if the Romans were amazed at this act of sublime self-sacrifice, it was with a feeling akin to awe that they beheld the tyrant descend from his blood-stained tribunal and retire with unmoved composure to the privacy of a suburban villa. Aged and infirm, and sated perhaps with pleasure as well as ambition, it is not too much to believe that such a man as Sulla was indifferent to life, and little troubled by the risk to which he might thus expose himself from the daggers of his enemies. But in truth, while his veteran colonists were sworn to maintain his policy, his person was not unprotected, by bands of armed attendants. When the magistrate of a neighbouring town, in the expectation of the old man's death, delayed paying the local contribution to the restoration of the Capitol, for the completion of which Sulla was anxious, as the only thing wanting to complete his career of prosperity, he could send men to seize the de-

A. U. 675. B. C. 79.

faulter and even inflict death upon him. Sulla was evidently secure against the vengeance of his victim's relatives. It may also be remarked that such vengeance would have been foreign to the habits of the Romans. However little they scrupled to use the dagger to cut off a political enemy in the midst of his career, there is no instance perhaps in their history of exacting personal retribution from one who had ceased to possess the power of injuring.

There was, moreover, in Sulla a haughty contempt for mankind, and consequently for its highest aims and pleasures. Even while devoting his utmost energies to the pursuit of political eminence and the achievement of a national revolution, he could smile with grim moroseness at the vanity of his own exploits, and the hollowness of his triumphs. He paused in the midst of his career to break the toy with which he had so long amused himself. He had commenced life as a frivolous sensualist: he wished for nothing better than to finish it as a decrepit debauchee. At the moment of laying down his office he made an offering of the tenth of his substance to Hercules, and feasted the people magnificently: so much, indeed, did the preparations made exceed what was required, that vast heaps of the superfluous supplies were thrown with ostentatious prodigality into the river. In the midst of these entertainments, which lasted several days, Metella, the consort to whom he was most permanently attached, fell sick and died. As the favourite and perhaps the priest of Venus, his house might not be polluted by the presence of death, and he was required to send her a divorce, and cause her to be removed while still breathing. The custom he observed strictly, through superstition, but the law which limited the cost of funerals, though enacted by himself, he violated in the magnificence of her obsequies. Retiring

to his villa at Cumæ he finally relinquished the reins of government. Surrounded by buffoons and dancers, he indulged to the last in every sensual excess which his advancing years and growing infirmities permitted. Nevertheless he did not wholly abandon literature. He amused himself with reading Aristotle and Theophrastus, and dictating memoirs of his own life, upon which he was employed, it is said, only two days before his decease. In those pages he recorded how astrologers had assured him that it was his fate to die after a happy life, at the very height of his prosperity. Stained with the blood of so many thousand victims, and tormented with a loathsome disease, for his bowels corrupted and bred vermin, and neither medicines nor ablutions could mitigate the noisome stench of his putrefaction, in this faith he persisted to the last, and quitted the world without a symptom either of remorse or repining. He believed that a deceased son appeared to him in a dream, and entreated him to rest from his troubles, and go with him to rejoin his lost Metella, and dwell with her in eternal peace and tranquility. Fearful perhaps of the fate of Marius, he directed that his body should be burnt, whereas it had ever been the custom of his house to inter the remains of their dead. A monument was erected to him in the Campus Martius, which was standing in the time of Plutarch, after the lapse of two centuries, and the events of several revolutions. It bore an inscription, ascribed to Sulla himself, which said that none of his friends ever did him a kindness and none of his foes a wrong without being largely requited. Sulla survived his abdication about twelve months, and died in the 676th year of the city, at the age of sixty. A. U. 676. B. C. 78.

Slowly and with many a painful struggle the Roman commonwealth had outgrown the narrow limits of a rustic municipality. The few hundred families, which formed

the original nucleus of her citizenship, and which in her earliest and simplest days had sufficed to execute all the functions of her government, had been compelled to incorporate allies and rivals in their own body, to enlarge their views, and to expand their institutions. The main object of Sulla's policy was to revive at least the spirit of the old restrictions. The old families themselves had perished almost to a man; he replaced them by a newer growth; but he strove to pare away the accretions of ages, and restore the government of the vast empire of Rome to a small section of her children. The attempt was blind and bigoted; it was not less futile than unjust. It contravened the essential principle of national growth; while the career of conquest, to which the Romans devoted themselves, required more than any other the fullest expansion and the most perfect freedom of development. Nevertheless the legislation of Sulla was undoubtedly supported by a vast mass of existing prejudice. He threw himself into the ideas of his time, as far as they were interpreted by history, by tradition, and by religious usage. The attempt to enlarge the limits of the constitution was in fact opposed to every acknowledged principle of polity. It was regarded equally by its opponents and its promoters as anomalous and revolutionary. It had as yet no foundation in argument, or in any sense of right, as right was then understood. Society at Rome was in a highly artificial state; and Sulla with many of his ablest contemporaries, mistook for the laws of nature the institutions of an obsolete and forgotten expediency. But nature was carrying on a great work, and proved too strong for art. Ten years sufficed to overthrow the whole structure of this reactionary legislation, and to launch the republic once more upon the career of growth and development. The champions of a more liberal policy sprang up in constant succession, and contributed, perhaps unconsciously, to

the great work of union and comprehension, which was now rapidly in progress. The spirit of isolation which had split Greece and Italy into hundreds of separate communities, and fostered every casual discrepancy of character by reserved and jealous institutions, was about to give way to a general yearning for social and moral unity. Providence was preparing mankind for the reception of one law and one religion; and for this consummation the nations were to be trained by the steady development of the Roman administration.

But though Sulla's main policy was thus speedily overthrown, he had not lived in vain. As dictator he wasted his strength in attempting what, if successful, would have destroyed his country; but as proconsul he had saved her. The tyranny of the Roman domination had set the provinces in a blaze. Mithridates had fanned the flame. Greece and Asia had revolted. The genius of the king of Pontus might have consolidated an empire, such as Xerxes might have envied, on either shore of the Ægean sea. But at this crisis of her fate, hardly less imminent than when Hannibal was wresting from her allies and subjects within the Alps, Rome had confided her fortunes to the prowess of Sulla. The great victory of Chæronea checked the dissolution of her empire. The invader was hurled back across the Ægean; the cities of Greece returned reluctantly to their obedience, never more to be tempted to renounce it. Sulla followed Mithridates into Asia; one by one he recovered the provinces of the republic. He bound his foe by treaties to abstain from fomenting their discontents. He left his officers to enforce submission to his decrees, and quartered the armies of Rome upon the wretched populations of the East. The pressing danger of the moment was averted, though it took twenty years more to subdue the power of Mithridates, and reduce Asia to pas-

sive submission. Rome was relieved from the last of her foreign invaders; and this was the great work of Sulla, which deserved to immortalize his name in her annals.

Nevertheless this rolling back of the tide of aggression, and the return of the legions of the republic to the limits of her former conquests, had no effect in healing the internal sickness of which the irritation of the provinces was only symptomatic. The triumph of her arms and the sense of security it engendered, only served to redouble her oppressions and to aggravate the misery of her subjects. The course of events will lead us on some future occasions to trace the remains of resentment and hatred towards Rome, which lingered long in some regions of Italy herself: but for the most part the Italians were now satisfied; they were content to regard the city of Romulus as their own metropolis; and while they enjoyed the fruits of her wide-wasting domination, gradually learnt to take a pride in her name. But beyond the Ionian and the Tyrrhene seas the same ardent vows were formed for enfranchisement which had precipitated upon Rome the Marsians and the Samnites; in more than one quarter the old struggle of the Social wars was about to be renewed on wider and more distant theatres; but the elements of strife were now more complicated than before; the parties engaged were more thoroughly alien from each other; the hostility of Rome's new enemies was the more inveterate as they had less sympathy with her institutions, and were ambitious of overthrowing rather than of sharing them. The second period of the civil wars of Rome opens with the revolt of the Iberians in the West, and the maritime devastations of the Pirates in the East.

Italia, the region to which the privileges of the city had been conceded by the Plautian law, was bounded, as we have seen, by a line drawn across the neck of the penin-

sula from Rubicon on the Upper to the Æsar on the Lower sea. To the north and south lay two provinces which held the first rank in political importance; on the one hand Gallia, or Gaul within the Alps, on the other the island of Sicily. The Gaulish province was divided into two districts by the Padus, or the Po, from whence they derived their denominations respectively, according as they lay within or beyond that river. But the whole of this rich and extensive region was placed under the command of a single proconsul, and the citizens soon learnt to regard with jealousy a military force which menaced their own liberties at the same time that it maintained the obedience of their subjects. Sicily, on the other hand, though tranquil and generally contented, and requiring but a slender force to control it, was important to the republic from the abundance of its harvests, to which the city could most confidently look for its necessary supplies of grain. Next among the provinces in proximity to Rome were the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, of which the former also furnished Italy with grain; but both were rudely and imperfectly cultivated, and the unhealthiness of the larger island especially continued to keep it below many far remoter regions in wealth, population and intelligence. The first province the Romans had acquired beyond their own seas was Spain, where their arms had made slow but steady progress from the period of their earliest contests with the Carthaginians, although the legions had never yet penetrated into its wildest and most distant fastnesses. The connexion between Rome and her Iberian dependencies was long maintained principally by sea, while the wide territory intervening between the Alps and Pyrenees was still occupied by numerous free and jealous communities. But in the course of the last half-century the republic had acquired the command of the coast of the Gulf

of Lyons; her roads were prolonged from Ariminum to Barcino and Valentia, while the communications of her armies were maintained by numerous fortified positions in the Further Gaul, and a secure and wealthy province extending from the Var to the Garonne.

The Adriatic and the Ionian straits separated Italy from her eastern acquisitions. The great provinces of Illyricum and Macedonia comprised the whole expanse of territory from the Adriatic to the Ægean sea, and were divided from one another by the long mountain ridges of Boion and Scardus. Ancient Greece, from Thermopylæ to Cape Malea, constituted a single command under the title of Achaia. With Asia Rome communicated principally by sea, the route of the Hellespont being insecure, and the barbarous tribes of Thrace but imperfectly subjected. The province of Asia, recovered by Sulla, was held by an imperator with a numerous army, destined to control the dependent potentates of Bithynia, Cilicia and Cappadocia. The eastern proconsul watched the movements of Mithridates, and unravelled his intrigues with every court from the Halys to the Tigris. He intruded himself into the affairs of Cyprus, Palestine and Egypt, hunted down the mountaineers of Crete, and menaced with the vengeance of the republic the buccaneers who swarmed in every harbour of the eastern Mediterranean. On the southern coasts of the great inland sea the domain which once belonged to Carthage, limited on either side by the lesser Syrtis and the river Bagrada, formed the proconsular province of Africa; while the five cities of the Pentapolis acknowledged their entire dependence on the will of the republic. The extent of her empire under Sulla was hardly one-half of that which it attained under Augustus and Trajan.

The various relations in which the different classes of

the provincial population stood to the ruling city, have been compared with the constitution of a Roman household. The colonies of Roman citizens planted in the provinces, enjoying the full exercise of their national rights, and presenting a miniature of the metropolis herself, held the position of the son towards the pater-familias. The conquered races, which had thrown themselves on the victor's mercy, were subjected to his dominion as unreservedly as the slave to that of his master. Those among them to whom the state had restored their lands and institutions, occupied a place analogous to that of freedmen. Some cities or nations had voluntarily sought a connexion with Rome on terms of alliance, but with acknowledged inferiority. Others again stood on a more independent footing, offering a mutual interchange of good offices and citizenship; and lastly, there were some which entered into confederacy with the republic with perfect equality of rights on either side. All these had their prototypes respectively in the clients, the guests and the friends of the Roman noble. Within the limits of each Roman province there were generally some states which stood in these several relations to the republic; and the strictness of the military and civil administration was maintained or relaxed towards them according to their respective claims. But after all the mass of the provincial population belonged to the class of *deditícii*, that is, of those who had originally submitted without conditions, the slaves, as they may be termed, of the great Roman family. These were subjected to the severest fiscal and other burdens, enhanced by the rapacity of their rulers, who, from the consul or prætor to the lowest of their officers, preyed upon them without remorse and without satiety.

The appointment to the provincial commands was left ordinarily in the hands of the senate; nevertheless, the

people had always regarded it as their own indefeasible prerogative, and sometimes, at the instigation of their demagogues, had not hesitated to resume it. It was the general rule that the consuls and prætors, after serving their year of office in the city, should proceed to administer for one, or sometimes for three years, the affairs of a province. The state placed large standing armies at their disposal, and threw enormous patronage into their hands; while their ambition, avarice or mutual rivalry, far more than any sense of the public interests, impelled them to exert themselves, during their brief career, in reducing frontier tribes, in quelling insurrections which their own injustice excited, and whenever they could find an excuse for it, in annihilating the ancient liberties and privileges still retained by the more favoured classes of the provincials. Surrounded by an army of officials, all creatures of their own, all engaged in the same work of carving fortunes for themselves and abetting their colleagues, the proconsuls had little sense of responsibility to the central government, and glutted their cupidity without restraint. Of all the provinces the Cisalpine and Macedonia, and latterly Asia, were the richest and most amply furnished with military armaments, and on both these accounts they were generally coveted by the consuls, and distributed between them by lot. The tithes, tolls, and other imposts, from which the public revenue was drawn, were farmed by Roman contractors, belonging generally to the order of knights, who had few opportunities of rising to the highest political offices at home. The connivance of their superiors in the province, backed by the corrupt state of public feeling in Rome, shielded, to a great extent, the sordid arts by which they defrauded both the government and its subjects. The means of enrichment which the provinces afforded to the nobility became the ultimate

object of the deepest political intrigues. A man of ruined fortune looked to the office of proconsul as the sole means of retrieving his affairs. To obtain it, he allied himself with the chief or the party by whose influence he might hope to rise successively through the various steps which led to the consulship. He first sued for the post of quæstor; after a due interval he might hope to be elected ædile, next prætor, and ultimately consul. His grand object was then obtained; for upon the expiration of his term of office he departed as governor to a consular province, from the emoluments of which he calculated on repaying the expenses of his numerous contests, on liquidating the debt of gratitude to his adherents, and accumulating a vast fortune for his own gratification or the advancement of his party.

The cupidity which animated individuals was in fact the mainspring of the political factions of the time. The spoil of the provinces was the bait with which the popular leaders had lured the Italians to their standards. All the legal rights of citizenship had been conceded, but the old oligarchic families, dignified by historic associations, and revelling in the wealth accumulated by centuries of conquest, still hoped to maintain their grasp of the larger share of honours and emoluments, which they contrived to make generally accessible only to the richest. They still looked with scorn themselves, and infused the same sentiment into their inferiors, on the *new men*, the men of talents and education, but of moderate origin and fortune, who were striving on all sides to thrust themselves into public notice. The judicia was the great instrument by which they protected their monopoly; for by keeping this in their own hands, they could quash every attempt at revealing, by legal process, the enormities of the provincial administration. But as far as each party succeeded

in retaining or extorting a share in the plunder, the same system was carried on by both. It would be unfair to point to either as exceeding the other in rapacity and tyranny. The distress and alienation of the provinces became the pressing evil and danger of the times. Adventurers sprang up in every quarter, and found a floating mass of discontent around them, from which they were certain of deriving direct assistance, or meeting at least with sullen approbation.

The original vice of the provincial administration of the republic consisted in the principle openly avowed, that the native races were to be regarded as conquered subjects. The whole *personnel* of the civil and military government of the provinces was literally quartered upon the inhabitants: houses and establishments were provided for it at the cost of the provincials: the proconsul's outfit, or *vasarium*, was perhaps generally defrayed by a grant from the public treasury; but the sums required for his maintenance, and that of his retinue, known by the name of *salarium*, was more commonly charged upon the local revenues. The proconsul himself indeed was supposed, in strictness, to serve the commonwealth gratuitously, for the honour of the office; but practically he was left to remunerate himself by any indirect means of extortion he chose to adopt. As the supreme judicial as well as military authority there was no appeal against either the edicts he issued, or the interpretation he put upon them. The legions in occupation of the province were maintained at free quarters, and their daily pay supplied by the contributions of the inhabitants. The landowners were burdened with a tithe or other proportion of their produce, as a tribute to the conquering city. This payment was in most cases made by a composition, in which the proconsul was instructed to drive the hardest bargain he could for

his employers. The local revenues were raised for the most part by direct taxes and customs' dues; and these were generally farmed by Roman contractors, who made large fortunes from the transaction. Public opinion at home was such as rather to stimulate than to check their extortions. For it was a settled maxim of Roman policy that every talent extracted from the coffers of the provincial for the enrichment of the ruling caste was the transfer of so much of the sinews of war to the state from its enemies. But the rulers of the world were not content with the extortion of money from their subjects. An era of taste in art had recently dawned upon the rude conquerors of the East, and every proconsul, quæstor and legatus, was smitten with the desire to bring home trophies of Greek and Asiatic civilization. Those among them who were ambitious of ingratiating themselves with their fellow-citizens sought out the most celebrated statues and pictures, and even the marble columns of edifices, for the decoration of public places in the city. They did not scruple to violate the shrines of the Gods, and ransomed rebellious cities for the plunder of their favourite divinities. This thirst for spoil led to acts of abominable cruelty: where persuasion failed, punishments and tortures were unsparingly resorted to: the proconsul and his officials were all bound together in a common cause, and the impunity of the subordinates was repaid by zeal for the interests of the chief. Of those who could refrain from open violence, and withhold their hands from the plunder of temples and palaces, few could deny themselves the sordid gains of money-lending usury. The demands of the government were enforced without compunction, and the provincial communities were repeatedly driven to pledge their sources of revenue to Roman capitalists. The law permitted the usurer to recover his dues by the se-

verest process. In a celebrated instance the agent of one of the most honourable men at Rome could shut up the senators of a provincial town in their curia, till five of them actually died of starvation, to recover the debts due to his principal.

When indeed this intolerable tyranny reached its height the provinces might sometimes enjoy the sweets of revenge, though with little prospect of redress, or of any alleviation of their lot. In a government by parties, the misdeeds of one set of men could not fail to rouse the pretended indignation of another; and while the factions of Rome contended for the prerogatives of conquest, they tried to brand each other with the iniquity of their abuse. The domination of the senators, as established by Sulla, soon provoked the jealous animadversions of their excluded rivals. Their administration of the provinces, protected as it was by the tribunals in which they reigned themselves supreme, presented a vulnerable point of attack, and against the crimes of the senatorial proconsuls the deadliest shafts of the popular orators were directed. The remains of Roman eloquence have preserved to us more than one full length portrait of a proconsular tyrant. It is impossible indeed to rely upon the fidelity of the colouring, or the correctness even of the lines; nevertheless the general impression they leave upon us is amply borne out by numerous independent testimonies. There is a limit in the possible and the probable even to the rhetorical exaggerations of the Roman demagogues. A slight sketch from one of these pictures may suffice to give us an idea of the frightful originals.

About the period of Sulla's abdication, a young noble named Caius Verres accompanied the prætor Dolabella to his government of Cilicia. At Sicyon in Achaia, he chose to demand a sum of money of the chief magistrate of the

city, and being refused, shut him up in a close chamber with a fire of green wood, to extort the gratuity he required. From the same place he carried off several of the finest statues and paintings. At Athens he shared with his chief the plunder of the temple of Minerva, at Delos that of Apollo; at Chios, Erythrea, Halicarnassus, and elsewhere on the line of his route, he perpetrated similar acts of rapine. Samos possessed a temple venerated throughout Asia: Verres rifled both the temple and the city itself. The Samians complained to the governor of Asia; they were recommended to carry their complaints to Rome. Perga boasted a statue of Diana, coated with gold: Verres scraped off the gilding. Miletus offered him the escort of one of her finest ships; he detained it for his own use and sold it. At Lampsacus he sought to dishonour the daughter of the first citizen of the place; her father and brother ventured to defend her: one of his attendants was slain. Verres seized the pretext to accuse them both of an attempt on his life, and the Roman governor of the province obliged him by cutting off the heads of both. Such were the atrocities of the young ruffian, while yet a mere dependent of the proconsul, with no charge or office of his own. Being appointed quæstor he extended his exactions over every district of the province, and speedily amassed, by the avowal of his own principal, from two to three million sesterces (about twenty-four thousand pounds) beyond the requisitions of the public service.

Verres could now pay for his election to the prætorship in the city. For one year he dispensed his favourable judgments to wealthy suitors at home, and on its termination sailed for the province of Sicily. Here his conduct on the tribunal was marked by the most glaring venality. He sold everything, both his patronage and his

decisions, making sport of the laws of the country and of his own edicts, of the religion, the fortunes, and the lives of the provincials. During the three years of his government, not a single senator of the sixty-five cities of the island was elected without a gratuity to the proprætor. He imposed arbitrary requisitions of many hundred thousand bushels of grain upon the communities already overburdened with their authorized tithes. He distributed cities among his favourites with the air of a Persian despot; Lipara he gave to a boon companion, Segesta to an actress, Herbita to a courtezan. These exactions rapidly depopulated the country. At the period of his arrival, the territory of Leontium possessed eighty-three farms; in the third year of the Verrine administration only thirty-two remained in occupation. At Motya the number of tenanted estates had fallen from a hundred and eighty-eight to a hundred and one, at Herbita from two hundred and fifty-seven to a hundred and twenty, at Argyrona from two hundred and fifty to eighty. Throughout the province more than one-half of the cultivated lands were abandoned by their miserable owners, as if the scourge of war or pestilence had passed over the island.

But Verres was an amateur and an antiquary, and had a taste for art as well as a thirst for lucre. At every city where he stopped on his progresses he extorted gems, vases, and trinkets from his hosts, or from any inhabitant whom he understood to possess them. No one ventured to complain: there was no redress even for a potentate in alliance with the republic, such as Antiochus, king of Syria, who was thus robbed of a splendid candelabrum enriched with jewels, which he was about to dedicate in the capitol of Rome. All these objects of art were sent off to Italy to decorate the villa of the proprætor; nor were the antiques and curiosities he amassed less valuable than the

ornaments of gold and silver. Finally Verres laid his hands on certain statues of Ceres and Diana, the special objects of worship among the natives, who were only allowed the consolation of coming to offer them their sacrifices in his gardens.

Nor did the extortions of Verres fall upon the Sicilians alone. He cheated the treasury at Rome of the sums advanced to him in payment of corn for the consumption of the city. He withheld the necessary equipments from the fleet which he was directed to send against the pirates, and applied them to his own use. The fleet was worsted by the enemy, and the proprætor caused its officers to be executed for cowardice. His lictors sold to the victims' relatives the miserable favour of dispatching them at one blow. He crowned his enormities by punishing one of the ruling caste with death. Gavius, a Roman trader, he confined in the quarries of Syracuse; the man escaped, was retaken, and fastened to a cross on the beach within sight of Italy, that he might address to his native shores his plaintive but ineffectual exclamation, "*I am a Roman citizen!*"

Such is a specimen of the charges which could be plausibly advanced against a Roman officer, and which the criminal, though backed by the united influence of his party, and defended by the most experienced and successful advocate of his times, shrank from rebutting. In most cases however the governor accused of tyranny or malversation could screen himself by bribing his judges, who besides their natural anxiety to absolve one of their own order of crimes which might in turn be imputed to themselves, had been bred in the same school of corruption and venality as himself. The prosecution of these charges became indeed a ready means of acquiring notoriety, and the people, stimulated by their demagogues, encouraged,

it was said, the young orators in their attacks, as whelps are trained to hunt down beasts of prey. But the assailants were in almost every case repulsed, and even if successful the provinces themselves reaped no benefit from their efforts. The proconsuls only exerted themselves the more strenuously to grasp the means of securing their acquittal. They could boast that the fruits of three years' occupation of office would suffice, the first to make their own fortunes, the second to reward their advocates and partizans, the third and most abundant to buy the suffrages of their judges. The provinces, it might be anticipated, would soon come forward of their own accord, and pray for the repeal of the laws against malversation, since they only served to redouble the extortions of their oppressors.

These frightful iniquities which rendered the dominion of Rome as formidable to the nations in peace as her hostility had been in war, had grown with the progress of luxury and corruption. Her provincial governors had ever wielded their public authority with arrogance and harshness; but in purer and simpler ages they had at least refrained from the sordid exactions and selfish rapacity for which they had now become infamous. The tribunals also had degenerated both in corruption and shamelessness. The knights could venture to assert that during the forty years they had participated in the dispensation of the laws, the justice of Rome had been unstained even by the breath of suspicion. To the notorious venality of the tribunals under the administration of the senate they pointed as a proof of their own superior purity. It was indeed true that the increasing vices of the provincial government were symptomatic of the growing relaxation of morality at home. On the one hand the extension of foreign conquest and the opening in every quarter of new sources of wealth, had inflamed the passions of

cupidity and ambition. On the other, half a century of domestic contentions had loosened the bonds of society, overbearing the ancient principles of justice, of respect for law and order, of reverence for things divine. But in fact this greater development of vice was accompanied at the same time by more general publicity, and a more jealous exposure of the faults of political parties. The knights deterred from the use of force for the recovery of their lost privileges, affected a zeal for justice to undermine their more fortunate rivals. The constitution of Sulla was assailed and eventually overthrown, not on the field of battle, but on the floor of the law courts.

CHAPTER VI.

OVERTHROW OF THE SULLAN CONSTITUTION, AND RISE OF CNÆUS POMPEIUS MAGNUS, M. LICINIUS CRASSUS AND C. JULIUS CÆSAR.

A. U. 676—684. B. C. 78—70.

THE abdication of Sulla left the field open to a new generation of statesmen. The dictator had reigned alone. Civil war and proscription had lopped the heads of every party, and the languor with which the tyranny of the last conqueror had been endured, resulted not merely from the weariness of contending factions, but from their want of leaders. Sertorius and Perperna, two active officers of the Marian party, were wandering in banishment. The senate, reduced to the mere registrary of its haughty champion's decrees, might still boast the illustrious names of a Metellus, a Catulus and a Lepidus: but none of these, though conspicuous for their rank, and the two former at least for their honourable lives, were men of commanding powers or extensive influence in the state. Metellus, surnamed Pius, now between fifty and sixty years of age, had done the nobles good service in the war with Marius, though the victories he had gained had been chequered with disastrous defeats. But he was the best of Sulla's generals, and, as such, he was at this time commissioned to defend the interests of the senate in Spain against the exile Sertorius, who was there in arms. Catulus, the son of the colleague of Marius in the consulship and in the campaign against the Cimbri, about ten years younger

than Metellus, was highly esteemed for his public virtue, and while he embraced the side of the nobles with zeal and constancy, was conspicuous for the moderation of his views, his judgment, temper and discretion. But even when the pressure of Sulla's superior authority was removed, he failed to prove himself a man of eminent abilities or force of character, and soon gave way to the ascendancy of bolder men than himself. Lepidus on the other hand, a man of the highest birth and family distinction, the head of the ancient and illustrious Æmilian *Gens*, failed nevertheless to secure the confidence of the senate. Though an officer of Sulla, he had connected himself with the popular party by marriage with the daughter of Saturninus, and from an early period it was surmised that he would be tempted to desert to it. Lepidus, at the period of Sulla's abdication, was about fifty years of age. Lucullus and Crassus, about ten years his juniors, had also attained distinction at home and abroad, and were ambitious of rising to a higher eminence. Hortensius had already passed the prime of life, and was enjoying with languid ostentation the renown of forensic eloquence, in which he was judged to excel all his contemporaries, and to cast into the shade the traditional glory of his predecessors.

Such were the chief personages whose rank, age, and services might entitle them to take the lead in public life upon the retirement of Sulla. There was room for younger and better men to make their way into the arena, and contend with them for ascendancy upon no unequal terms. Cnæus Pompeius was just thirty years of age, but his rise to public station had been unprecedentedly early. As the son of Pompeius Strabo, a noted captain in the late wars, he had made his cradle in the camp, and

his transcendant military genius was fostered by an early familiarity with the service to which he was devoted. The father had been a soldier of fortune, and the son resolved from his earliest years to raise himself to eminence by the warm attachment of his soldiers. He carried over an army to Sulla's side at a critical moment of the civil wars, and he continued to maintain himself at its head, while he confirmed it in allegiance to his own person. At the dictator's bidding he led it against the Marian partizans in the Cisalpine, in Africa and in Spain. Victorious over the foes of the senate, he followed without remorse his chief's example of cruelty to the vanquished. He put to death a Carbo in Sicily, and a Domitius in Africa. He "licked the sword of Sulla" till he thirsted himself for blood. Yet Pompeius was not a mere rude soldier. He studied literature, and exercised himself in speaking. He was neither covetous nor licentious, but practised cheerfully, and without austerity, the moral virtues, the appearance of which he studiously preserved. The accounts indeed we have received of his manners and deportment are not always consistent: even the same writers represent him sometimes as affable and benign, at others as haughty and morose. There can be no doubt however that he was a deep dissembler; and that, if he knew how to assume the semblance of kindliness and urbanity, he was destitute of the real generosity which makes and retains friends. Pompeius was feared by all, admired by some, trusted by few, and loved by none. Sulla was early jealous of his fame and popularity. The good fortune on which he plumed himself with superstitious awe he saw reflected in the career of his successful lieutenant, and he sought perhaps to attach a share of that fortune to himself by introducing him into his family by marriage with his step-daughter. Pompeius, as we have

seen, coldly repudiated his consort Antistia to obtain the advantage of this new alliance. Nevertheless Sulla continued to distrust him, and after his victory over Domitius, and his African ally Hiarbas, haughtily commanded him to disband his troops. The legions threatened to revolt, but Pompeius prevailed on them to refrain from violence, while he repaired himself alone to Rome. The whole city came out to meet him, and Sulla himself was constrained to lead the procession, and hail the youthful conqueror by the name of *Magnus*, the Great. When he demanded a triumph, he who was not yet even a senator, Sulla hesitated. "*Let him beware*," exclaimed the presumptuous aspirant, "*lest the rising sun have more worshippers than the setting.*" "*Let him triumph*," murmured Sulla; "*let him have his triumph.*" Pompeius himself was not more pleased at his success than the people who shouted around him. The nobles, who had hitherto claimed the young soldier for their own favourite, scowled at these demonstrations of popular enthusiasm, which might serve, they feared, to withdraw him from their interests.

Pompeius had not hitherto exercised any civil charge. He prided himself on the position which he held at the close of Sulla's career, as the mediator between parties, and the dispenser of the public favours. He was far too young to succeed legitimately to the consulship, and he disdained to claim it irregularly. He was satisfied to show that he might have obtained it for himself, in exerting his influence for the election of another. In spite of Sulla and of the nobles he induced the tribes to elect Æmilius Lepidus, who already made no secret of his hostility to the dictator's policy. "*Young man*," said Sulla to him, on seeing him walking proudly among the assembled citizens, "*you plume yourself on your victory. Truly it is a notable exploit to raise a bad citizen to the*

consulship. But take care, for you have created yourself an adversary stronger than yourself." In the views and character of Lepidus Sulla was not deceived, though he overrated his power. The new consul soon exhibited his disposition. On Sulla's death he tried to prevent public honours being rendered to him, and already he spoke of repealing his laws. Pompeius stept in to defend the memory of his old patron: he united himself with the other consul Catulus, and secured a last triumph for the remains of the fortunate dictator. But at the conclusion of the ceremony the consuls were very near coming to blows. Lepidus proclaimed the restoration of the powers of the tribunate, and breathed life into the party which Sulla had beaten to the ground. The senate, astounded at his boldness, and bewildered at the marvellous effect of this fatal appeal, abstained from defending itself by arms, and contented itself with engaging the consuls by an oath not to assail one another. Their year of office was nearly expired; it might be hoped, perhaps, that Lepidus, who had obtained the Narbonensis for his province, would refrain at a distance from the city from the intrigues of the curia and the forum. But the rebel consul had already laid his plans, and hastened to develop them. Repairing to his appointed province, where the fugitive Marians were collected in considerable numbers, he raised the standard of a popular revolution; he invoked the aid of the Italians, who had been dispossessed of their lands by Sulla; he secured the co-operation of M. Junius Brutus, who commanded in the Cisalpine; and early in the ensuing year directed his march upon the city, exciting the miserable population of Etruria to rise against the faction from which they had suffered such intolerable wrong. The senate, now thoroughly roused to a sense of its danger, charged Catulus with its defence; Sulla's veterans,

menaced with the restitution of their lands, crowded around Pompeius as their chosen champion, and demanded to be led against the enemy. The armies met beyond the Milvian bridge, a few miles to the north of Rome, and Lepidus was forced to retire. A second and a third battle destroyed the remnant of his forces, and compelled him to seek an asylum in Sardinia, where he soon after perished of fever, or, as others asserted, of chagrin. Pompeius, meanwhile, pursued Brutus into the Cisalpine, took Mutina and Alba, and commanded the execution of the proconsul, and of the other officers who fell into his hands. At Rome the victorious party, stung with shame and remorse for the infamous proscriptions of its late chief, for once used its success with moderation, and regretted, perhaps, the noble blood which its new champion already shed upon the scaffold. A few years afterwards it was induced to accord an amnesty to the surviving partizans of Lepidus.

There was nothing honourable or patriotic in the motives which induced Lepidus to avow himself the mover of a counter-revolution. His temper was vain and selfish, and he both betrayed the party with which he was originally connected, and broke the oath by which he had more recently pledged himself. His high birth and station had inspired him with the wild hope of succeeding to the preeminence of Sulla; but he was destitute both of talents and personal influence. His enterprise was feeble and ill-concerted, and seems indeed to have been prematurely precipitated by the unexpected firmness of the senate in resisting his demands. The wariest of the Marian party refrained from entangling themselves in his schemes. Their cause lost nothing by his death. The remnant of his troops was carried over to Spain by

Perperna, and there swelled the forces of a braver and abler leader, Sertorius.

Sertorius was a Sabine by birth, who had served with distinction in the campaigns against the Cimbri, and again in Spain, where he had won the hearts of the provincials by the kindliness of his temper. Throughout the civil wars he had followed the banner of his old leader Marius, in whose government he had participated. But in those bloody times his moderation had been conspicuous; he was untainted with the guilt of the proscriptions. Despairing of the popular cause when it seemed to crumble before the arms of Sulla, he betook himself to Iberia, where he hoped to fortify an asylum for the shattered remnant of his party. The harassed provincials received him as a deliverer from the tyranny of the proconsular government, which they now identified with the rule of Sulla and the nobility. The dictator lost no time in despatching his lieutenant Annius to wrest this wide dependency from the hands of his enemies. Sertorius, unable to cope with his assailant, fled with three thousand men to New Carthage, and crossed from thence into Mauretania. For a time the Iberians returned to their obedience, while their champion flitted from place to place, attempting various combinations against the dominant party, but without success. History has thrown a romantic colouring over the deeds of the brave adventurer, who is said to have proposed to sail for the far-famed islands of the West, and establish his sovereignty in the paradise of Grecian legend. Hardly less marvellous and brilliant were the deeds which he was actually destined to perform. He intrigued with the African chiefs, got himself friends and resources, and defeated a Roman army under one of Sulla's officers. The Lusitanians in the west of Iberia now invoked his assistance, and placed him at the head of a

wide-spread insurrection. Metellus, who now commanded for the senate in the peninsula, was infirm and irresolute, while the death of Sulla damped the ardour of his soldiers. Sertorius was bold and active, and his lieutenants served him with fidelity. He routed several armies of the republic, broke the yoke of provincial servitude, and declared the Iberians a free and independent people. He educated their youth in Roman arts and manners, and proposed to breed up a new generation in the principles of enlightened government. The arrival of Perperna with a handful of veteran troops reinforced him for the impending encounter with a new army and an abler proconsul. His camp became the resort of fugitives from Rome, bent upon renewing the old contest of parties on a more favourable field. The plans of Sertorius seem from henceforth to have undergone a change. He surrounded himself with a senate of noble Romans, and abandoned the substance of a foreign sovereignty for the vision of preeminence in Rome. He began to treat his provincial followers as cherished allies rather than his adopted countrymen. Accordingly, when Mithridates sought to negotiate with him a combined attack upon Italy, and the partition of her empire (for Rome, he said, cannot withstand the union of the new Pyrrhus with the new Hannibal), Sertorius rejected his alliance with disdain, and declared that he would never suffer a barbarian to possess an inch of Roman territory, beyond Bithynia and Cappadocia, miserable countries which had been always ruled by kings, and the sovereignty of which he cared not to dispute.

The senate, alarmed at the progress of this rebellion, and jealous at the same time of the military power of Pompeius at its own gates, seized the occasion to send its young champion to contend for its interests in the far

West. Faithful to the lessons he had imbibed in his father's camp, Pompeius had refused to disband his legions at the bidding of the government; but he could have no pretence for retaining them under their standards unless engaged on active service, and he was ambitious of extending his personal influence in the countries to which he was now bound. He was invested with the title of proconsul, with authority to make his levies and conduct his operations both in Gaul and Spain; though in the management of the war he was associated with Metellus, in whose fidelity at least the senate could more freely confide. Pompeius crossed the Alps, expelled the Marian fugitives from the Gaulish cities, organized the government in those parts in the interest of the oligarchy, and at length descended from the Pyrenees, full of confidence in his own abilities and the devotion of the veterans he had led to so many victories. But now for the first time his successes were tardy and equivocal. Though he routed some of the enemy's detachments, he was constantly baffled by Sertorius himself, who availed himself with consummate adroitness of the character of warfare peculiar to his Iberian allies, and rejected the formal tactics of the Romans whenever occasion required. At one moment he seemed to fly almost unattended before the pursuing legions; at the next he pounced upon them in flank or rear at the head of an hundred and fifty thousand guerillas. There existed also, some jealousy between his assailants, and Pompeius suffered a severe check in hastening to give battle on the Sucro before the arrival of Metellus, who eventually saved him from total rout. "*If the old woman had not come up,*" said Sertorius, "*I would have whipt this stripling back to Rome.*" The two generals could not long keep the field against such a foe, possessed of all the communications and re-

sources of the country. Metellus was compelled to retire to Gaul, to recruit his forces, while Pompeius entrenched himself in a strong position, and addressed urgent letters to the senate for further supplies.

The influence Sertorius acquired over the natives was unbounded. When, fickle and full of mutual distrust, some tribes were inclined to resume the yoke of the republic, he recovered their allegiance by an appeal to their imaginations. He trained a milk-white hind to follow and caress him like a dog, and pretended that it was a gift of Diana, and his familiar counsellor and protectress. It is pleasing at least to trace in the fondness he evinced for a favourite animal the tender feeling for which he was conspicuous in a ferocious age, and which, it is said, impelled him to offer more than once to relinquish the contest, that he might again visit his mother who was still living, a widow and childless, at Rome. But as his position became more critical, and the dispersion of his own allies began to do the work of his adversaries, he failed to preserve the magnanimity of his temper. Threatened with the desertion of the Iberians, who quarrelled with his adherents from Rome, he caused the massacre of the children of their chieftains whom he kept at Osca as hostages. This reckless crime broke his party in pieces. His lieutenant Perperna intrigued against him, and was enabled to assassinate him with impunity. The traitor assumed his victim's place at the head of the troops that still rallied round the Marian banner; but the victory of the senate was now assured. Pompeius had resumed the field with fresh reinforcements. Perperna was defeated and taken in the first engagement, and sought to ransom his life by disclosing his adherents in the city. Pompeius, from generosity or policy, refused to inspect the list. The captive was put to death, and the revolt speedily quelled.

Pompeius filled the province with the steadiest adherents of the senate, and commemorated its reduction by a trophy on the summit of the Pyrenees. He confirmed the Gauls in their allegiance to the party of the nobles, and returned covered with laurels to Rome in the year 683.
A. U. 683. B. C. 71. Sertorius had defied the power of the republic in an eight years' struggle.

Although the enterprise of Lepidus had failed, it was not unproductive of important results. It had served to arouse the Marians to the consciousness that they were still a party in the state, and excited in them fresh hopes of recovering at least a portion of their rights. In the year 678 Licinius, a tribune of the people, broke the bounds which had been recently assigned to the functions of his office. He convened the tribes, and addressed them in a speech on the subject of the tribunate, thus compelling the consuls to meet him on his own ground; and before his own chosen audience. Licinius was a man of rude manners and caustic wit, which he mistook perhaps for oratorical power, and his proceedings served only to exasperate the nobles without acquiring any substantial advantages for his clients. But he had set the wheel in motion; men and circumstances combined to accelerate its progress. A succession of bad harvests had raised the price of the first necessary of life to the turbulent populace of the city; the increasing numbers and activity of the pirates in the Mediterranean cut off the corn vessels from Sicily and Africa; the multitude, hungry and irritated, was ready to clamour at the heels of any political agitator. Aurelius Cotta, one of the consuls of the year 679, was compelled to introduce measures to allay the ferment. He
A. U. 679. B. C. 75. caused a law to be passed to enable the tribunes to succeed to other public offices, and to convene assemblies of the people. The tribune Opimius ventured in this year

also to interpose his official veto upon a decree of the senate; his bold interference was endured at the moment, but when he vacated his tribuneship he was cited before the court of the prætor Verres, and condemned to the loss of all his property.

The distresses of the times might be transient and exceptional, at all events they were not such as could fairly be laid to the charge of the ruling party. But the nobles were more vulnerable on the score of their malversation in the provinces, and the corruption of their tribunals. Even the most honourable men of their own party, with Catulus at their head, openly denounced its shameless profligacy. The people called for the restoration of the full powers of the tribunals, to check, as they proclaimed, the impunity of crime, and bridle the licentiousness of the judges. In the year 680 the tribune Quinctius A. U. 680 B. C. 74. agitated against the regulations of Sulla: he convoked the people in the forum, and harangued them from the rostra. But the consul Lucullus contrived perhaps to throw suspicion on the purity of this demagogue's motives, and succeeded in putting down his opposition. His place however was immediately taken by another tribune, Licinius Macer, a man of equal boldness and of subtler policy. The war against Sertorius was still raging, and Pompeius was calling loudly upon the government for ampler resources to conduct it. The pirates were making descents upon the coast of Italy itself, sacking towns and rifling temples; while Mithridates was menacing the eastern province with a second irruption not less formidable than the first. Under these circumstances not money only but men were wanted to defend the state. The consuls threw open the granaries at free cost. But Licinius harangued the people and pointed to the desperate measures by which they had won most of their

liberties of old, from oligarchy not more oppressive than that which now crushed them to the ground. The tribunes had forbidden the people to enlist in the legions, and the senate had been always forced to concede their claims. Let them now support their champions in exercising this prerogative, and they could not fail to regain all the advantages they had lost. The nobles temporized. They promised to settle the matters in dispute to the satisfaction of the tribunes, as soon as the war should be ended, and Pompeius returned to Rome. The chief who was thus plainly designated as the future dictator, wrote from Spain that the citizens might depend upon him for effective measures of reconciliation. The tribunes withdrew their demands, the people inscribed their names on the rolls of the new levies; but the treachery of Perperna had already relieved the proconsul from his difficulties, and Rome had but a short time to wait for his anticipated arbitration.

Among the perils of this eventful period which had emboldened the tribune and cowed the leaders of the senate, was a sudden outbreak of gladiators in Campania, which spread to a wide and formidable insurrection. The shows of the arena had already begun to form the great national diversion of the Romans. Slaves, captives and criminals were the ordinary victims of this barbarous amusement, though free men and even citizens sometimes fought in the theatres for hire. A large troop, or *family*, of these swordsmen was maintained at Capua by one Batiatus, to be let out to the prætors or ædiles on occasions of public entertainment. These men at least were not voluntary combatants: they plotted to escape, and seventy-eight of their number succeeded in breaking
A. U. 681. B. C. 73. from their confinement. The fugitives first seized some spits and other implements in the house of a cook: thus armed they attacked and rifled a consignment of gladia-

torial weapons. After taking refuge in the crater, then extinct, of Vesuvius, they issued forth and made themselves masters of a neighbouring fortress. They chose for their leader a Thracian captive named Spartacus, a man of great strength and courage, and endowed with a natural genius for command. Attacked by a detachment sent against them from Capua they drove off their assailants, and exchanged their own imperfect equipments for the swords and bucklers left upon the field. Exulting in their success and with increasing numbers, they next met and defeated a force of three thousand men under C. Clodius, and were now daily joined by bands of fugitive slaves and outlawed marauders. The shepherds of Apulia left their occupations to join these predatory warriors: even the veterans of Sulla were restless and excited, and some of them perhaps were tempted to quit their farms for the plunder of the cities. In the course of three years, during which Spartacus continued to make head against the power of the republic, his numbers are successively estimated at 40,000, 70,000 and 100,000 men. At one time he actually held possession of the southern districts of Italy, and sacked some of the principal cities of Campania. In the field he obtained brilliant victories over various assailants; but he failed to engage the support of the Italian communities. The Samnite and the Marsian shrank with horror from a revolt of slaves and brigands. At the height of his success Spartacus was not blind to his real weakness. He urged his straggling and undisciplined followers to burst the barrier of the Alps, and betake themselves to their own homes in Gaul and Thrace, whence they had for the most part been brought. But the plunder of all Italy seemed within their reach, and they despised his warnings. The senate, seriously alarmed, despatched

both the consuls with ample forces to conduct a regular war against the public enemy. They were both ignominiously defeated. Recalled to Rome, their armies were entrusted to M. Crassus during the absence of Pompeius, the most noted of Sulla's officers, and one of the foremost men in the state. Meanwhile dissensions arose in the horde itself; parties separated from the main body, and were cut off in detail. The legions of the republic, numerous and well-appointed, closed in upon the disorganized stragglers. Retracing his steps from the north of Italy, Spartacus now sought to transport his men into Sicily, and there revive the servile war, which had desolated the island within a quarter of a century. A fleet of Cilician privateers lay off Rhegium, and with these bitter foes of Rome he treated for a passage across the straits. But they treacherously deceived him, and sailed away with the price of their promised services. Crassus who followed in the rear of the insurgents drove them into Rhegium and there blockaded them. Spartacus broke through his lines, but with only a portion of his troops. Flying northwards there was no army to oppose him: for a moment it seemed as if Rome itself might fall into his hands. Crassus urged the senate to recall Lucullus from Asia and Pompeius from Spain: again repenting of having invited his rivals to share, perhaps to rob him of his glory, he redoubled his efforts to bring the war to a close before their arrival. Spartacus, unable to assail the capital, or even to keep the field, still defended himself in the mountains with obstinate bravery, but was slain at last in a final and decisive engagement. The remnant of his
3. followers was exterminated by Pompeius, to whom his partial countrymen ascribed the honours of victory.

Great was the change which had taken place in political parties in the few years which had elapsed since the death of Sulla. Ever since the interests of the nobles

and the people had come into collision, individual statesmen of either class had occasionally transferred themselves to the other. The most illustrious instance of this transition was that of the Gracchi, the noble champions of the commonalty: but since that time many tribunes of the people had strayed in like manner into the opposite camp. Up to the time of Sulla however such cases were merely exceptions to the general rule, that a man's birth and connexions constituted a guarantee for his political sentiments. This natural inheritance of political views was represented in the strongest manner by Marius and Sulla; but after them it almost ceased to exist at all. While a senatorial and a popular party still continued both in name and fact to be arrayed against each other, they were no longer sharply distinguished by the position and origin of their respective members. A man's sentiments could no longer be inferred merely from his birth: the interests of party were no longer identical with the interests of class. The game of politics becomes now a contest of individual chieftains, rather than of ranks and orders. Public interests serve only as a cover for personal ambitions. Hitherto parties had found or made their own leaders; henceforth the leaders sought for themselves the support of parties. The men who from this time forward sought to raise themselves to supreme power in the state, issued one and all from the ranks of the nobility: nevertheless none of them maintained the cause of the senate, except for some momentary advantage. They all professed at least to devote themselves to the interests of the people. This devotion was indeed only a pretence. Their real object was self-aggrandizement. They all saw more or less distinctly a throne before them, and it was by the favour of the people, not of the senate, that this elevation could alone be climbed.

With the death of Sulla commenced an era of popular demagogues.

Pompeius had inscribed upon his trophy in the Pyrenees that he had taken eight hundred and seventy-six cities between the Alps and the straits of Hercules. In this announcement there was more than meets the eye. It indicated not only that he had burst the gates of so many hostile fortifications at the point of the sword, slain their defenders and spoiled their inhabitants; he had re-organized the political and fiscal government of every community; he had transferred to his own partizans the estates of the disaffected; endowed his faithful allies, such as Massilia, with the lands of entire tribes; planted military colonies, as at Narbo, at Convenæ (Comminges), and Pompelon (Pampeluna), and scattered a host of his own clients and dependents through the length and breadth of the land. The insurrection of the Gauls had been punished with fire and sword, and the Iberians, we may suppose, were not less ruthlessly decimated: but the aim of the proconsul had been to amass the entire resources of the two nations in the hands of officials of his own creation, and transform one-half of the Roman empire into a sovereignty of his own. During seven years the war with Sertorius had been with him only a secondary object; and he may be suspected of prolonging hostilities, which enabled him to lay deep and wide the foundations of his own power. Strong as he was in the admiration of his victorious veterans, he was now stronger still in the means he had acquired of rewarding and recruiting them. He had constituted his province the arsenal of his legions, and he had broken to the yoke of military discipline the bravest of the Gallic and Iberian youth. When at last he reentered Rome as the greatest of her children, the only question was whether he would

ask for her honours as a citizen, or take them as an invading potentate. But Pompeius remembered the ardour with which the citizens had hailed his return to Rome from his earlier victories; how they had extorted for him the highest distinctions from the jealous dictator. He disdained to question the permanence of this popularity, and preferred being lifted into the seat of power on the shoulders of the people, to scaling it at the head of his legionaries. Born and bred in camps, he had served no subordinate civil magistracy: he yet wanted several years to the legitimate age for the consulship: but the Romans had long accustomed themselves to waive such nice objections; and when the proconsul of the West sued for their suffrages, they elected him with enthusiasm. With some reluctance, and only at his own request, they gave him Crassus for his colleague. However imminent was the peril from which he had saved the state, the conqueror of Spartacus was not a favourite with the mass of the citizens; and though he lavished large sums at his election, and feasted the populace at ten thousand tables, he would not have obtained their votes at all but for the support of Pompeius himself. Pompeius received the reward of a triumph for his victory over the Iberians: but Crassus who had conquered only slaves and rebels, A.U. 683. B. C. 71. was restricted to the minor honours of the ovation.

M. Licinius Crassus was among the foremost men of his time. His birth was noble, but his patrimony had been confiscated by the Marians, and when he commenced his career as a Sullan partizan he had his fortune to make. He emulated the fame of the ancestor of his house, from whose wealth his branch of the Crassi had received the appellation of Dives. Wanting either the energy or the opportunity to amass riches abroad, he had devoted himself steadily to improving his means by prudent speculation

and usury at home. His forensic talents, which were respectable and carefully cultivated, he sedulously applied to cementing for himself useful alliances. He educated slaves to make a profit of their sale or hire, and even, it is said, watched the fires in the city, to buy up precarious property at the cheapest rates. By the discreet use of his accumulating stores he had gained himself a numerous clientele of the obliged and indebted. Around him, as a safe and shrewd politician, rallied the moneyed interests of the city, that large class who were silently founding fortunes on the spoils of the provinces, while the great chiefs were squandering their means in the race of preferment. The public interests of the equestrian order found a cautious and stedfast patron in Marcus Crassus; and though his name was not so brilliant, nor his resources so overwhelming as those of Pompeius, he might still hope to trim the balance of conflicting parties.

A third aspirant to power, of whom, young as he was, and yet unknown to fame, a shrewd observer might already augur a brilliant destiny, now enters upon the scene. Caius Julius Cæsar, the greatest name in history, was descended from a patrician family of the highest antiquity, which pretended to derive its origin from the goddess Venus, through Iulus, the son of Æneas, the son of Anchises. Up to this period its chiefs seem for the most part to have sided with the senate in the political struggles of their times, and they had been decimated in the Marian massacres, though the generous law which first opened the franchise to the Italians was itself the enactment of a Julius. But Marius himself was married to a Julia, and the young Caius, his nephew, readily transferred his own sympathies to the cause of so distinguished a relative. At an early age he strengthened this interest by espousing the daughter of Cinna, and thus doubly connected with the great

popular chieftains, he deemed himself, from his first outset in life, the rightful heir to their preeminence. The seven consulships of the one, the four of the other, foreshadowed in his eyes the destined monarchy of Rome. Many causes, he perceived, were working together to obliterate the old Roman sentiments of freedom and independence, and prepare the new people, in whom the ancient Quirites were becoming rapidly absorbed, for this consummation of their career. To this impending revolution he lent the whole strength of his arm. He trained himself for the part he was to take in it by discarding the prejudices of his countrymen. His instinctive perception of truth discovered to him, in common no doubt with others of his class, the hollowness of the fictions on which the ideas and forms of the republic were founded; but none of them unmasked and rejected them with the same frankness and magnanimity. He thus laid himself open to many dishonest attacks, and it was only too easy to brand the freedom of his behaviour with charges of wickedness and impiety. It is true indeed that he indulged himself in dissipation and excesses of various kinds, from which the lessons of human wisdom and the natural sense of right ought to have preserved him. He was saved from becoming a monster of pride and selfishness by no moral principle, but only by the geniality of his temper, and the kindness of his disposition. Cæsar, it must be acknowledged, was beloved, more than any public man at Rome, by all who came under the fascinations of his noble and generous nature.

At the time, however, at which we are now arrived, the indications Cæsar gave of his future eminence were rightly estimated by few or none of his contemporaries. Cicero could not fail to mark the brilliancy of his parts, and the beauty of his form and features, but when he saw

him studiously disposing the curling locks upon his forehead and the loose folds of his trailing robe, he declared that so frivolous a creature could never endanger the institutions of his country. Cæsar indeed was at that time chiefly known as a leader of fashion among the most careless and dissolute of the patrician youth. The exploits of his early career might cause grave men to smile at the buoyant confidence they betokened, but they betrayed no depth of design or fixity of resolution, from which the purpose of a life could be already augured. He had defied the dictator, and adroitly concealed himself from his pursuit. He had served at the siege of Mytilene, and merited a civic crown by saving the lives of his fellow-soldiers. When captured by pirates off the coast of Asia, and required to produce a ransom of twenty talents, he had scornfully pledged himself to deliver fifty, but at the same time he promised his captors to bring them to punishment when he regained his liberty. While detained in their custody he amused himself by reciting to them his plays and verses; nevertheless, he did not afterwards fail to keep his word with them, for he pursued them with a squadron, captured and delivered them to his imperator. When bade to sell them as slaves, he ventured to disregard an order which he declared to be derogatory to the majesty of the republic, and sent all his prisoners to execution. When at a later period he followed the prætor Antistius as quæstor into Spain, he wept, it is said, at the sight of a statue of the Macedonian Alexander, who had already conquered a world at the age at which he was himself just commencing his public career.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXPLOITS OF POMPEIUS IN THE EAST.

A. U. 684—691. B. C. 70—63.

POMPEIUS and Crassus had entered upon their consulships in the year 684. The nobles had yielded without a struggle to the overpowering influence of the Great Captain; but they feared the popular reforms which they believed him to meditate, and would willingly have deprived him of a colleague so well disposed to second them. No sooner had the consuls assumed their fasces than they gave ample proofs of the justice of these suspicions. No office had been so influential in guiding popular sentiments as the tribunate, before the curtailment of its powers by Sulla. But with it no military *imperium* was combined, nor, like the consulate and the prætorship, did it lead to any. Moreover it could not be held by a patrician. Accordingly the chiefs of the aristocracy could not arrive directly through this magistracy at their cherished object of swaying the passions of the populace. Still nothing could advance their views more effectually than to secure the favour of the actual tribunes. Sulla's restrictions upon the tribunitian power had placed in fact a strong check upon the arts of the demagogues, whether noble or plebeian. Both Pompeius and his colleague stood now in need of this popular instrument. Each hoped to turn it to his own special advantage; and accordingly both combined to urge

A. U. 684. B. C. 70.

the restoration of its prerogatives. The contest which ensued was severe though short. On the one side the mass of the nobles violently opposed it, with Catulus and Lucullus at their head: on the other it was supported by the numerous creatures and dependents of the consuls, together with the whole strength of the popular party, marshalled under their young champion Cæsar. The assembly of the centuries decided in its favour, and the senate yielded to a measure which it had not perhaps been invited to initiate. The edifice of the Sullan constitution, thus shaken by the attacks of the consuls themselves, soon tottered under the blows of assailants from various quarters. The provincials at last found willing ears to listen to their indignant complaints of the injustice of their proconsuls. The popular leaders resolved to bring the character of the tribunals to a decisive test.

Cæsar, the boldest and most eloquent among them, began by impeaching the chiefs of the opposite party for malversation abroad. He exposed the glaring iniquities of Dolabella in Cilicia, of Antonius in Achaia; but in both cases the culprits were scandalously acquitted. Pompeius himself encouraged the rising orator, Cicero, to denounce the crimes of Verres, some account of which has been already given. Verres was powerfully supported. The nobles, conscious of the vast importance of the case, rallied strenuously around him. His defence was undertaken by Hortensius, the ablest advocate of their party, the favourite of the judges, the acknowledged "king of the tribunals." But they did not trust either to eloquence or experience. Could they have got the process postponed till the year ensuing they might expect a favourable disposition on the part of the city prætor, who would have to select the judges for the trial. Accordingly every effort was made

to secure this point. The prosecutor was young and inexperienced: he was personally little known, being a new man, a municipal of Arpinum, without family distinctions. He had pleaded indeed with great ability on some former occasions, and had displayed much spirit in resisting the tyrannical application of one of Sulla's laws, even in the lifetime of the dictator. As quæstor in Sicily a few years before the government of Verres, he had gained credit for purity as well as for official activity. The Sicilians themselves had now enlisted his services in their behalf, and he came forward for the first time as an accuser, having hitherto confined himself to the less invidious branch of his profession, the defence of the accused. Cicero displayed remarkable firmness in resisting the call for delay. An attempt was made to take the prosecution out of his hands on technical grounds, and transfer it to a third party, a mere man of straw, named Cæcilius. The first of the Verrine orations demolishes the pretexts for this manœuvre, and establishes Cicero's claim to advocate the cause of the Sicilians. He demanded time, however, to collect his evidence, and the defendant gladly conceded him an hundred and twenty days: but he traversed the island and furnished himself with his proofs in fifty. Backed by the undisguised approval of the consuls, the prosecutor now opened his case, and the bare statement of his first oration sufficed to overpower the defence. Hortensius himself counselled submission. Verres declined to plead, and retired silently into exile. Cicero had gained his cause; but his patrons were not yet satisfied, and he compiled and published the full particulars of his case, such as he was prepared to substantiate it had opportunity been given. The Verrine orations, thus given to the world, still exist as an imperishable record of proconsular misgovernment. Whatever exaggeration or false colouring

there may be in them, such as we must of course suspect in an exparte statement, the immediate effect they produced is a strong testimony to their substantial truth. Upon the strength of these revelations the consuls could restore to the knights their share in the judicia, and thus break down the great bulwark of oligarchical privilege. With the knights were associated a small class of officials, the tribunes of the treasury, who were thus elevated to an honorary level with the equestrian order. Catulus and the most disinterested of the nobles assented cordially to this just and decorous measure of reform, while the proudest and blindest of their party still scowled with suppressed indignation.

The restoration of the tribunate wrested from the senators one half of the political ascendancy which Sulla had extorted for them: the partition of the judicia deprived them of all that remained. But Pompeius was not yet satisfied. In his zeal to repay the people for the plaudits they had lavished upon him he determined to subject the nobles to personal degradation. Sulla had disdained to resort to the censorship to ratify the elections he had caused to be made to the supreme order in the state, and since his time no lustrum had been held, and no examination permitted of the qualification of its members. But the consul would no longer allow so ancient and honourable an office to remain in abeyance. Under the auspices of the censors the citizens were once more numbered, their property valued, and the several orders of the state examined and registered. Sixty-four of the senators were now expunged from the roll, and the whole body was made sensibly to feel that it was the instrument of the commonwealth, and not its master. All the blood of Sulla's massacres had secured for his political work only eight years of existence.

When the censors proceeded to review the equestrian order and relieve such as were legally exempted from further liability to service, a scene was enacted which was long remembered by the populace of the forum. Pompeius, by strange anomaly, though consul, was not in strictness a member of the senate over which he officially presided. He was still a simple knight, having never yet discharged the full term of a civil magistracy. He chose to show the members of his order that he was proud of being yet numbered among them. "It is the custom of the Roman knights," says his Greek biographer Plutarch, "when they have served the term fixed by law, to lead their horse into the forum before the two men whom they call censors, when, after mentioning each general and imperator under whom they have served, and giving an account of their service, they receive their dismissal. Honours also and infamy are awarded according to each man's conduct. Now on this occasion the censors, Gellius and Lentulus, were sitting in all their official dignity, and the knights who were to be inspected were passing by, when Pompeius was seen descending from the higher ground into the forum, bearing the other ensigns of his office, but leading his horse by the hand. When he came near and was full in sight, he bade the lictors make way for him, and he led his horse to the tribunal. The people admired and kept profound silence; the censors were both awed and delighted at the sight. Then the elder said, "*I ask you, Pompeius Magnus, if you have performed all the military services that the law requires?*" Pompeius replied with a loud voice, "*I have performed all, and all under my own imperium.*" On hearing this the people broke out into loud shouts, and it was impossible to repress the acclamations, so great was their delight: but the censors con-

ducted Pompeius home to please the citizens, who followed with vehement expressions of applause."

The great Pompeius now surrendered himself to the full intoxication of his vanity. Vain of his exploits, vain of his popularity, vain of his person, he treated even his colleague, who had none of these advantages to boast of, with cold disdain. Jupiter himself, it was asserted, appeared to a citizen in a dream, and bade him tell the consuls not to lay down their office without being reconciled. On this Pompeius, it is reported, stood still, and said not a word; but Crassus making the first advance to take his hand, and address him, exclaimed, "*My countrymen, I am doing nothing ignoble or mean in being the first to give way to Pompeius, whom you deemed worthy of the name of Magnus before he had a beard, and twice decreed him the triumph before he was a senator.*" Such was the obsequious regard Pompeius demanded of his equals. To the multitude he was still more haughty and reserved. He withdrew himself from the business of an advocate, on which the most illustrious citizens had been wont to plume themselves; he gradually estranged himself from the forum and seldom went into public, never indeed unless surrounded by a company of courtiers. He shrank from the familiar contact of the multitude, as a general stands aloof from the common herd of soldiers, as a sovereign shrouds himself from the presence of his subjects. Doubtless this affectation of royal manners was not assumed without a purpose; yet the cold and grave temperament of Pompeius could with difficulty bend to the compliances of a popular demagogue; and moreover he was not unconscious that his genius for command was little adapted to maintain its ascendancy over the imagination of his countrymen in the ordinary business of civil life. For two

years from the expiration of his office he thus played at hide and seek with the curious eyes of the multitude. But he felt that thus he could not long retain the prestige of his renown, and that it would be prudent to warm the cooling enthusiasm of his admirers by some newer exploits. An occasion soon offered worthy of his military genius.

Whenever, during the latter course of this narrative, we have cast our eyes upon the ocean we have found it infested by fleets of pirates. Sertorius intrigued with pirates on the coast of Spain, Spartacus bargained with them on the straits of Messana. These were not transactions between a hunted fugitive and a boatful of buccaneers; they were treaties of service and alliance between military and naval powers. The republic confined its subjects to a cruel bondage on land, but more fortunate than Dædalus of old, the sea was open to them, and many there were who in the last agony of resistance to the oppressor, preferred the guilt of piracy to chains of corporal servitude. The conquest of Greece had driven thousands of expert mariners from the mainland to the islands, from their cottages to their ships; these adventurers were fearfully multiplied by every victory in Asia. The deeply indented coast of Cilicia, placed midway between the emporiums of Greek and Oriental traffic, had long swarmed perhaps with predatory flotillas, which pounced upon the timid merchants of Egypt and Rhodes, as they peered round each projecting headland, or awaited the morning light under the lee of Imbarus or Amanus. But now men who were powerful by wealth, and distinguished in birth, began to embark on piratical expeditions, to share the guilt of mere vulgar robbers, and confer lustre upon their occupation. When Sulla recklessly commanded Mithridates to disband his naval armaments, his sailors carried off their ships to the fortified harbours of the pirates. They made descents

upon the coast, stormed cities and carried to the slave markets the wretched people they captured. The number of their vessels was computed at a thousand, the towns they had plundered at four hundred; they rifled the sacred treasuries and desecrated the temples of the most venerated of the Grecian deities. They performed strange rites on the holy summit of Olympus, and celebrated the mysteries of the Persian Mithras in defiance of European superstition. Disdaining the menaces of the republic, which omnipotent on land, seemed paralysed at least at sea, they indulged in wanton parade of their wealth and luxury. Their streamers were gilded, their oars inlaid with silver, their sails flaunted the air with tissues of Tyrian purple; and whenever they came to shore they sat down to sumptuous banquets, while the melody of their flutes and tabors resounded along the coast. Such at least were the stories which floated from Asia and Iberia to Rome, and incensed the pride of the baffled conquerors of the world. The Romans had juster cause of indignation at the maltreatment of their own citizens by these daring marauders. Did a captive utter the proud exclamation which even kings were wont to respect, "*I am a Roman citizen*," they feigned astonishment and affright, and throwing themselves at his feet, demanded pardon for their error; then one brought him a toga, that he might not again be mistaken, another shoes as if in preparation for a journey, a third fixed a ladder to the side of the vessel, and bade him descend it, and begone to Rome.

From Phœnicia to the columns of Hercules no vessel passed that did not pay a ransom to these adventurers. Even on the Italian coast several cities were attacked and plundered: Misenum, Caieta, even Ostia itself at the mouth of the Tiber, were all laid under contribution. Two prætors were carried off from the mainland with their

lictors and official ensigns, travellers were stopped and plundered even on the Appian way. While Sertorius was raising Iberia in arms, while Spartacus was marshalling the gladiators, and Mithridates preparing a new war in Asia, the brigands of the seas might have formed the connecting link between these three assailants, and interpreted to each the views and wishes of the others. But the pirates wanted a common centre and a common chief; they had no confidence in one another and they could not act in concert. They betrayed Spartacus, and so they would have betrayed any other cause that depended on their conduct and honour. Still it might have been long before they would have fallen to pieces of themselves, nor could the Romans be easily roused to make an effort against them by the sufferings of their allies or even by the indignities practised on themselves. But when at last the pirates began to cut off the foreign supplies of the city, and it became apparent that Rome herself might be starved into a ransom, the danger could no longer be overlooked. As early as the year 676 the proconsul Servilius had been sent against them, with orders to root them out of their strongholds in Asia Minor. After three laborious campaigns among the mountains of Cilicia he returned with a triumph and the surname of Isauricus. He had taken some cities, destroyed some vessels, captured several chiefs, and given to Cilicia, including the whole south coast of the peninsula, the name of a province. These specious successes were of no avail. The pirates were as formidable as ever. Next Antonius was ordered to exterminate them from Crete; but failed in the attempt. His successor Metellus drove the pirates again to sea, and reduced their allies the mountaineers. The hoards he recovered from the enemy, and deposited in the treasury of Rome, were duly repaid by the title of Creticus.

But a few isolated expeditions, and *razzias* however brilliant, could make no durable impression upon such fleeting foes. The pirates afforded many triumphs, but no conquest. Chased from one point they quickly re-appeared at another, and thanks to the lightness of their barks and experience of their pilots, could mock the efforts of every pursuer.

Meantime the corn-ships of Sicily and Sardinia ceased to arrive; the free largesses of grain to the people were abruptly stopped. Threatened with the worst of evils, Rome rushed blindly upon the most desperate of remedies.

A. U. 687. B. C. 67. In the year 687 the tribune proposed that a consular should be invested for a second period of three years with absolute and irresponsible authority over all the waters of the Mediterranean, and its coasts for fifty miles inland. The whole Roman empire was in fact little more than such a strip of territory, surrounding the midland sea with a narrow fringe. A large part of the province of Spain, two-thirds of that of Gaul, the whole of Italy, at least one-half of Africa, and certainly no smaller proportion of Greece and Asia, three-fourths, in short, of the dominions of the republic, was thus by one stroke of the pen subjected to the sovereign authority of a single citizen. There was one personage at Rome who at least would not suffer such powers to fall upon any citizen but himself, and the affrighted senators knew too well that the tribune, though naming no man, pointed only to Pompeius. They instigated a riot, and hoped perhaps to have the importunate tribune assassinated. When this failed, another tribune interposed his veto. But this opposition was overruled or evaded. When the question came on for discussion the leader of the nobles, Catulus, could only parry the blow indirectly: the life of Pompeius, he insinuated, was too precious to be hazarded. "*If you lose*

him," he exclaimed to the people, "*whom have you to replace him?*" "*Yourself*," replied the multitude, always respectful towards Catulus, and now overflowing with good humour at the honour done to its favourite. The bill of Gabinius assigned certain armaments for the leader of the proposed expedition: the assembly doubled them. Pompeius found himself at the head of 120,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry and 500 galleys, with permission to take from the hoarded treasures of the republic whatever sums he required.

Few exploits in Roman history are more extraordinary than the reduction of the pirates by the great Pompeius. As the price of provisions fell at once on the passing of the bill, the people exclaimed triumphantly that the very name of their champion had put an end to the war. This was not strictly true; yet the reality did not fall far short of it. Pompeius selected twenty-four senators to act as his lieutenants: he divided the expanse of the Mediterranean into thirteen parts, appointing a squadron and a commander for each. With his force thus dispersed in every quarter, he surrounded the vessels of the enemy as with a net, and brought them unresisting to land. Such of them as escaped his toils or broke through the meshes, sailed with all speed to their usual rendezvous in Cilicia, as bees, says Plutarch, to their hive. Pompeius took sixty of his best galleys to bring them to an engagement; but in the meantime he had completely cleared the western and southern waters of the Mediterranean, and that within a space of forty days. The fugitives had regained their families and treasures, deposited securely in mountain forts among the ridges of the Taurus. When their pursuer approached they again manned their ships, and awaited his attack near the city of Coracesium. Routed at sea the remnant took refuge within the walls: but the

moderation of the conqueror encouraged them to capitulate, and Pompeius was satisfied with dispersing them in small parties among the neighbouring towns, or appropriating for their abode certain places which war had depopulated. Among these was the city of Soli in Cilicia, to which he now gave the name of Pompeiopolis; but a colony of the reclaimed pirates was planted at Dymæ in Achaia, and another even in Calabria. Denuded of their ships and treasures, and placed under the careful observation of Roman garrisons, he thought he might rely on their devoting themselves henceforth to peaceful occupations. For a season the plague was stayed; but at a later period we shall find piracy rife again in the Mediterranean, and combined at last with the fleets of a Roman adventurer, the pretended leader of a Roman party. Nevertheless the "piratic laurel" was fairly won, and the victor deserves the credit of one of the most successful combinations of Roman military annals. Unfortunately he sullied his glory by a display of unworthy jealousy. Metellus was still engaged, with proconsular authority, in reducing the squadrons of the enemy which had taken refuge in the ports of Crete. His command was prior to that of Pompeius, and he considered himself an independent imperator; but the generalissimo of the commonwealth claimed his obedience, and forbade him to continue the war under his own auspices. When Metellus refused to submit, Pompeius despatched his lieutenant Octavius to compel him, with orders to treat him as an enemy, and even to assist the cities he was besieging. This indecent hostility made a painful impression upon the best friends of the great commander.

As the favourite of the people and self-appointed patron of their interests, Pompeius had found himself supported by Cæsar, whose services he accepted with dignified con-

descension, as a tribute due to his acknowledged superiority. But Cæsar, under the great man's shadow, was advancing his own schemes of ambition. He was anxious to detach Pompeius from the senate, and frustrate the project which he and Cicero appeared to contemplate, of uniting the different orders of the state under a virtual dictatorship. Those indeed who scanned more closely the temper of society, and understood the irreconcilable interests and implacable jealousies of parties, were well aware that such a project was visionary. The chief of the Romans, for many years to come, could only be the champion of one faction for the coercion of the rest, and meanwhile any attempt to fuse these parties together would be resented as the sacrifice of one to another. On his return from his quæstorship in Spain in the year 687, Cæsar drew closer the bonds of his connexion with Pompeius, by marrying a lady of the branch of the Pompeian house which bore the surname of Rufus. On the strength of this alliance he approached nearer to the idol of the multitude, and learnt perhaps to estimate his weaknesses more exactly. Pompeius, he knew, was deeply sensible of the convenience of constitutional forms which had repeatedly been relaxed in his own behalf, and scrupled to cut asunder the robes of state which could always be stretched to fit him. Supreme power he would shrink from seizing: he would await with confidence the time when it should be thrust upon him. But his greatness in the field had deceived him, and he could not long retain his influence over the populace in the city. Cæsar apprehended, however, that as he lost the affections of the multitude he might regain the confidence of the nobles, and it was from the nobles that he was most anxious to separate him. Accordingly we may believe that the project of the Gabinian law was acceptable to Cæsar, and that he joined

with Crassus in urging it, while its object could still command the enthusiasm of the people. Every such extraordinary commission was moreover a precedent in the direction of monarchy, and Cæsar already anticipated using it hereafter for his own advantage. Doubtless he had another object in view in pressing these honours upon Pompeius. He desired his absence from the city, in order to make room for his own intrigues with the people. Three months had sufficed for the suppression of the pirates. Another pretext was not wanting for conferring on the successful imperator a second command not less extensive, and which, it might be expected, would be more permanent. The disposition of foreign affairs made by Sulla, lacked, like his domestic policy, every element of stability. His peace with Mithridates was a mere expedient for the moment. The causes of disturbance still remained the same, the restless ambition of the king himself, the disaffection of the provincials and the tyranny of the Roman officials. Mithridates was again in arms; the East was once more in flames; and the generals of the republic were receding a third time before the advancing conflagration.

Lucullus was consul with Aurelius Cotta in the year 680, at which period the first apprehensions arose of a renewal of the war, which the Roman officers in the East seem to have themselves promoted from the lust of conquest and plunder. Consuls and consulars immediately intrigued for the command. The provinces for the ensuing year had already been assigned, and Gaul had fallen to Lucullus. But Lucullus was anxious to exchange it for an eastern proconsulate; anxious to secure the important distinction for himself; not less anxious to snatch it from Pompeius, who though still engaged in contest with Sertorius, might, he feared, imperiously demand it. But this

arrangement could only be effected by gaining a vote of the people, and for this purpose Lucullus condescended to solicit the aid of an infamous tribune, named Cethegus, by means of his infamous mistress. The application was however successful. Lucullus was appointed to the government of Cilicia, which bordered on Cappadocia and Pontus, while Cotta, who had sued for the same command, was put off with the secondary charge of defending the Hellespont with a naval armament. A. U. 680. B. C. 74

Lucullus crossed over into Asia with a single legion, to receive the military oath, or *sacrament* of the numerous armies still posted beyond the Ægean. Since the murder of Fimbria the troops of the republic had become fearfully demoralized; all discipline was lost, and soldiers and officers vied with one another in harassing the unfortunate natives. Lucullus undertook the task of chastising these excesses, and restoring the modest obedience of the Roman legionary. Nor did he show himself less severe in placing restrictions upon the cupidity of the civil officials: for the first time perhaps in the history of Roman administration were the rights of the subject duly regarded, and honour paid to the principles of justice. But Mithridates was already in the field, at the head of an hundred and fifty thousand men, trained to the use of Roman weapons, and relieved from the cumbrous impediments of oriental warfare, the embroidered tents, the sumptuous vessels, the trains of eunuchs and concubines, with which the potentates of the East were accustomed to take the field. He had invaded Bithynia, where he was again gladly received by the suffering cities, and welcomed as the avenger of the *publicani* and usurers. For four years the contest was waged with increasing success on the part of Lucullus. The defeat of Cotta at Chalcedon was compensated by victories at Cyzicus, and in the heart of the invader's own A. U. 683. B. C. 71.

dominions. Expelled from Pontus, Mithridates sought
A. U. 684. B. C. 70. an asylum in the territories of Armenia, and the king Tigranes refused to deliver him at the proconsul's demand.

While in military prowess Lucullus may fairly rank among the best of the Roman imperators, in equity and humanity he stands conspicuous above almost all. His natural kindness of disposition was not hardened by the stern necessities of warfare. He shed tears at the death of the women of Mithridates, whom the proud and jealous barbarian caused to be slain when he could no longer protect them. He expressed a generous indignation at the want of delicacy displayed by his lieutenant Murena, who when he got into his hands a famous grammarian named Tyrannio, formally emancipated him; for by thus restoring him to freedom he proclaimed that the fact of his capture had rendered him a slave. After driving the enemy beyond the limits of Asia Minor, Lucullus applied himself to correct the abuses of the Roman government. He found the natives reduced to the utmost distress by the *publicani* and money-lenders, so that many were driven to sell their sons and daughters to extricate themselves from their fangs. Sulla had imposed upon the Asiatic cities a tribute of twenty thousand talents: they had borrowed money to pay it, and the interest had accumulated to six times the original sum. The proconsul alleviated the pressure of the burden by arbitrary but necessary measures: he gained the deep affection of the provincials, but he forfeited the support of his own countrymen; and intrigues were speedily set on foot for ejecting him from his command.

Meanwhile the refusal of Tigranes was followed by menaces against the republic herself; and Lucullus proceeded to chastise a sovereign whose realm had never yet been invaded by a Roman army. The kingdom of Armenia

had reached under Tigranes its highest pitch of greatness. Embracing originally the mountains and valleys in which the Euphrates and Tigris take their rise, Armenia now stretched from the Euxine to the Caspian, and formed a barrier against the incursions of the Scythian hordes into southern Asia. On the east it was pressed by the formidable power of the Parthians, but its ruler had encroached westward upon Cappadocia and Cilicia, and had wrested a great part of Syria from the last descendant of the Seleucidæ, who still pressed an inglorious throne in the voluptuous palaces of Antioch. Tigranes, intent upon the reduction of the wealthy cities of Phœnicia, had refused hitherto to embroil himself with the Romans at the instigation of Mithridates. But now provoked by the demands of the imperious strangers, he abruptly defied them to war, persuaded by his flatterers that his mail-clad cavalry could crush them to the ground. Lucullus would not encumber himself with numbers in a strange and difficult country. "*You are too few for soldiers*," said Tigranes, when he saw the legions arrayed before him; "*too many for ambassadors.*" But the great battle of Tigranocerta awakened him from his dream. Never, it was said, did the Romans contend against such odds in point of numbers; never was their success more complete. The mailed horsemen were cut to pieces, helpless either for fighting or flying. Lucullus would have pushed on and taken the capital city Artaxata, but the murmurs of his own soldiers compelled him to desist. He turned to the right on his homeward route, and captured Nisibis on the Tigris. But this was the last exploit he was permitted to accomplish. The complaints of the legionaries, who were weary of the length of their service, and of the hardships they had suffered, as well as those of the officers, whose licentiousness and rapacity were rebuked by his noble ex-

ample, and who ascribed to pride the disgust with which their behaviour inspired him, had already made themselves heard at Rome, and swelled the outcry of dissatisfaction which his civil administration had awakened. The demagogues of the city, from envy and spite, charged the proconsul with protracting the most glorious of wars through love of power and avarice. They enumerated the provinces subject to his imperium: Cilicia, Asia, Bithynia, Paphlagonia, Galatia, the kingdoms of Pontus and Armenia, and even the realm of Colchis; and taunted him with the plunder of the palaces of Tigranes, as if, they said, he had been sent to rifle kings and not to conquer them. Such were the frivolous pretences on which the people were induced to press for their hero's recal. Orders were despatched for releasing a part of his troops from service, which reached them at the moment when their imperator was about to lead them against Mithridates. He was compelled to allow the enemy to ravage Cappadocia with impunity, and to confine himself ingloriously within the limits of the Roman province, while the allies of the republic were harassed with fire and sword.

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The intrigues against Lucullus were in the interest of Pompeius: the tribunes who inveighed against his protracted and immense command were really working for the appointment of a successor with powers at least equally extensive. Mithridates had appeared once more in arms on the frontiers of his conquered kingdom, and they pretended that the republic was menaced with a renewal of the dangers from which Sulla, and afterwards Lucullus himself, had delivered it. But had Lucullus been properly supported by his own soldiers, or by the government at home, the most complete success was evidently within his grasp. The name of Mithridates would never again have been heard on the further side of

the Ægean. As it was, though no longer pursued and pressed by a persevering assailant, the king of Pontus was reduced to the lowest ebb of power; and the means of forming any formidable combination in Asia Minor was finally wrested from him. Manilius, a tribune, proposed to confer upon Pompeius enormous powers for the destruction of this miserable enemy; whose resources Cicero magnified with the same reckless rhetoric with which he defamed his character. The pirates required to be strenuously dealt with, and the bill of Gabinius might be justified by the crisis; but that of Manilius was demanded by no state necessity; it was a transparent device for the gratification of unlawful ambition. But the people supported it with acclamations; the eloquence of Cicero, which began now to be felt as a power in the state, recommended it to many moderate and wavering statesmen; Cæsar and Crassus smiled favourably upon it; the earnest dissuasions of Catulus and Hortensius were overborne by the general enthusiasm. Even among the nobles many were pleased to be rid at any price of the presence of the man they feared and suspected. Pompeius was still abroad when the news of this appointment reached him, and the pretence he displayed of aversion to the command disgusted even his admirers. It was well known that he had envied the fortune of Lucullus, who had commanded now for seven successive years, and had performed notable exploits in realms never before penetrated by the Roman arms. Pompeius had feared to be eclipsed by his triumphs, and now he was eager to transcend them by some more amazing achievement. The two generals, who met in the centre of Asia Minor, scarcely dissembled their mutual jealousy in each other's presence. Pompeius coolly disregarded every order and disposition made by his predecessor, and disparaged his exploits in conversation

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with his own officers. But Lucullus could retort with more truth and effect, that the triumphs of Pompeius had been gained in almost every case over foes already broken by another hand. Lepidus, Spartacus, and even Sertorius, he might say, had been worsted by Catulus, Crassus, and Metellus, before Pompeius arrived to snatch the laurels of his predecessors. He was like some foul carrion bird that follows in the track of the lion, and feeds upon the carcases of his victims. He had now the shadow only of the great Mithridates to contend with. It was related that when the two imperators met, with their fasces wreathed with bays, those of Lucullus, who had come from a green and shady region, were fresh and verdant, while his rival, who had traversed a sandy desert, had only parched and withered branches to exhibit. The lictors of the one offered some of their fresh leaves to those of the other: and this was taken as a sign that Pompeius was about to gather the reward of his predecessor's victories.

On his return to Rome the nobles would have willingly compensated Lucullus for the ill-treatment of his rival, by showering all their favour and confidence upon him. But to the people he became on this account still more an object of jealousy; and the intrigues of the tribunes, who instigated inquiries into his conduct in the provinces, deprived him for three years of the merited honours of the triumph. Meanwhile, the conqueror of Mithridates and Tigranes had disarmed the hostility of his enemies at home by the coldness with which he repelled the advances of the senate, and the indisposition he manifested to taking any prominent part in politics. The general character of his humane administration may belie the charge of rapacity which was made against him: nevertheless it is certain that he had not ruled the East

so many years without amassing enormous wealth; and this wealth he determined now to enjoy apart from the anxieties of public life. His villas and gardens were the most magnificent in Rome; his collections of pictures and statues formed an era in the taste of his countrymen; he opened his extensive library to general use, though the students that frequented it were more commonly Greeks than Romans. He lavished immense sums on the breeding of fish, the fashionable folly of the day, and let the sea into his ponds at Bauli by a channel cut through a lofty hill. Pompeius, who never forgot that his rival had traversed Asia at the head of an army, called him, not without some leaven of bitterness, a *Xerxes in the toga*. But in the philosophy of Lucullus there was self-control as well as self-indulgence. If he renounced the cares of statesmanship for voluptuous indolence, he could also forgive his foes and smile at the triumphs they had gained at his expense. Some pleasing anecdotes are related of his intercourse with Pompeius at a later period.

The assertion that Mithridates had already ceased to be formidable at the moment when the tribes insisted on sending Pompeius against him, was justified by the promptness with which he now sued for peace. But the Roman general would accord him no terms, and required him to throw himself without reserve upon the generosity of the republic. Mithridates knew his enemies too well to make such a capitulation. With savage resolution he girded himself once more for war, and vowed never again to make peace with Rome. Pompeius smiled with the assurance of an easy triumph. His army reinforced with the legions of Lucullus was twice as numerous as that of Pontus, and the veterans of the Armenian campaigns forgot under his banner the toils of warfare of which they had so lately complained. A battle

on the banks of the Lycus in the lesser Armenia, for Mithridates was unable to defend his own dominions, gave a complete victory to the Romans. The king fled to Tigranes; but his ally now set a price upon his head, and he was obliged to make his escape through the defiles of the Caucasus, and shut himself up in a fortress of Colchis. There secure himself he intrigued against his victorious enemies. The throne of Tigranes was speedily shaken by a domestic revolt. The tyrant had put two of his sons to death, a third fled to the Parthian court, and engaged the king Phraates to anticipate the Romans in the plunder of Armenia. The young Tigranes was put in possession of his father's kingdom, but again driven out and reduced, in his second flight, to sue for the protection of the Romans. Pompeius was already advancing upon Artaxata. The king of Armenia, whose spirit was thoroughly broken by the victories of Lucullus, submitted without a blow. He came to the camp to surrender himself, and was haughtily bidden to dismount and present himself to the general on foot. He disarmed, uncovered and prostrated himself on the ground; and after this humiliation and the surrender to his son of the district of Sophene, was allowed to retain the dominions which Lucullus had not already wrested from him. A pretext was soon found for throwing the young Tigranes into chains, nor would Pompeius consent to deliver him up on the demand of his father-in-law Phraates. The Romans and the Parthians watched each other with jealous defiance on either side of the Euphrates, but as yet neither ventured to commence the attack.

The king of Armenia, rejoicing in a milder treatment than he had been led to expect, lavished large sums upon the Roman legionaries, and admitted a Roman garrison within his own territories. Thus secured on his

flank against the Parthians, Pompeius marched in person in pursuit of Mithridates. He wintered on the banks of the Lycus, the southern frontier of Albania, and after defeating an attack of the natives, penetrated in the spring of 689 through the country of the Iberians as far as the Phasis. He had already advanced beyond the traces of any Roman army; but he was recalled from this point by a revolt of the Albanians in his rear. Victorious a second time he now pushed eastward for the shores of the Caspian; he was again induced to turn his steps backward by the rumour of a Parthian invasion. If any such attempt was made it was speedily abandoned. Pompeius found no enemy in his rear, and repaired for the winter to Amisus in Pontus, where he held a splendid court among Oriental kings and envoys, whom he treated as a sovereign prince, according or refusing, as he pleased, the friendship and alliance of the republic. He indulged his officers and soldiers with all the licence so commonly assumed in the provinces, and rapidly undid the measures by which Lucullus had sought to reform the administration. He found his account in the flattery and subservience of his dependents, and allowed himself to forget the fugitive Mithridates, while he nourished other schemes of more magnificent conquest. The Euxine and the Caspian he had found barren both of fame and booty; but the Erythrean and the Persian gulfs might reward him with the wealth of Cyrus and the renown of Alexander. A. U. 689. B. C. 65.

In the spring of the following year Pompeius quitted the province of Pontus, and crossed the Taurus. Lucullus had compelled Tigranes to desist from his conquests in Syria, and had propped the feeble Antiochus on the throne of his ancestors. But his dominions, though freed from the Armenians, were the prey of the roving Arabs of the desert. The wretched inhabitants might rejoice to hear

the new proconsul proclaim that the dynasty of Seleucus had ceased to reign on the Mediterranean. Syria and Phœnicia were reduced to a province, and Antiochus was banished to a precarious throne in the petty district of Commagene. The provinces of Osrhoene and Chalcidice were delivered to dependent princes, stationed as sentinels on either side of the Euphrates, which was declared to be the boundary of the empire. Southward of Syria the realm of Palestine was a prey to the family quarrels which so constantly exposed the governments of the East to the fatal interference of the foreigners. Palestine had been freed from the yoke of the Seleucidæ by the bravery of its heroes, the Maccabees, and to their descendants the Jewish people had continued to pay willing homage. But now two brothers, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, contested the priesthood, in which the temporal sovereignty likewise resided. The younger had expelled the elder and proclaimed himself king. The priests and nobles sided with the deprived Hyrcanus, but the usurper Aristobulus was the favourite of the nation. Hyrcanus appealed to Pompeius; and after pretending to weigh the claims of the rival chiefs, the proconsul consented to undertake his restoration. The Jews defended their freedom and their choice with inconsiderate valour. The weight of the legions was brought to bear on their slender and inexperienced militia: they were speedily driven into Jerusalem, and to the temple which formed its citadel. After holding out for three months against all attacks, the impregnable fortress was scaled on a day of religious ceremonial, when the garrison had omitted to man the walls. Unchecked by the remonstrances of the priests, whose interests he professed to espouse, Pompeius penetrated into the Holy of Holies: but he abstained from rifling its treasures, and was satisfied with reconstituting the government in de-

pendence upon the republic. Advanced so far towards the rising of the sun he wished to emulate the fame of Alexander, and carry his victorious arms to the verge of the eastern ocean; but whatever romantic deeds he meditated, they were cut short by the sudden death of Mithridates, and the summons he received to dispose of his vacant thrones.

The king of Pontus, driven beyond the Caucasus, and left with no other molestation from the Romans than the vigilant observation of a fleet in the Euxine, had had leisure to contrive new schemes of aggression. After chastising a son who had formed engagements with the enemy, he conceived the gigantic scheme of attacking Rome from the forests of Scythia. He had connected himself with the wild and wandering tribes between the Tanais and the Danube. Beyond these Thrace, he well knew, was filled with a restless population, incensed against the Romans, by whom they were continually harassed. He might hope to lead a vast barbarian horde to the eastern gorges of the Alps, and pour down into Italy at the point where an invader was least anticipated. But the Greeks and the Roman deserters, who commanded his troops and enjoyed his confidence, were alarmed at the vastness of the enterprise, and conspired to defeat it. One of them named Castor seized upon Phanagoria, and closed it against the king. Mithridates had murdered many of his children, but at last Pharnaces, his favourite son, revolted against him. Once taken and forgiven, the traitor could no longer feel himself secure during the life of his injured father, and the second time he was more successful. Abandoned by his own guards Mithridates retired into his palace, from the walls of which he heard the army and the people salute Pharnaces as king. Death alone could now secure him from delivery to Pompeius, who would have paid any

price for the glory of exhibiting him in his triumph. According to the story which obtained currency among the Romans, he now resorted in vain to poison, against which he had fortified his system by repeated doses. When he attempted to pierce himself to the heart his hand failed him, and the last fatal service was rendered him by a Gaulish attendant.

A. U 691. B. C. 63.

Pharnaces was allowed, in recompense for his parricide, to retain the kingdom of the Bosporus. Comana and Paphlagonia were formed into dependent sovereignties. Galatia and Cappadocia were confirmed, with extended territories, to two faithful allies, Deiotarus and Ariobarzanes. Thirty-nine cities were founded or repeopled. Seleucia, Antioch, and Phanagoria were declared free communities under the patronage of the republic. From the Lycus to the Jordan the frontier of the empire was organized under Roman proconsuls, or native vassals: but Pontus, Cilicia, Syria and Phœnicia were definitively inscribed upon the list of provinces. Beyond the Euphrates Armenia still retained the name of independence; but she had lost all power of self-support, and henceforth only fluctuated in her reliance upon the Romans and the Parthians alternately.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CATILINARIAN CONSPIRACY.—MUTUAL JEALOUSY OF POMPEIUS AND THE SENATE.

A. U. 691—694. B. C. 63—60.

POMPEIUS, in quitting the centre of affairs, could not fail to augur that his removal would be the signal for the revival of party passions, and that a few more years' experience of the miseries of anarchy would demand his recal with fuller powers for the settlement of affairs. The nobles, on their part, having been compelled to submit to his extraordinary appointment, now cast about for the means of turning his absence to their advantage. They had placed him at their head, and he had betrayed them: they now looked for a stouter and more faithful champion, and prepared themselves, when the time should serve, to strike a blow for ascendancy, the shock of which should be felt on the Euphrates, and daunt the conqueror of Syria and Pontus.

The chiefs whom they had hitherto consulted had mortified them by their conciliatory temper, their timidity or their languor. Catulus they respected, but they distrusted his firmness: Lucullus, whose aid they next invoked, disregarded their solicitations. Hortensius was sunk in pride and indolence. There were among them many personages of inferior fame and influence, the Silani, the Scribonii, the Marcii, the Domitii, the Scipios and Marcelli, who might make good officers, but wanted the genius

for command. But there was one man, still in their ranks, young in years, a plebeian by extraction, unknown in civil or military affairs, in whose unflinching zeal and dauntless courage they felt they could securely confide. Judgment indeed and tact he sorely needed; but these were qualities which the nobles held in little regard, and neither he nor they were sensible of this grievous deficiency.

This man was Marcus Porcius Cato, the heir of the venerable name of the censor Cato, his great-grandfather, a name long revered by the Romans for probity and simplicity. The slave of national prejudices Cato believed, like his illustrious ancestor, in the mission of a superior caste to govern the Roman state, in the natural right of the lords of the human race to hold the world in bondage, in the absolute authority of the husband over the wife, the parent over the child, the master over the servant. In his principles Cato was the most bigoted of tyrants. Yet never were these awful dogmas held by a man whose natural temper was more averse to the violence and cruelty by which alone they can be maintained, and in vain did Cato strive to fortify himself against the instincts of humanity within him by abstract speculation and severe self-discipline. Born in the year 659, he had witnessed the
B. C. 95. termination of the Social war, and resented, as a mere boy, the compromise in which that mighty struggle resulted. Nevertheless his feelings had revolted from the atrocious measures with which Sulla had avenged it, and alone of his party, he sighed over their most brilliant victories, and lamented the bloody execution they did upon their enemies. From early life Cato trained himself in the austere pattern of the ancient manners, already becoming obsolete in the time of the Censor. Inured to frugality

and the simplest tastes, he raised himself above the temptations of his class to rapine and extortion. Enrolling himself in the priesthood of the god Apollo, he acknowledged perhaps a divine call to the practice of bodily self-denial, in which, in the view of the ancients, the religious life mainly consisted. He imbibed the doctrines of the Stoic philosophy, the rigidity of which was congenial to his temper, and strove under their guidance to square his public conduct by the strictest rules of private integrity. If he failed, it was through the infirmity of nature, not the inconsistency of vanity or caprice; but doubtless, the exigencies of public affairs drove him, as well as other men of less eminent pretensions, to many a sordid compromise with his own principles, while in private life the strength to which he aspired became the source of manifold weakness. It made him proud of his own virtues, confident in his judgments, inaccessible to generous impulses, caustic in his remarks on others, a blind observer of forms, and a slave to prejudices. A party composed of such men as Cato would have been ill-matched with the ranks of crafty intriguers opposed to them on every side; but when the selfish, indolent and unprincipled chose themselves a champion of a character so alien from their own, the hollowness of the alliance and the hopelessness of the cause became sufficiently manifest.

During the progress of the intrigues for the appointment of Pompeius to his maritime command, his creatures had not ceased to worry the senate by the advocacy of fresh measures for the reformation of administrative abuses. In the year 687, a certain C. Cornelius, formerly quæstor to the great imperator, proposed, being at the time tribune, an enactment to limit the usury which the wealthy nobles demanded for the loans negotiated with them at Rome by the agents of the provinces. Laws indeed already existed

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for regulating this practice, but the wants of the needy and the cupidity of the capitalists had combined to disregard them, and the senate had ventured to assume the prerogative of the people in dispensing with their provisions in favour of personages of its own order. This daring encroachment Cornelius offered at the same time to repress. His measure was both popular and just. The senators could not oppose it by argument; but they gained one of the tribunes to *intercede* against it. But Cornelius was supported by the people, who encouraged him to persist in reading the terms of his rogation in spite of the official veto. A tumult ensued in the comitium, and, terrified by the sound of blows, Pompeius, we may presume, engaged his instrument to desist from the direct attack, and allow the matter to be compromised. The senate acquiesced, but the offence was deeply resented, and speedily punished. No sooner had Cornelius quitted his functions as tribune, than he was accused of *majestas* for having disregarded the veto of a colleague. The crime was manifest, and the culprit might despair of defending himself against the powerful influences arrayed against him, when Manilius, the same who had devoted himself to the service of Pompeius, caused the tribunal to be surrounded by bands of armed ruffians, and the accusers to be threatened with violence unless they desisted from their suit. The consuls interfered with a military force and gave them the means of escaping over the roofs of the neighbouring houses. In the following year the process was renewed, and Cicero, as the mouth-piece of Pompeius, was retained to defend the criminal. The advocate pleaded the favour with which his client was regarded by Pompeius himself, and either this consideration or the fear of further violence, or perhaps the cooling down of men's passions after so long an interval, gained him an acquittal. But the attempt, only

too successful, of Manilius to overawe by force the administration of justice, deserves to be remarked for its fatal significance. From henceforth we shall find it repeated day by day with aggravated violence. Consuls and tribunes will vie with one another to destroy the foundation of all social confidence. Already the senate and the people are committed to a struggle, which must eventually involve the interference of a power paramount to both. Farsighted men see already the shadows of monarchy advancing upon them, which the mission of Pompeius to the East, long, distant, and perilous, seems the readiest means of retarding, and possibly of averting.

Cicero's speech for Cornelius was a triumph of artifice and ingenuity. But the fame of his eloquence was already established by his harangue in favour of the bill of Manilius, and the favour of the people had already raised him to the prætorship for the year 688 by the unanimous suffrages of the centuries. After the failure of the attack upon the refractory tribune, faction slept for a short season, or prepared itself in silence for a fiercer outburst of animosity. Cæsar had now obtained the ædileship, in conjunction with Bibulus, the candidate of the nobles. That office, which had properly the care of the public edifices, was charged also with providing for the amusements of the people. It required an enormous outlay of money, and men ambitious of higher honours spared no expense to eclipse one another in the splendour they lavished upon it. The ædiles defrayed the charge of the gladiatorial shows, and on this occasion Cæsar gained immense applause by the profusion of silver bullion with which he decorated the furniture and implements of the arena. Plunged himself deeply in debt, he continued to borrow on the credit of his genius and rising fortunes. If his

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wealthy colleague equalled him in munificence, there seemed more merit in the generosity of the penniless adventurer, and Bibulus was obliged to liken himself to Pollux, who though he possessed a temple at Rome in conjunction with his twin-brother, heard it always designated by the name of Castor, and never by his own. Cæsar could rely on the clamorous support of the populace thus attuned to his most stirring appeals. The display of the bust of Marius had already irritated the faction of Sulla; but now a greater insult was inflicted upon them. Among his other acts of munificence as ædile, Cæsar had adorned the forum and the Capitol with pictures and statues: he had erected halls and porticos for the gratification of the people, and these too he had adorned with monuments of taste and luxury. One morning there suddenly appeared among the new ornaments of the Capitol the statue of Marius, surrounded by the trophies of his Cimbric and Jugurthine victories. The people shouted with delight; the nobles scowled with indignation. The author of the deed did not proclaim himself, but neither friends nor foes could err in ascribing it to the daring ædile. Catulus determined to bring the offender to punishment for this direct breach of law. The remembrance of the murder of his father, the noblest victim of the Marian proscriptions, inflamed the bitterness of his animosity. He accused Cæsar of throwing off the mask from his ulterior designs; of no longer subverting the republic with mines, but of assailing it with the battering-ram. Cæsar defended himself before the senate, and succeeded in foiling his accuser; but he owed his triumph neither to the favour nor the justice of his audience, but to the temper of the people, on which the nobles dared not make an experiment. It would appear from the historians that the trophies of Marius retained possession of their place in front of the Capitol,

an indication of the popular strength which must have shaken the nerves even of Cato himself.

The nobles could at least retaliate. On quitting the ædileship, Cæsar demanded a public mission to reduce Egypt to the form of a province, in virtue of the will of the king Ptolemy Alexander. This country, through which all the commerce of the East already passed into Europe, was reputed the wealthiest in the world. Pouring into the royal treasury an annual tribute of 14,800 talents, it offered a magnificent prey to the rapacious republic, and to the fortunate proconsul through whose hands these golden harvests should pass. Crassus and Cæsar disputed this rich booty; but neither the one nor the other succeeded in obtaining it. The senate mustered all its forces to baffle both claimants, and was enabled, perhaps by their division, to succeed. It employed a tribune named Papius to enact that all foreigners, and especially Cæsar's clients, the Transpadane Gauls, should be removed from the city, and thus boldly cleared the forum of the tumultuary partizans, by whose hands, if not by whose votes, the reckless demagogue might hope to extort the prize.

Instead of this brilliant mission Cæsar was invited to preside in the tribunal, to which was committed the inquisition into cases of murder. Hitherto he had done no more than protest against the dictatorship of Sulla: he now determined to brand it with a legal stigma. Among the cases which he caused to be cited before him were those of two political offenders, men who had embrued their hands in the blood of the victims of the proscription. One of these named Bellienus was the centurion who had stabbed Ofella, the other was a more obscure assassin. He condemned these wretched ruffians, only to strike terror A. C. 680. B. C. 64.

into higher quarters. He induced a tribune named Labienus to accuse an aged senator, Rabirius, of the slaughter of the traitor Saturninus; and by making it a criminal, and not a political, charge, he forbade the accused to withdraw himself from the process by voluntary exile. Cicero and Hortensius defended the culprit, but failed to move the judges. Rabirius appealed to the people. Labienus attacked, and Cicero again defended him, while the senators used every effort to excite the compassion of the populace. But the people exulted in the audacious injustice of the whole proceeding: for it was well-known, first, that Rabirius had not killed Saturninus; secondly, that the real slayer had been rewarded, and the deed solemnly justified by competent authority; and, thirdly, that the transaction had occurred not less than thirty-six years before, and deserved to be buried in oblivion with the birth of a new generation. The appeal of Rabirius would inevitably have been rejected but for the adroitness of the prætor, Metellus Celer, who suddenly struck the flag which floated from the Janiculum while the tribes were assembled for public business. In ancient times the striking of the flag was the signal that the Etrurians were advancing to attack the city. Immediately all business was suspended, the comitia dissolved, and the citizens rushed to man the walls. The formality still remained in force among a people singularly retentive of traditional usages; and now the multitude which had just shouted clamorously for innocent blood, laughed at the trick by which its fury was baffled, and acquiesced in the suspension of the proceedings. Cæsar had gained his point in alarming and mortifying the senate, and allowed the matter to drop, which he never perhaps seriously intended to push to extremity.

The same Labienus, devoting himself with zeal to the

service of the patron he had chosen, induced the people in the next place to demand the abolition of Sulla's law, by which they had been deprived of the election of pontiffs. On recovering this prerogative they acquitted their debt to Cæsar by nominating him chief of the college, thereby placing him at the head of a great political engine, and rendering his person inviolable. Neither the notorious laxity of his moral principles, nor his contempt, of which few could be ignorant, for the religious belief of his countrymen, hindered Cæsar's advancement to the highest office of the national worship. It was enough that he should perform the stated functions of his post, and maintain the traditional usages upon which the safety of the state was popularly deemed to depend. Cæsar's triumph was the more complete, as it was a victory over Catulus, who had competed with him for this dignity, and who, knowing his pecuniary embarrassments, had offered to buy off his opposition by a loan. Cæsar rejected the bribe with scorn, and declared that he would borrow still more largely to gain the prize. The nobles were straining every nerve to implicate him in a charge of conspiracy against the state, and the chief pontificate was necessary to ensure his safety. When the hour of election arrived he addressed his mother, as he left his house, with the words, "*This day your son will be either supreme pontiff, or else an exile.*"

The crime which it had been sought to fasten upon Cæsar was of the deepest dye and most alarming character. For some years past the city had been kept in feverish anxiety by rumours of a plot, not against any particular interest or party, but against the very constitution of the social fabric. The nobles had sounded the alarm, and their agents had insinuated complicity in some wild and treasonable enterprise against Cæsar, Crassus, and many

other august citizens, objects of dislike and fear to the existing government. The fact of such a conspiracy was indeed speedily revealed, and it discovers to us in the most striking manner the frightful corruption of the times. Into its actual connexions and ramifications we shall presently inquire; but first it will be well to trace its origin and motives, in order to explain the way in which the senate proposed to take advantage of it.

The generation of statesmen which had grown up at the feet of the Scipios and the Gracchi, though it had exchanged much of the simple dignity of the old Roman character for a tasteless affectation of Hellenic culture, was still for the most part imbued with sentiments of honour and probity, devoted to the welfare of the state, and only ambitious to shine at the head of a commonwealth of freemen. But its children, born and bred under the relaxation of all principle induced by the civil dissensions, were fearfully devoid of every moral principle. The vast accession of wealth and power which accompanied the conquest of the East, overthrew whatever barriers poverty and simplicity of manners might still have set against the torrent of selfish indulgence. The acquisition of wealth, moreover, had only served to precipitate expense and prodigality. A few crafty usurers swept into their coffers the plunder won by a multitude of spendthrifts. Political and private gambling had reduced thousands of the well-born and highly-educated to the condition of mere needy adventurers, while the advantages of birth and station served only to make them more dangerous, and their manners more seductive. Among these restless and accomplished bravos none was so conspicuous or so able as L. Sergius Catilina. His descent was one of the most ancient in Rome, and he had served with distinction among the nobles ranged under Sulla's banner. His

valour indeed from the first had been tinged with brutal ferocity, and the stories currently reported of him, believed as they undoubtedly were by his own contemporaries, may give us at least an idea of the crimes which were possible at the period. It has been already mentioned that he was accused of assassinating his brother from private malice, and of getting his name inscribed on the list of proscription for the sake of obtaining his confiscated estate. All Rome had seen him waving on the top of a pike the head of the murdered Gratidianus. It was rumoured that, wanting to marry the fair but profligate Orestilla, who waived his suit through jealousy of his son by a former consort, the father had sacrificed the youth without scruple to his passion. Loaded with the infamy of such crimes as these, nevertheless Catilina had entered on the career of public honours, had obtained the prætorship for the year 686, had succeeded from thence to the government of Africa, and upon his return in 689 was about to offer himself for the consulship. Publius Clodius, a stripling, not less profligate, but as yet less notorious, crossed his path with a charge of malversation in his province. Presently the rumour ran that Catilina, thus disconcerted, formed a plot with Autronius, just deprived of the consulship for bribery, with Calpurnius Piso and other dissolute nobles, to murder the successful candidates, and to seize the powers of the state. The names both of Crassus and Cæsar were whispered in connexion with this bloody enterprise. The former, it was said, was to be created dictator, the latter his master of the horse. When it was asked upon what military resources the rash intriguers relied, it was answered that Piso, who had acquired the command of one of the Iberian provinces, was charged to organize an armed force in that quarter, with which to balance the legions of the senate under Pompeius. The

scheme, it was alleged, was opportunely detected, the chief conspirators discovered and marked. Piso shortly afterwards was cut off in his province by banditti, or possibly by assassins: but the proceedings with which the culprits were menaced were stayed by the intervention of a tribune, and the circumstances of the plot were never formally revealed.

Such however was the influence of Catilina, or such the interest which his presumed machinations could excite among the lawless and ambitious even in the heart of the commonwealth, that not only was the government unable to convict him upon this flagrant charge, but he did not shrink from suing for the consulship itself for the following year, and that too while yet unabsolved from the accusation of Clodius. The man and the times must be more particularly described to make the story of Catilina credible to any other age than his own. For passing strange must it appear that, notwithstanding the atrocities by which he was disgraced, Catilina had been able to connect himself with many eminent public men, by whom his suits had been openly supported. Cicero himself, a man of unsullied personal purity, was prepared, for the sake of his alliance in their common competition for the consulship, to defend his cause against Clodius, and only escaped the disgrace of appearing as his advocate by the charges themselves being dropped, as it would seem, by the venal accuser. But it was over the corrupt patrician youth that he exercised the most extraordinary ascendancy. Through dissipation he led them into the darkest crimes. He taught them to depend upon him as a trusty associate in every wickedness, and whether in bilking a creditor or negotiating a loan, in planning a seduction or compassing a murder, his boldness and invention were never found to fail them. Catilina was their friend, their champion, and

their idol. They vaunted his bodily strength and vigour, his address in bodily exercises, his iron frame which could endure alike the excesses of debauch and the rudest toils of war. He became the model of the youthful aspirants to fashionable distinction, which then demanded not only splendour in dress and furniture, but skill in the use of the sword and eminence in all martial accomplishments. But these exercises could not fail to have a brutalizing effect; for they connected such as sought distinction in them with the slaves, criminals and hired ruffians who fought in the arena. Such men, admired as consummate masters of their art, became the friends and companions of the young nobility, who drank with them one day in the wineshop, and shouted over their agonies in the theatre on the morrow.

The long career of conquest which Rome had enjoyed had tended to throw all her noblest energies into the sole profession of arms, which is naturally inclined above all others to measure excellence by success, and to confound virtue with valour. When the Roman returned from the wars for a short breathing-time to his own country, he beheld few objects around him which were calculated to allay the fever of his excited imagination. His pride was fed by trophies and triumphs, by the retinue of captive slaves which attended him, by the spoils of conquered palaces which decorated his home. In the intervals of danger and rapine few cared to yield themselves to the vapid enjoyments of taste and literature, or could refrain from ridiculing the arts which had failed to save Greece from subjugation. The poets, historians and philosophers of Rome were few in number, and exercised but a transient influence on a small circle of admirers. Nor were the habits of civil life such as to soften the brutal manners of the camp. The Romans knew nothing of the relations of

modern society, in which the sexes mutually encourage each other in the virtues appropriate to each, and where ranks and classes mingle unaffectedly together under the shelter of a common civilization. The Romans lived at first in castes, afterwards in parties: even in the public places there was little fusion or intercourse of ranks, while at home they domineered over their clients as patrons, their slaves as masters, their wives and children as husbands and fathers. The instruction indeed of boyhood was general at least in the upper ranks, but it was imparted by slaves, who corrupted the temper of their pupils far more than they improved their understanding, and when, already exhausted by premature indulgence, they were married still young from motives of convenience, they were found incapable of guiding and elevating their still more neglected consorts. The women were never associated in their husbands' occupations, knew little of their affairs, and were less closely attached to their interests than even their bondmen. They seldom partook of their recreations, which accordingly degenerated for the most part into debauches. Systematically deprived of instruction, the Roman matron was taught indeed to vaunt her ignorance as a virtue. If in the seventh century those Sabine housewives were no longer to be found, who shut themselves up in their apartments and spun wool among their handmaids, yet to exercise their intellects or cultivate their tastes passed almost for a crime. To know Greek and Latin books, to sing and dance, to make verses, to please with conversation, these, in the opinion of the historian Sallust, were no better than seductive fascinations, such as formed the charm and fixed the price of the courtesan. Rarely therefore did any woman break through this mental bondage, without losing in character what she gained in intellect and attraction.

In either case she was almost equally despised. The men's indifference to the conduct of their spouses is a frightful feature in the social aspect of the times. Their language, it has been observed, had no word to express the sentiment of jealousy. The laws which gave them such facility of divorce show how little regard they had for the dearest interests of the married state; just as their common practice of adoption proves the weakness among them of the paternal sentiment.

Thus did the morose and haughty Roman stand isolated and alone in the centre of his family and of society around him; nor did he strive to exalt his moral nature by sympathy with the divinity above him. A century indeed had scarcely elapsed since Polybius had lauded the character of the Romans for the earnestness of its religious sentiment. Undoubtedly the moral sanctions of religion had at that time been strongly felt: the Gods were actually regarded as the avengers of crime and the patrons of virtue. Even then however the principle of setting up the Deity as a model for imitation, which alone is efficacious for elevating and purifying the soul, was unknown or disregarded. The coarse and sensuous pagans of Greece and Rome gloated over the wretched stories of lust and violence ascribed to the objects of their worship, and if they feared their power never dreamed of adoring their goodness or their justice. Their religious practices therefore were not moral actions, but merely adopted as charms to preserve them from the caprice or ill-nature of their divinities. From this debasing superstition even their strongest intellects could not wholly release themselves, while in the seventh century the vulgar at least were as devoutly addicted to it as at any former period. Indeed the general relaxation of positive belief in the minds of the educated class was accompanied, as is not unfrequently

the case, by still more grovelling prostration on the part of the ignorant multitude.'

Such a state of society already trembled on the verge of dissolution, and reflecting men must have shuddered at the frailness of the bands which still held it together, and the manifold energies at work for its destruction. Catilina's designs, suspended for a moment, were ripening to another crisis; and the citizens pointed with horror to the victim of a guilty conscience, stalking through the streets with abrupt and agitated gait, his eyes bloodshot, his visage ashy pale, revolving in his restless soul the direst schemes of murder and conflagration. Involved in ruinous debt, his last hope of extrication had been the plunder of a province. The spoils of the prætorship had been wrested from him by the rapacity of his judges or his accuser, and access to the consulship was denied him. But his recent escape confirmed him in the assurance that he was too noble a culprit to be convicted: he scarcely deigned to veil his intrigues, while he solicited the aid of men of the highest families in the city. The young Roman prodigals invoked *new tables*, or a clear balance sheet; and it cannot be doubted that their aims were rather personal than political; that they yearned for the extinction of their debts first, and the division of public offices afterwards. Among these reckless conspirators were two nephews of Sulla. Autronius and Cassius had been candidates for the consulship: Bestia was a tribune elect: Lentulus and Cethegus, both members of the Cornelian house, were nobles of high distinction, though lost in character: even the consul Antonius was suspected of privity to their designs, and a secret inclination in their favour. They counted upon the support of the men who had been disgraced or impoverished by Sulla, and hoped to inflame the turbulence and lust of rapine

which animated the dregs of the populace. They expected moreover the armed assistance of many of the disbanded veterans, who had already squandered, with the recklessness of fortunate adventurers, the possessions they had so suddenly acquired. They proposed to solicit and excite the hostile feelings towards their conquerors, still prevalent among the Italian races. Finally they resolved to seize the gladiators' schools at Capua; and some of them would not have scrupled to arm a new insurrection of slaves and criminals. This last measure was the only enormity to which Catilina would not consent. He was urged to it more especially by Lentulus; and when a proposal so base was discovered in the handwriting of one of the Cornelii, it crowned the horror and indignation of the Roman people.

Meanwhile among the senatorial faction there were not wanting statesmen who watched the coming storm with secret satisfaction. Too much of their power, they felt, had been surrendered to their military patron, and they longed for an opportunity to resume it in his absence. They fretted at the contempt into which they had fallen: the consulship and pontificate had become the prey of any daring adventurers: the example of usurpation had now descended to mere cut-throats and robbers: they would check it once and for ever by a signal retribution: they would give the great Pompeius himself to understand that they could save and rule the state without him. The marked progress of Cicero in general esteem formed an important element in their calculations. By placing him in the consul's chair they hoped to secure him for their instrument, and to employ his zeal, his abilities, and his honest intentions in the great work they contemplated —the restoration of their own ascendancy. At the instigation of these crafty advisers the nobles now joined

with the people in promoting Cicero's elevation. He had been prætor in the year 689, but he had refused to quit the glories of the forum and the tribunals for the sordid emolument of a province. In the following year he was designated for the consulship by the general voice of the citizens, and the insignificance of Antonius the colleague assigned to him, showed that to him alone all parties looked for the salvation of the state. During the early part of his career the new consul proposed various salutary measures, and devoted himself assiduously to the interests of the oligarchy with which he now first began
A. U. 691. B. C. 63. to feel himself connected. As the year advanced the presumed schemes of Catilina withdrew attention from every other business, the conspirator only waiting for the issue of the consular comitia, at which he still pretended to seek a legitimate election. When his suit was once more rejected and Silanus and Murena chosen, he no longer meditated delay. One of his accomplices named Curius had betrayed the secret, if such it could still be called, to his mistress Fulvia: she had already communicated it to Cicero, and by his instructions obtained from her paramour every particular of the intended outbreak. The information was laid before the senate, and a decree was immediately passed, enjoining the consuls *"to provide for the safety of the state!"* But in the suppression of so formidable a conspiracy every step was hazardous. We have seen how illustrious were the names enlisted in it. The time had past when the consul could venture, after the manner of an Ahala or an Opimius, to draw his sword, call the citizens to follow him, and rush boldly upon the men whom the senate had denounced as its foes. Though the nobles still claimed this power for their chief magistrate in the last resort, it contravened a principle which the people would never consent to

surrender, which gave to every citizen accused of a capital crime the right of appealing to the tribes. Cæsar and Crassus, if not themselves connected with the conspirators, were doubtless on the watch to thwart the slightest stretch of prerogative against them. On the other hand the danger was becoming imminent. The conspirators had almost completed their preparations, and collected their magazines of arms. They had fixed the day for the intended outbreak, and assigned to each man his proper post and office. The veterans of Etruria, of Samnium, and Umbria, long since solicited by their emissaries, were flocking to their appointed rendezvous. The fleet in the port of Ostia was supposed to be gained, and insurrections were promised both in Africa and Spain. All the legions of the republic were with Pompeius in the East, or dispersed in other provinces; the city itself was not defensible for a day, and even the fortresses on the Capitoline and Janiculum retained only the tradition of their ancient strength. Rome had neither a garrison nor a police; all her citizens were soldiers, and with no foreign enemy to fear she had neglected to provide against the dangerous ambition of her own children. At the moment concerted the various bodies of insurgents were to advance simultaneously against her, and their accomplices within the city were to fire it in a hundred places.

Fortunately for the state two proconsuls, Marcius Rex and Metellus Creticus, arrived at this moment from the East with some legionary forces, and awaited at the gates of the city the triumph which they demanded of the senate. Marcius was immediately directed against Mallius, Catilina's lieutenant in Etruria; Metellus was ordered to make head against the insurgents in Apulia. Some hasty levies were despatched at the same time to check the advance of the men of Picenum. Measures were promptly taken for

removing the gladiators from Capua, and distributing them in small numbers among the neighbouring towns. Rome was placed, according to the modern phrase, in a state of siege. Citizens were enrolled and armed guards posted at the gates, the walls and streets patrolled; Cicero assumed military command, and marshalled his countrymen against their invisible foe.

Both parties were equally ready for the encounter when the consul boldly summoned the arch conspirator to discover himself. On the 7th of November he had convened the senators in the temple of Jupiter Stator. Catilina appeared in his place: his fellow-senators shrank from contact with him, and left a vacant space on the benches around him. Suddenly the consul rose, and poured forth the torrent of his indignant eloquence. "*How long then, Catilina, how long will you abuse our patience? What, are you quite unmoved by the guard which keeps night-watch on the Palatine, by the patrols of the city, by the consternation of the people, by the rushing of all good citizens together, by this fortress-temple in which the senate is assembled, by the fear and horror of the senators themselves? Think you that all your schemes are not open to us as the day? . . . Fie on our times! fie on our principles! The senate knows them: the consul sees them: and the man still lives! Lives! did I say? Aye, and comes into the midst of us, partakes of our public councils, observes and marks us, one by one, for slaughter. . . . And yet we, the consuls, who have received the senators' Last Decree for the conservation of the state—we into whose hands has been thrust the sword of Scipio, of Opimius, of Ahala, still suffer it to sleep in its scabbard! Yes, I still wait, I still delay; for I wish you not to perish till you cease to find a citizen so perverse as to excuse or defend you. Then, and not till then, the sword shall descend upon you. Meanwhile live, as you now live, tracked by enemies,*

surrounaed by guards: all our eyes and ears shall be fixed upon you as they long have been, and watch you when you think not of it . . . . Renounce then your designs; they are discovered and frustrated. Shall I tell you what they were? Remember how on the 20th of October I announced that Mallius was to rise on the 27th: was I wrong? that the 28th was fixed for the massacre: was it not averted only by my vigilance? on the 1st of November would you not have seized Præneste? and did you not find it apprised and guarded? I track your deeds, I follow your steps, I know your very thoughts. Let me tell you whither you repaired last night. Was it not to the house of Læca? There you met your accomplices, you assigned them each their places; who should remain at Rome, who with yourself should quit it: you marked out the quarters to be fired: you only lingered still a moment because I still lived. Then two Roman knights offered to rid you of that anxiety, and to kill me in my bed before the dawn of the morrow. All this I discovered, almost ere your meeting was dissolved: I doubled my guards, I shut the door against the wretches whom you sent so early to salute me; aye, the same wretches whom I had already designated to many as the men who were coming to murder me. . . . You call upon me to impeach you; you say you will submit to the judgment of the senators; you will go into exile if it be their pleasure. No; I will not impeach you; I will not subject myself to the odium of driving you into banishment; though if you wait only for their judgment, does not their silence sufficiently declare their sentiments? But I invite, I exhort you to go forth from the city! Go where your armed bands await you! join Mallius, raise your ruffians, leave the company of honest citizens, make war against your country! Yet why do I invite you, to do that which you have already determined to do; for which the day is fixed, and every disposition made?" . . . And then turning to

the senators the orator explained the meaning of this strange address. He dared not bring the criminal to justice: he had too many friends even in the senate itself; too many timid people would declare his guilt unproved; too many jealous people would object to rigorous measures, and call them tyrannical and *regal*. But as soon as he should actually repair to Mallius's camp, there would no longer be room for doubt. The consul pledged his word from that moment to lay the proof of the conspiracy before them, to crush the movement and to chastise the guilty. And in order to assure them that he could do so, he pointed to the knights, who at his bidding were crowding the area and steps of the temple, and listening in violent agitation at the door, ready at his word to dart upon his victim, and tear him in pieces before the eyes of the senate.

Catilina had kept his seat throughout this terrible infliction, agitated by rage and apprehension, yet trusting to the favour of his numerous connexions, and relying on the stolid incredulity of the mass of the audience; for the habitual use of exaggerated invective had blunted the force of truth, and rendered the senators callous for the most part even to the most impassioned oratory. The appearance perhaps of the consul's myrmidons, and the fear, not of any legal sentence, but of popular violence, at last made him start to his feet. He muttered a few broken sentences, in a tone of deprecation, appealing to his birth, rank, and aristocratic sentiments, in gage of his loyalty, and in contrast to the specious pretensions of the base-born *foreigner*, his accuser. But the senators encouraged or awed by the presence of the knights, murmured and groaned around him, calling him an enemy and a parricide. Then at last losing all self-command Catilina rushed wildly out of the chamber, exclaiming: "*Driven to destruction by my enemies, I will smother the conflagration of my own house in the ruin of the city.*"

Catilina fled to his house, shut himself up alone, and for a moment deliberated. At nightfall he quitted the city and threw himself into the quarters of his armed adherents in Etruria. He left behind him instructions for his accomplices in the city, in which he charged them not to quit their posts, but watch their opportunity to assassinate the consul if possible, at all events to make all ready for a domestic outbreak as soon as his preparations should be complete for attacking the city from without. To Catulus, whom he regarded as a personal friend, or on whom he wished perhaps to throw the suspicions of the senators, he addressed a letter of exculpation, while he secured, as he said, his own personal safety in the ranks of a hostile army, recommending to his fidelity and friendship the care of his dearest interests. Cicero had reason to exult in the success of his first harangue, which cleared the way before him. Catilina had openly avowed himself a public enemy; but his associates still refused to disclose themselves; and the consul's next step was to drive them, by similar threats and sarcasms, to an overt act of rebellion. But for the most part they remained firmly at their posts, as their leader had enjoined them. One youth, the son of a senator, quitted the city to join Catilina. His father, informed of his treason, pursued and arrested him, and caused his slaves to slay him upon the spot. But Lentulus, Cethegus and Bestia continued still in Rome, sometimes threatening to impeach Cicero for the exile of a citizen without judgment pronounced, and meanwhile planning a general massacre of the magistrates during the approaching confusion of the Saturnalia. Cicero, served by a legion of spies, tracked all their movements; but he dared not strike, while still devoid of written proofs against them. The imprudence of the conspirators at last placed such documents in his hands.

There happened to be at the time in Rome certain

envoys of the Allobroges, a Gaulish people, who had long vainly sued for justice from the republic, under the cruel exactions to which they had been subjected by the government in the province. The wild mountaineers whose cause they pleaded had risen more than once to extort their claims by arms; their discontent, swelling under repeated disappointment, was ready once more to explode at any favourable opportunity, while the senate, full of more important and more alarming affairs, still treated them with contemptuous neglect. So favourable was the moment that the conspirators addressed the envoys through a citizen well known to them, named Umbrenus, disclosing their contemplated plan for the overthrow of the government, and offering them a dire revenge as the price of their nation's assistance. They at once embraced the proposal and promised the aid of their countrymen. But presently, awed by their deep impression of the invincibility of the consuls and imperators, they sought the counsel of Fabius Sanga, the patron of their tribe in Rome. By him they were persuaded to reveal the negotiation to Cicero, who caused them to affect the deepest interest in the conspiracy, and to extract from the traitors a written engagement for the price of their alliance. Lentulus, Cethegus and Statilius affixed both their names and seals to the document required. On receiving it the envoys quitted the city in company with Volturcius, one of the conspirators, deputed to conclude the negotiation with the Allobroges in their own country. The consul, kept duly informed of all their proceedings, caused them to be waylaid at the foot of the Milvian bridge, three miles beyond the gates, and they immediately surrendered their despatches. While this was in progress the consul summoned the chief conspirators into his presence. They came without mistrust: surrounding them with his lictors and archers, he led them directly to

the senate. In the face of the assembled fathers he produced the fatal letters; and the culprits, overwhelmed with confusion, acknowledged their guilt by their silence. Lentulus, who had fondly flattered himself on the strength of a reputed oracle of the Sibyls, that, after Cinna and Sulla he should be the third Cornelius to reign in Rome, was compelled to abdicate the prætorship on the spot, and placed with his associates in the custody of the most dignified senators, to await the decision of their fate. Meanwhile, the examination being closed, Cicero addressed the people, who were crowding in agitation and alarm around the doors of the curia, upon the rumour of the awful disclosures going on within. To the multitude the wary consul submitted no judicial proof of the culprits' designs. He contented himself with declaring the evidence upon which they had been convicted to be their correspondence with Catilina, a public enemy, and their detected intercourse with the hostile Allobroges. This sufficed to brand them as pledged to succour an invader, to harbour him within the city, to deliver Rome to the fury of Etrurians and Gauls. But to prove their ulterior designs would have involved the discovery of the consul's secret sources of information, it would have been unbecoming the dignity of the government, and inconsistent with the politic reserve of an aristocratic assembly.

The conspiracy thus critically arrested has been represented, in accordance with the evidence before us, as the work of mere private cupidity or ambition. But the ruling party sought to incriminate in it their public adversaries. They had already studied to implicate both Cæsar and Crassus in the presumed machinations of Catilina at an earlier period. They now repeated the effort with increased virulence, and Catulus himself was foremost in urging Cicero to produce testimony against Cæsar. Such

testimony might doubtless have been suborned; loose surmises might at least have been construed into grave presumptions. But to such a project the consul steadily refused to lend himself. He was sensible perhaps that Cæsar's popularity would in fact screen from justice every culprit associated with him, and in giving him the charge of Statilius, one of the criminals, Cicero openly declared himself convinced of his innocence. Indeed the great difficulty was still to be overcome, and the consul would not permit himself recklessly to enhance it. Nine of the conspirators had been denounced, five were convicted and confined; but the nature of their punishment yet remained for decision. The law of the republic, as interpreted at least by the patricians, invested the chief magistrate with power of life and death, on the senate issuing its *ultimate decree*. On this authority alone bold men had slain presumed criminals, and the senate had loudly applauded them. But against such a stretch of prerogative the commons had always protested. They had resented such daring deeds, and retaliated them with violence. They had constantly appealed to the principle of Roman law, which forbade any citizen to be put to death except by a vote of the tribes. Nor could the tribes themselves, however sternly disposed, deprive a citizen, as long as he retained his rights as such, of liberty to evade sentence by voluntary exile. To the people accordingly, Cicero could not venture to appeal, nor would he assume on the other hand the responsibility of acting on the mere decree of his own order. Hitherto, even while defying the spirit of the laws, he had scrupulously adhered to their forms. He had abstained from arresting the conspirators in their own houses, to avoid the violation of a citizen's domicile. He had not given Lentulus in charge to his lictors; but had led him before the senate with his own

hand, because none but a consul might put a prætor under restraint. Finally, he had caused the criminals to be declared *perduelles*, or public enemies, in order to strip them of the prerogatives of citizenship, before proceeding to their punishment. He now threw himself once more on the senate itself. He restored to the assembly the sword which it had thrust into his hands. The fathers met in the temple of Concord, the groundplan of which may yet be traced under the brow of the Capitoline, and from the memorials still preserved to us, we may picture to ourselves a vivid representation of the debate which followed. While strong patrols traversed the streets, and the knights armed and in great multitudes surrounded the place of assembly, the consul-designate, Silanus, invited first to deliver his opinion, pronounced boldly for death. All the consulars, successively, followed on the same side. It seemed as if the meeting would have been unanimous, for Crassus had absented himself, and Cæsar, it might be thought, conscious of his own complicity or at least of the suspicions to which he was subjected, would desire to efface the stigma in the blood of the convicted traitors. But he, taking counsel only of his own boldness and spirit, of the claims of his party, and indeed of his own natural clemency, declared in a speech of remarkable power, for perpetual imprisonment, and with confiscation. He allowed indeed that the culprits were justly liable to the extreme penalty; but to free and high-minded men degradation, he contended, was worse than death, which he dared to characterize as mere oblivion. This speech made a great impression upon the assembly. Those who were next asked their opinion voted one after the other with Cæsar. Among them was Quintus Cicero, the consul's own brother; and Silanus himself thought fit to explain away the sentiments he had just delivered in accordance with the last

speaker. Cicero then rose to stem the current, and demonstrated with all his eloquence the impossibility of stopping at the point recommended by Cæsar after having gone so far, and both offended and alarmed so many dangerous enemies. But this appeal to the fears of the assembly rather increased than allayed their anxiety to escape from the immediate responsibility. Cicero's real influence with them was never great. A master in the forum, he was only a minister in the senate. There he was too generally regarded as a mere bustling politician, who used the means put into his hands by others for his own glory or advancement. The senators would have little heeded his counsel, had it not been reinforced by an energetic speech from Cato, who pronounced for the execution of the criminals in a tone of deep conviction and unflinching courage. Once more the audience was swayed round to the side of severity, and Cato's influence was openly avowed by the language of the fatal decree itself, which was expressed in his own words. The knights who waited impatiently for the result, were furious at the obstruction Cæsar had thrown in the way of justice, and when he appeared on the steps of the temple could hardly be restrained from assassinating him. Some of the younger senators carried him off in their arms, and among them C. Scribonius Curio was conspicuous for his spirit and courage.

The knights, it was said, had looked to Cicero for the signal to consummate their vengeance; but the consul had turned away. He was giving orders for the immediate execution of the senate's decree, in order to prevent the interference of the tribunes, or a rescue by main force. He went in person to the house where Lentulus was detained on the Palatine, and brought him to the Tullianum, the prison under the Capitol, whither the prætors at the

same time conducted the other criminals. The executioners were at hand. Lentulus was strangled first, and Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius and Ceparius suffered the same fate successively. When the consul, who had attended to the last, traversed the forum on his route homeward, he exclaimed to the crowds through which he made his way, "*They have lived,*" and the people shuddered in silence.

Cicero had performed, as he well knew, an action, the fame of which must resound through all ages, and for the moment the head of the aspiring Arpinate swam with the conviction that his name was now linked indissolubly with the greatest crisis in the history of Rome. The execution took place on the 5th of December, and he had yet another month of office before him, and Catilina was in arms in Etruria. While he turned from the contemplation of his own glory to finish his work, the nobles could dwell with grim satisfaction on an exploit, which proved, as they conceived, to them that they could defend themselves henceforth without the aid of a military chief. The patron they suspected and feared had withdrawn from their presence to collect his forces and assail their prerogative from a distance. He had left them exposed to the attacks of the Marians, whose courage had revived in his absence. But, trusting in themselves alone, they had checked opposition, crushed sedition, and strangled revolution. Should the survivors appeal, on his return, to Pompeius, they at once threw down the gauntlet and defied the commander of their own legions. We shall see how rash their hot-brained courage was, and how soon they cooled in the presence of the avenger whom they had evoked. But those among them who already apprehended his calling them to account, were prepared at least to make a

sacrifice of Cicero, assured that he would accept the victim and pardon the offence.

The successes of the generals of the senate had doubtless inspired Cicero with confidence to accomplish the act, which he regarded as the eternal glory of his consulate, and the salvation of his country. The presence of the troops of the republic had repressed the movements of insurrection in every quarter. In Etruria alone was the resistance serious and obstinate. Cicero had purchased the co-operation of his colleague Antonius, whose vacillation had given confidence to the conspirators, by ceding to him the province of Macedonia. He had placed him at the head of the troops destined to act against Catilina in person: but he had furnished him with firmer and more faithful lieutenants in Sextius and Petreius. While this army covered Rome, another under Metellus occupied the Cisalpine, and cut off the rebel's communications with his Gaulish allies. Catilina had assembled 20,000 men, but only one quarter of this number were regularly equipped. Menaced both in front and rear he turned alternately from the one opponent to the other, and was trying to shake the loyalty of Antonius, when the news of the death of his associates threw him into despair. He was now assured that the senate would never retreat from its position, and even the gaining of Antonius could only postpone by a few days the ruin which must eventually overwhelm him. His men too deserted from him by whole cohorts, and he soon found himself at the head of no more than four thousand followers. He attempted to penetrate the Apennines, and evading the forces of Metellus, gain the Alps and excite an insurrection in Gaul. But the defiles were closed against him, and again he threw himself on Antonius. The consul himself affected sickness and entrusted his legions to Petreius. The armies met not far

from Pistoria. Catilina prepared himself to sell his life dearly. He sent away his horse, and placed himself on foot in the centre of his little army. The struggle was desperate, but fruitless. Petreius was a cool and able general, thoroughly determined to do his duty. His soldiers fought under him with confidence and devotion. Victory, assured from the first, was delayed for a time by the resolution of a handful of rebels to perish on the ground they occupied; where they neither asked nor received quarter. The body of Catilina himself was found in advance of his own lines among a heap of slaughtered opponents. His head was cut off and sent as a trophy to Rome. A. U. 692. B. C. 62.

While the generals of the republic were still hunting the common enemy in the Apennines, and even before the execution of Lentulus, the leaders of the senate had been quarrelling among themselves, as if they had no one to fear either within or without the city. The election of consuls for the ensuing year had fallen upon D. Junius Silanus and L. Licinius Murena. We have seen that Catilina had presumed to offer himself; but a worthier candidate, the great jurist Sulpicius, was also disappointed, and resenting the notorious bribery employed by his rivals, had rushed to prosecute Murena. Bribery there had been probably on all sides; and Rome could ill afford at such a moment to waste her energies in a private squabble. Cicero, intent upon his schemes for the frustration of the conspiracy, could not endure that the public attention should be withdrawn to the miserable intrigues of the rival candidates, and stepped forward to defend Murena. But Cato, insensible to every argument from expediency, and unable to see two sides of any question, supported the suit of the accuser with headlong pertinacity. A part of Cicero's speech was directed to undermine the influence

of so virtuous an advocate. "*Would you know, judges, what sort of person a sage of the Porch is? He concedes nothing to favour, he never pardons. Compassion, he says, is frivolousness and folly: the wise only is beautiful, though crooked and deformed; he only is rich though a beggar, a lord though a slave: but we, he declares, who are no sages, are no better than runaways, outlaws, enemies, and madmen. All faults, he affirms, are equal; every error is a heinous sin; to wring a fowl's neck without just reason is as bad as to strangle one's father. The wise man never doubts, never repents, is never deceived, can never change his mind.*" And in this strain he continued to the infinite amusement of his audience, who were well pleased to hear the philosopher bantered. Cato joined goodhumouredly in the laugh. "*How witty a consul we possess,*" was the only remark he made. Nor did he afterwards retain any feeling of displeasure against the orator who both defeated his prosecution and turned him into ridicule.

In the midst of their contentions amongst themselves for the highest magistracy, the nobles had allowed Cæsar to obtain the prætorship, the second rank in the scale of office. Pompeius had despatched one of his creatures, Metellus Nepos, from Asia to secure one place in his interest on the bench of tribunes. Cato had refused to be nominated to another; and he was journeying into Lucania to avoid the turmoil of the elections, in which he declined to take a part, when he met the Pompeian candidate on the road, and learnt the object of his return. He now felt it incumbent upon him, as a true patriot, to watch and check the intrigues of the dangerous proconsul. Hastily retracing his steps, he presented himself to the people for election, and obtained a seat in the tribunate in conjunction with Metellus and others. Jealousies, suspicions, and preparations for violence were rife on all sides. The

people were alarmed for the safety of their favourite Cæsar, and after the execution of Lentulus, when he was once detained longer than usual in the senate, surrounded the curia with hostile cries, insisting on his being produced to satisfy them of his safety. The Marian chief indeed was himself far from daunted. He laughed to scorn the newborn courage of the nobles. On the 1st of January the chief men and dignitaries of the state were wont to ascend the Capitol, and there offer their greetings to the new consuls. Cæsar, however, instead of assisting in this act of official courtesy, took advantage of the absence of his colleagues and rivals to address the people in the forum, and to propose that Catulus should be deprived by their vote of the honours due to him as restorer of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Since its destruction by fire in the time of Sulla, it had taken twenty years to rebuild that august edifice, the glory of the city and the empire; and the work had now been brought to completion by Catulus, to whom, as prince of the senate, the most dignified of all the citizens, that honourable duty had been assigned. Catulus might now expect that his name, as the restorer of the structure, should be engraved upon its front; and no noble Roman would fail to prize such a commemoration of his services as dearly as a consulship or a triumph. Cæsar now charged him with peculation, and insisted on the production of his accounts; meanwhile, he urged the people to resolve that the final consummation of the work should be transferred to Pompeius. But the nobles, on hearing what was passing, rushed from the presence of the consuls with all their friends and adherents into the forum, and succeeded in averting the blow. The name of Lutatius Catulus was duly inscribed upon the proudest monument of the national pride, and bore witness to the glory of the most blameless hero of the later

commonwealth, till the temple was again destroyed in the wars of Vitellius and Vespasian.

A. U. 692. B. C. 82. Nor was this the only defiance hurled against the senate on that memorable day. Nepos, the tribune, had put himself in communication with Cæsar, and combined with him to insult the dominant faction, even in the moment of its victory. The execution of the conspirators had already been denounced as a murder, ere the echoes had died away of the shouts amidst which it had been perpetrated. Cicero, on resigning the fasces, presented himself to harangue the people, and detail the events of his consulship. It was a proud day for him, and he was prepared to enjoy it. But Nepos abruptly interposed: "*The man,*" he said, "*who condemned our fellow citizens unheard, shall not be listened to himself;*" and he required him to confine himself to the customary oath, that he had done nothing contrary to the laws. "*I swear,*" exclaimed Cicero, "*that I have saved the state.*" The nobles shouted applause: Cato hailed him as "*the father of his country;*" and the general acclamations of the people overwhelmed every opposing whisper. The nobles were elated by the unaccustomed sounds of popular applause: but Nepos threatened the recall of Pompeius, ostensibly to oppose Catilina, who was still in arms, but really to bear down the free act of the senate. Cato vowed that while he lived no such rogation should pass. A scuffle ensued in which Cato proceeded to actual violence: his colleague declared his sanctity violated, and fled to his patron's camp. The senate declared his office vacant (for the tribune was forbidden by law to quit the city); and at the same time suspended Cæsar from his functions.

The prætor refused to quit his tribunal till compelled by a military force, whereupon he dismissed his lictors, divested himself of the ensigns of office, and retired with

dignity to his pontifical dwelling. The populace now assembled to avenge the insult cast upon their favourite. A riot ensued, which compelled the consuls to retrace their steps, not without obsequious expressions of respect and deference towards him. Cicero had become already sobered from the intoxication of his recent triumph. The cold distance Pompeius observed towards his party mortified and alarmed him. Crassus loudly accused him of having calumniated him, and the enmity of Crassus was not to be despised. Finally a tribune had just seemed to menace him with impeachment, notwithstanding the decree of the senate which had forbidden any action to be brought against those who had aided in the punishment of the conspirators. These resentments the discreet consular now studied to allay. He sought to appease Crassus; he proclaimed aloud the zeal which Cæsar had displayed in being the first, as he attested, to disclose to him Catilina's machinations; and he who had lately exclaimed, "*Let arms give place to the gown,*" now prostrated himself before Pompeius, whom he exalted above Scipio, begging only for himself the humble place of a Lælius. He even sought allies for himself among the accomplices of Catilina. P. Sulla, one of the conspirators, was defended by Cicero, and acquitted in the face of manifest proofs. The orator struggled to maintain that union between the two privileged orders of the commonwealth, the senators and knights, the cherished aim of his policy, which seemed at last to be accomplished on the steps of the temple of Concord. But when the nobles spurned the knights haughtily from them; when Cato, reckless of the misery of the provincials, repulsed the prayer of the publicans of Asia, who sought relief from their contract with the treasury, on account of the deep impoverishment of the revenues they had undertaken to farm, insisting that they

should be held to the strict letter of their bargain; when the chasm between the two orders seemed once more to open before his eyes, having now to choose between the class to which he belonged by birth and natural sympathies and that to which his genius had exalted him, Cicero weakly threw himself upon the former, and proclaimed himself the creature of the aristocracy which despised him. The concessions he had made came too late to save either himself or them. The friends of Catilina still devoted him to their direst revenge; the demagogues lashed the people into fury against him; Cæsar smiled at his mistakes, while Crassus scarcely disguised the rancour of his hate under the veil of frigid courtesy.

The nobles committed indeed no greater error than when they inflamed the enmity of Crassus by divulging their suspicions of him, and at the same time shrank from disarming it by force. Assuredly they should have made him their friend, and this they might have done perhaps at a trifling sacrifice of their vanity. Crassus was liked by none, but few could afford to despise him; while his ambition might have been kept within bounds by the concession of legitimate honours and dignities, and the show of listening to his counsels. At the moment when Pompeius was passing over to the people, Crassus might have been retained on the side of the oligarchy from which he had never wholly estranged himself. His immense riches, the sources of which lay close at hand, gave him clients in the senate as well as among the knights: his slaves, his freedmen, his debtors and his tenants constituted an army in the heart of the city, to sway the debates of the forum and overawe its seditions. But when the nobles refused to support him in his suit for the consulship, they drove him to league himself with his popular competitor Pompeius: when they denounced him as a confederate of

Catilina, they threw him into the arms of Cæsar. By lending money to the Marian spendthrift, Crassus thought that he made him his own; but in fact he bound himself to the fortunes of his rival, from whose entire success he could alone hope to be repaid.

Cæsar's suspension from his prætorship had only served to attach his party more closely to him; an incident soon occurred by which it was hoped to sow discord between them. P. Clodius, the corrupt accuser of Catilina, a turbulent intriguer like so many members of his house, had ingratiated himself with the people by his popular manners. This beardless youth, already alike notorious for his debts and his gallantries, had introduced himself into Cæsar's house in female attire during the celebration of the rites of the Bona Dea, which should have been studiously guarded from male intrusion. A servant-maid discovered him and uttered a cry of alarm; the mysteries were hastily veiled and the intruder expelled; but the assembled matrons rushing hastily home revealed each to her husband the scandal and the sin. The nobles affected grave alarm: the pontiffs were summoned and consulted, and the people duly informed of the insult offered to the Deity. As chief of the sacred college Cæsar could not refrain from lending himself to the general clamour: but his position was delicate. On the one hand the presumed delinquent was an instrument of his own policy, while on the other his own honour and that of his wife Pompeia were compromised by the offence. He disappointed everybody. He divorced his wife, not because she was guilty, but because "*the wife of Cæsar*," as he said, "*should be above suspicion.*" But he refused to countenance the measures which the consuls took, by direction of the senate, for the conviction of the reputed culprit; and it may be suspected that the money with which Clodius bribed his judges was a loan negoti-

ated with Crassus by Cæsar himself. Cicero for his part had been lukewarm in an affair, the barefaced hypocrisy of which he was perhaps too honourable to countenance; but, urged by his wife Terentia, a violent woman who meddled much in his affairs, and was jealous at the moment of a sister of the culprit, he clearly disproved his allegation of absence from the city, and thus embroiled himself, to no purpose, with an able and unscrupulous enemy. The senate believed their cause gained; the proofs indeed were decisive, and they had assigned at their own request a military guard to the judges to protect them from the anticipated violence of a Clodian mob: but to their consternation, on opening the urns, the votes for an acquittal were found to be thirty-one opposed to twenty-five. "*You only demanded a guard, then,*" exclaimed Catulus with bitter irony, "*to secure the money you were to receive.*" Cicero attributed to Crassus the scandal of this perversion of justice; the nobles sneered at the corruption of the knights, and the gulf which separated the two orders yawned more widely than ever.

The profanation of the mysteries had occurred in December of the year 692, but the Clodian process, retarded by various intrigues, did not take place for some months. Meanwhile, before the end of January, Pompeius had returned from the East, and reached the gates of the city. He appeared there as an imperator, to solicit a triumph, at the head of a small detachment of his legionaries: but no sooner had he touched land at Brundisium than he had dismissed the mass of his victorious army, with the promise of estates which he made no doubt of obtaining for them from the senate. All parties were in anxious expectation of the use he would make of his power in quelling the feuds of the city, and some perhaps apprehended that he would extinguish the legitimate powers themselves from

A. U. 693. B. C. 61.

the perversion of which they sprang. All were amazed at the generosity or arrogance with which he divested himself of the support of his soldiers, and trusted to the glory of his name for maintaining his ascendancy in the commonwealth. The senators indeed regarded it as a weakness, and presumed that their adversary cowered under the imposing attitude they had assumed. The laws forbade him to enter the city while he yet retained the military command, but both the senate and the people held meetings in the field of Mars to hear him recount his exploits, and to collect from his own mouth the policy he proposed to adopt. Of his own actions he spoke magniloquently; but when he touched on domestic affairs his language was studiously moderate and conciliatory. He declared his deep respect for the great council of the nation; but withheld a word of approval of their recent or their pending measures. In order to draw him out Crassus was induced to utter an encomium on Cicero's conduct in his consulship; and upon that hint, Cicero himself rose to improve the occasion, and enlarged with his usual copious rhetoric on the dangers from which he had saved the state. He spoke, as he alone could speak, of the dignity of the senate, the loyalty of the knights, the favour of the Italians, the paralysis of every element of disaffection, the cheapness of provisions, the security of the commonwealth. The senate responded to the speaker's satisfaction: it was the crowning day of Cicero's vanity; yet one triumph was wanting to it, Pompeius would not be drawn into any indication of his views.

Pompeius seems to have held himself aloof from the proceedings relative to Clodius. Cæsar was also anxious to extricate himself from them, and the expiration of his prætorship had opened to him an honourable retreat in the province of the Further Spain. But there were two im-

pediments in his way: the one lay in the deep embarrassment of his debts; the other was a decree of the senate, passed on purpose to retain him at home, by which the magistrates were forbidden to go to their provinces before the decision of the Clodian process. Cæsar's private means had been long exhausted. The friends who had continued to supply his necessities had seemed to pour their treasures into a bottomless gulf; so vast was his expenditure in shows, canvasses and bribes; so long and barren the career of public service through which this ceaseless profusion had to be maintained. At this period when the bold gamester was about to throw his last die, he could avow that he wanted 250,000,000 sesterces (above 2,000,000 sterling) to be "*worth nothing.*" Before he could enter on the administration of his province he had pressing creditors to satisfy, and expensive preparations to make. Every other resource had been drained, but Cæsar could apply to Crassus for a loan. The wealthiest of the Romans hated the Great Captain who had just returned to the city, and he saw in Cæsar the readiest instrument for lowering his estimation. He held in pawn the treasures of Iberia. The sum required was 830 talents (200,000*l.*) and this was placed at once in Cæsar's hands. With the other impediment the proprietor ventured to deal in a more summary manner. He had reason to apprehend that a scheme was in contemplation to retain him at home by a political impeachment; but he knew that once at the head of his legions his foes would not dare to recall him, and he trusted to reap such a harvest both of treasure and reputation as would screen him from the effects of their malice on his return.

The evasion of Cæsar and the escape of Clodius mortified the senate, which wreaked its sullen humour on

Pompeius by delaying the official ratification of his acts, and the satisfaction of his veterans. It had conceded the honour of a triumph to Lucullus in spite of the impediments opposed thereto by his successor in the Eastern command, and still more recently, by conferring a similar distinction on Metellus, together with the surname of Creticus, it had expressed its approbation of the conduct of the very general against whom Pompeius had made war for disobedience to his orders. Now that the conqueror of Mithridates had himself returned to claim the last reward of military prowess, it seems to have harassed him with mortifying delays, for it was not till the end of September, nine months after his return to Rome, that his triumph was actually celebrated. Meanwhile he had been compelled to intrigue for the election of a creature of his own to the consulship; and while he thus bought the interest of Afranius, a weak and frivolous friend, he was mortified by the appointment of Metellus Celer, a decided enemy, as his colleague. His vanity was perhaps in some measure A. U. 693. B. C. 61. indemnified by the glories of his triumph, which lasted two days, amidst a display of spoils and trophies such as Rome had never before witnessed. The proconsul boasted that he had conquered twenty-one kings, and that Asia, which he had found the farthest province of the empire, he had left its centre. Banners borne in the procession announced that he had taken 800 vessels, 1000 fortresses and 900 towns; thirty-nine cities he had either founded or restored; he had poured 20,000 talents (about 5,000,000 sterling) into the treasury, and nearly doubled the national revenues. Above all he plumed himself, says Plutarch, on having celebrated his third triumph over a third continent. For though others before him had triumphed three times, Pompeius by having gained his first over Libya, his second

over Europe and this the last over Asia, seemed in a manner to have brought the whole world within the sphere of his conquests.

But on descending from his chariot the hero found himself alone in the city in which he had once been attended by such crowds of flatterers and admirers. Lucullus, stimulated beyond his wont by the presence of his rival, attacked his conduct in every particular; the senate was cold or hostile; even Cicero discovered that his idol was formed of ordinary clay. When the new consuls entered on their office Afranius was no match for his far abler colleague, and the ratification of the proconsul's acts was still petulantly withheld. Pompeius had disposed of crowns, he had made and unmade kingdoms, he had founded municipal commonwealths, in short he had regulated every thing at his sovereign pleasure, from the Ægean to the Red Sea. It concerned his honour to show to his friends and foes throughout the East, that he was not less powerful in the city than he had pretended to be in the camp. He demanded a public ratification, full, prompt and unquestioning. But Lucullus, supported by Cato, demanded that each separate act should be separately discussed. Such a method of proceeding could not fail to result in numerous checks and mortifications to him; even the delay would suffice to show that he had fallen from his vaunted supremacy. Pompeius chose rather to forego altogether the formal ratification of arrangements which he knew were not likely to be in fact disturbed. At the same time he instructed a tribune named Flavius to demand lands for his veterans. Cato and Metellus again opposed him: violence ensued, and the tribune complaining that his sanctity was profaned dragged the consul to prison. The senate insisted upon sharing the insult offered to its chief, and Pompeius, ashamed of the insolence of his own creature, gave

way once more, and withdrew his demands for a more favourable opportunity. But he was deeply chagrined at the treatment he had experienced, which dishonoured him in the eyes of his soldiers and of all Asia. Then too late he began perhaps to regret the disbanding of his legions. Repulsed by the nobles he betook himself once more to the people, and sought by popular arts to revive the prestige of his arms. But the first place in their regards was no longer vacant. Cæsar was securely lodged in their hearts, and with him the new comer must be content to share a divided empire. A. U. 694. B. C. 60.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE OR COMBINATION BETWEEN POMPEIUS, CRASSUS AND CÆSAR.—BANISHMENT AND RECALL OF CICERO.

A. U. 694—697. B. C. 60—57.

CÆSAR had reached his fortieth year, and had never led an army under his own auspices, nor served at all except in a subordinate rank. On arriving at the head-quarters of his province he found himself in command of two or more legions, and the unsettled state of his frontier, exposed to constant incursions from the predatory tribes of Lusitania, gave him a speedy opportunity of displaying his genius for war. He carried hostilities more deeply into the interior than any of his predecessors in the same command, driving the enemy before him through the defiles of the Herminian mountains and across the stream of the Douro. With a flotilla summoned hastily to his aid he assailed their rocky strongholds on the coast of Gallæcia, and inspired all the west of the peninsula with wholesome terror of the Roman arms. Returning from this distant foray the proprætor busied himself with settling the finances; he relieved the exhausted provincials from the burden of their obligations, and at the same time gave ample satisfaction to their Roman creditors. The fines and tributes he imposed gratified the cupidity of his followers, while he contrived to extricate himself from the pressure of debt under which he had so long laboured. Brief as his command was, it formed nevertheless an important turning point in his career. It made him conscious of his own military talents; it gained

him officers and soldiers; it freed him from pecuniary embarrassments, and it sent him back to Rome, a mature claimant of the consulate and the triumph.

Accordingly, as the period of the elections drew near, Cæsar ventured to quit his province in the middle of the year 694, before the arrival of a successor, which his enemies in the city may have purposely retarded. He demanded a triumph for his military exploits, but he was still more anxious for the solid advantages of the consulship, for which he offered himself as a candidate. The laws required, in strictness, that every competitor for the chief magistracy should present himself to the people on three stated occasions in the forum; whereas the imperator who expected his triumph was not allowed in the interval to enter the city walls. This jealous regulation which separated by so sharp a line military from civil eminence, had in later times been frequently superseded, and Cæsar might fairly claim the same indulgence which had been recently conceded to Lucullus. But the nobles chose on this occasion to shelter themselves behind the letter of the law; for they expected that Cæsar would forego the consulship from which they would have willingly excluded him, and grasped at the brilliant gewgaw which they did not care to withhold from him. But Cæsar knew too well his own interests to be thus cajoled. He waived the triumph, disbanded his legions, and paced the forum as a private citizen. The people, though baulked of the spectacle they loved, felt this choice as a compliment to the value of their suffrages. There were moreover other interests at work to advance Cæsar's suit, and the nobles were obliged to content themselves with offering him a colleague out of their own ranks.

The destruction of Catilina, the humiliation of Pompeius, and the relegation of Cæsar four hundred leagues from A. U. 694. B. C. 60.

Rome had inspired the oligarchy with blind confidence, and the fierce energy of their champion Cato seemed in their eyes a surer pledge of success than the genius of the heir of Marius or the fortune of the conqueror of Mithridates. Cicero was piqued by their preference of the rigid and impracticable declaimer over the cautious and discreet philosopher, such as he deemed himself to be. His remarks both on Cato and his supporters are pointed by mortified vanity; nevertheless they are substantially correct, and show with sufficient clearness how hopeless was the cause which had placed itself under such patronage. "*No man*," he said, "*means better than Cato, nevertheless he ruins our affairs: he speaks as a citizen of Plato's republic, not as dwelling amidst the dregs of Romulus.*" "*We have only one statesman among us;*" he added, meaning Pompeius; and so he "*drew in the sails of his pride*," and approached himself nearer to the discerning chieftain who had recently applauded the acts of his consulship, and had declared within the walls of the senate that his own exploits would have been performed in vain if Cicero had not saved the city for him to triumph in. The orator, who had been shocked at the agrarian law of Rullus, now supported a motion closely similar to it, proposed at the bidding of Pompeius by the tribune Flavius. He felt the inconsistency, and excused it by the weakness and folly of the nobles whom he might no longer lead, and whom he would no longer serve. The last year had overthrown the two great objects which his consulship seemed to have secured, the supremacy of the senate by the acquittal of Clodius, and the union of the two orders by the jealousies that event had created. Yet the magnates of the city, he said, were satisfied and vainglorious; their battle, they imagined, was won, and dreamt only of enjoying themselves in ease and security. They plumed

themselves on nothing so much as on their salt-water fish-ponds, and seemed "*to touch the sky with their finger*," if they taught their mullets to recognise their voices and come to be fed from their hands.

If however the dominant party was feeble, its opponents in the absence of Cæsar were irresolute and disunited. His first care on his return was to effect a junction between the two rivals who still stood furthest apart from one another, Pompeius and Crassus. He promised the one to gain for him from the people the consideration which the nobles had refused him, and the other to banish to their villas the frivolous aristocrats who had rewarded his eminent services with a paltry ovation. Each of the three parties pledged himself to throw his credit and resources into a common stock, and neither to act nor speak in public affairs except with a view to the united interest of all. The military glory of Pompeius, the wealth of Crassus, and the popularity of Cæsar, combined to constitute this triumvirate or commission of three, A. U. 694. B. C. 60. a power which swayed the people, the senate and the entire government of the republic. It was an actual usurpation of all political authority, without a legal position or official authority. The learned Varro dubbed it the *Cerberus*, or three-headed monster of the shades below. But it had in fact none of the essential unity which was necessary for the full development of the tyranny it affected. The members of the league were not sincere in their alliance, and none of them really renounced the personal objects which he hoped only to advance by deceiving the others. Pompeius saw in this union merely a legitimate combination of influences by which he must eventually be carried, without disturbance or revolution, to the highest place. Crassus foresaw the rivalry of his colleagues, and the facilities it would afford him for raising

himself above them by rendering to each in turn the support he required. Cæsar also who already meditated reigning, dreamt of one day claiming the supremacy to which they all aspired; but he had yet many steps to take, and meanwhile he hoped to split the oligarchy in sunder, and crush it piecemeal under his feet. It was Cæsar moreover that reaped the firstfruits of this alliance; for his colleagues pledged themselves to raise him to the consulship. We shall see hereafter that to his share fell its last fruit also.

Besides securing the support of the two most powerful of the citizens, Cæsar had attached to himself a wealthy candidate L. Lucceius, who engaged to defray a large part of his expenses. The nobles who opposed Bibulus to this formidable combination entered the arena with a vast subscription for bribing the centuries; Cato himself yielded to the urgency of the crisis, and acknowledged that gold must be thrown into the balance against gold. Cæsar and Bibulus were elected, and once more these reluctant yoke-fellows were united under the burdens of office. The consulship was the fulcrum from which the Roman world was to be moved, and Cæsar redoubled the assiduity with which he had long courted the people from whose favour he might expect the appointment to some extensive command, the resources of provinces and the devotion of armies. The nobles indeed, upon his designation to the consulship, had sought to frustrate his ulterior views by fastening upon him the reversion of a petty charge, the supervision of the roads and forests of Italy. But he had no intention to be thus controlled. He brought forward with all the weight of his official position an agrarian law, such as the nobles had already twice defeated in the hands of less powerful advocates. The measure embraced an assignment of lands to the Pompeian veterans, with a

general dotation of the poorer citizens, and especially of such as had three children, among whom the domain in Campania was specially divided. It professed to raise the drooping agriculture, and repeople the desert plains of Italy. The state retained at this period but a small extent of public land; but the spoils of the Eastern wars had placed ample means at its disposal for purchase from private proprietors; and the consul declared that the cession should be voluntary, the compensation ample and just, according to the estimated value of the last census. Twenty commissioners were to be nominated for the execution of the law; and the appointment to these lucrative posts was claimed by the proposer of the measure. Besides the just and reasonable spirit in which this enactment was conceived, Cæsar had declared that he would not press it against the decided wishes of the nobles whom he studied to conciliate by personal solicitation. Their prejudices however were unmoved: it was the measure of the Gracchi in the hands of a consul: moreover the acclamations of the people which hailed its promulgation alarmed them more than ever, for they already dreaded a new Pompeius in the increasing authority of the dissipated spendthrift. Cicero had retired to his villas to escape the necessity of declaring himself; he had opposed Rullus, he had supported Flavius; the new measure was more mature and feasible than that of either, but he shrank from enlisting himself on the side of Cæsar, of whom he still vacillated in his auguries. The nobles were content to place themselves under the guidance of Cato, and he with stolid arrogance refused to argue against the measure, and confined himself to a simple veto. The consul chose upon this to consider himself released from his pledge of deference to the nobles: he declared that he would not consult the senate at all, but solicit a mere

resolution of the tribes in its favour. At the same time he directed his lictors to arrest the tribune and carry him to prison, from which he only desisted when the senators crowded round their champion, and demanded in a body to share his punishment.

Cæsar had enacted that the proceedings of the senate should be published for general information; but this provision, the germ of public opinion and civil liberty, produced little effect even under his own administration, for from henceforth he seldom deigned to convene the senate at all, declaring the comitia of the tribes competent to make laws without its concurrence. When the people were summoned to vote for the division of lands, the forum was found crowded with armed men introduced into the city by Pompeius. The nobles were not wanting in courage. Bibulus, supported on either side by Cato and Lucullus, advanced to Cæsar's chair and abruptly dissolved the assembly on the plea of observing the signs of the heavens. The populace attacked him furiously, and cast him down the steps of the temple of Castor; two of the tribunes were wounded, Lucullus nearly killed; Cato was twice dragged by main force from the rostra, and the law was finally carried by the rout or coercion of the opposing party. A clause was added compelling the citizens to swear their acceptance of it, on pain of death, and under this compulsion its boldest opponents submitted, even Cato himself.

This agrarian law was the first that had passed for sixty years, and the successor of Marius might deserve to inherit thereby the popularity of the Gracchi. Nevertheless, while one of the triumvirs was making these strides in estimation and authority, his colleagues were not dissatisfied with their share of the advantages he secured to their common alliance. In relieving the publicani of Asia, whom Cato had mortified and repulsed, of one-third of their engagements,

Cæsar pretended to conciliate the equestrian order to the interests of the triumvirs. In extorting the confirmation of Pompeius's acts, he soothed the self-love of the most petulant of his associates, who now congratulated himself on the master-stroke of policy by which he had enlisted the "*young trifler*" in the league between himself and Crassus. Charmed by the graces of a youthful mistress, for it could not have been from any calculation of interest, he consented to demand the hand of Cæsar's daughter Julia, and become the son-in-law of a man younger than himself in years, inferior in estimation, and, as he fondly deemed, an adherent and client of his own. A. U. 695 B. C. 59.

Cæsar's consulship was an epoch of grave importance in the history of the republic, from the authoritative expression it gave to the views and aspirations of the popular party. While the nobles frightened and abashed at their recent discomfiture, shrank from all public action, and Bibulus, shut up within his house, caballed with the leaders of his order, but declared a *justitium* or holy-time, for the remainder of the year, his colleague was proposing laws to the comitia in rapid succession for regulating the tribunals, for controlling the proconsuls, and for elevating the population of the provinces in the scale of Roman society. From the first he had avowed himself the patron of the oppressed and despised provincial, and now that occasion offered, he fulfilled the promise of his early career. But the contempt he manifested for the forms of the commonwealth showed that it was by the individual, and not by the nation, that these favours were dispensed. The senate held aloof from them, and Cæsar scorned to consult it: the people were content to obey his word of command without remark or discussion. They applauded his liberal measures from no liberal sympathies of their own, but rather for the defiance they breathed against the faction

they hated and feared, and they sacrificed without reflection the principles of the constitution, while they laughed at the insignificance to which he had reduced his colleague, and proposed that the year should be inscribed in the *Fasti* by the names of Caius Cæsar and Julius Cæsar as consuls.

Cicero who had almost thrown himself into Pompeius's arms, was alarmed at the aspect of Cæsar's liberalism, the principles of which he could not understand, and shrank from connexion with him. Withdrawing as we have seen from the forum to his estates in the country, he wandered from Tusculum to Formiæ, from the mountains to the coast, employing his untiring activity in the study of rhetoric and philosophy, but ever and anon looking up wistfully from his tablets, and roaming back in spirit to the arena of public life. Looking abroad from his sanctuary he watched for the advances he expected to be made to him, and expressed his constant alarm lest the triumvirs should seduce him into their alliance. He declined a seat at the board for the division of the public lands; but he sighed for the dignified security of the augurate, and avowed to his friends, under the disguise of playfulness, that that was the only bribe he could be tempted to accept. The movements of Clodius, who was seeking adoption into a plebeian house as a step to the tribunate, caused him grave uneasiness; for he regarded it as a prelude to an attack upon himself, and the favour of the people, he feared, would no longer protect him. The people indeed now reserved all their gratitude and affection for their consul alone, and were ready to respond to every application he chose to make to them. It is possible however that his enemies' despair may have armed a secret assassin against him: such at least was the accusation against them of the villain Vettius, who being dis-

covered with a dagger on his person, avowed that Cato and other nobles had suborned him to murder both Cæsar and Pompeius. The nobles retorted that the pretended plot was a fabrication of Cæsar himself. The culprit was thrown into prison, and was found a few days afterwards dead in his bed. Every statesman in turn was criminated in the presumed murder; but the suspicions were too general to fall with much weight on any individual; we must be content to leave them in the obscurity which the Romans themselves were unable to penetrate.

The disquietude of public men, and the irritation of their feuds and jealousies, were crowned, perhaps, by this dark and terrible affair. All parties may have felt it a relief when Cæsar's fatal consulate drew to a close. He had trodden the path of advancement without a false step; every obstacle had fallen before him; every opponent had succumbed, every rival had yielded to his ascendancy. Exalted to the summit of legislative power, the acquisition of a province might hold out to him the lure of lucre; but the obscurity of provincial command, gilded only by the profits of plunder and extortion, could have in itself no charm for his magnanimous ambition. But in the confusion of affairs at home, the avowed debility of the senate and the corruption of the people, Cæsar saw that the days of the free-state were numbered. The example of Pompeius, expecting in fretful inaction the offer of supreme power, warned him that the crown he saw shining in the distance must be seized, not waited for; and he knew that it could only be seized by a victorious imperator. He resolved to quit the city, gather strength and resources on the field of foreign adventure, and at the fitting season invade his country, and demand the prize as a conqueror, to wear it as a beneficent restorer. The people, whose affection he had been careful to preserve by

an uninterrupted succession of games, shows and largesses, contemptuously set aside the decree of the senate, which had assigned him a paltry commission nearer home, and offered him, his colleague in vain *obnouncing*, the provinces of the Cisalpine and Illyricum for five years, with an army of three legions. The city had been recently alarmed by renewed movements among the conquered tribes beyond the Alps. The Allobroges at the first outbreak of Catilina's insurrection had risen again in arms, but had been repressed and *pacified* by the proconsul Pomptinus. The Helvetii, however, from the sources of the Rhone and Rhine, were preparing for a great national migration westward, which threatened encroachment upon the borders of the republic, and the destruction of her allies, together with such a general displacement of the native populations as must bring in its train a wide-spread revolution. The apprehension excited by this impending catastrophe called aloud for extraordinary measures to avert or to control it. We know not what intrigues were set in motion, nor how Cæsar's bitterest foes were cajoled or conciliated; how Pompeius was induced to lend himself to his rival's exaltation, and whether Bibulus anticipated from it more danger to his enemy than glory: so it was, that in spite of Cato's angry warnings, the senate eventually met, and added the Cisalpine province to the powers, already exorbitant, pressed upon their favourite by the people. The proconsulate of Cæsar in the West might now rival in extent and importance the extraordinary Eastern command conceded to the ambition of Pompeius. Such a precedent as the Manilian bill could not long remain without its natural consequences; but this second representation of the same drama was not destined to pass off without a tragic consummation.

A. U. 696. B. C. 58. After vacating the consulship at the end of the year 695, Cæsar continued to linger outside the walls to watch

events, while he pretended to be completing his levies. The new consuls were A. Gabinius and L. Calpurnius Piso, both adherents of the triumvirs; the one devoted to Pompeius, the other to Cæsar, who had just espoused his daughter. Both seem to have been equally notorious as men of depraved habits and dangerous characters, though Piso displayed an almost cynical affectation of republican virtue. Clodius had sought the tribuneship, and Cæsar had exerted himself in his behalf. The legal forms of adoption were satisfied or evaded, and the shameless demagogue found himself, before the age of thirty, in a position not less powerful than the consulship itself. Pompeius condescended to court him as an apt instrument for humbling the senatorial faction. The consuls were necessitous and greedy, and the young tribune, from his favour with the people, could promise them the reversion of two lucrative provinces. He had no deeper object, perhaps, than to gratify his malice against Cicero: but to effect the ruin of this illustrious enemy, he sought to confirm his influence by a series of popular measures. The senate had sanctioned the custom of selling corn to the citizens at a low fixed price, but the first enactment of Clodius made the largess wholly gratuitous. A second law forbade the consuls to dissolve the comitia under pretence of observing the heavens. A third reestablished the ancient *colleges* or guilds, which the senate had recently suppressed, and which the tribune expected to use as his instruments for coercing the legitimate authorities. He humbled the censors, the ancient ministers of the aristocratic ascendancy, by forbidding them to degrade a knight or senator except on a formal accusation presented to them. One by one the bulwarks of oligarchical despotism sank under the blows of the apostate patrician, which told with accumulating force on the decaying influence of the

man who represented in the popular view the genius and spirit of the senate.

We have already seen how rapidly Cicero fell in general estimation after the eventful period of his consulship. As he felt himself sinking he strove to buoy himself up by constantly dinning in the ears of senate and people the glories of his administration, and magnifying his own deeds with all the rhetorical extravagance which might be excusable, if not always graceful, in his pleadings for others. The virulence of the great contending factions had thrown both equally beyond the reach of his moderate counsels, and the superior lustre of the triumvirs had cast his services and abilities entirely into the shade. Nor could Pompeius forgive the senate's recent assertion of independence, and he wished, perhaps, to see its instrument broken and cast contemptuously away. At least he might hope that an overt attack upon Cicero would raise a few generous supporters in his defence, and that the first blow struck must demand his interference, and exalt him to an avowed and authorized supremacy. Cæsar, indeed, with his natural kindness, would have spared Cicero the humiliation of a public disgrace. When he refused the commissionership for the division of lands, he was urged to follow the proconsul into Gaul, by which his fall would at least have been broken. But the orator disdained to exchange the *gown* for the *cloak:* he still fondly hoped that the citizens would not desert him in the impending contest; that the hero, whose ears still rung with the music of his flattery, would step in at the last moment for his protection. From old habits of respect and awe he still continued to regard Pompeius as alone possessed of power to restrain the popular demagogue, and Pompeius did not hesitate to lure him on to the last with false hopes, to prevent his throwing himself into the arms of another.

Meanwhile the tribune was allowed to plant his bat-

teries without hindrance or remonstrance. He moved a resolution of the people in general terms, interdicting fire and water to whosoever should have inflicted death on a citizen without giving him an appeal to the tribes. No culprit was named, but Cicero was manifestly pointed at. In vain had the senate thrown over him the shield of its decree; accused by a tribune before the people he dared not plead the validity of an instrument which they denounced as tyrannical and unlawful. He descended into the forum with the garb and gestures of a suppliant, and invoked with loud cries the assistance of his friends, and the compassion of the multitude. Great numbers of the knights clothed themselves in black at his summons, and his steps, as he pleaded his cause from house to house, were attended, it is said, by twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens, with their hair unshorn in token of their sympathy. Encouraged by these favourable symptoms the senators met and proposed a decree, that the people should change their dress as in a public calamity; when the consuls resisted and Clodius appeared in arms among them, many of them ran out tearing their clothes, and calling aloud on the people to succour the Father of his country. The tribune and his agents were unabashed; they made a jest of the mourners, raised tumults in the streets, and pelted Cicero and his adherents with mud and stones. It is possible that a sanguinary struggle might have ensued, for there were not wanting among the haughtiest of the nobles men who counselled Cicero to appeal to arms, and would have equipped their clients and retainers to drive the Clodians from the forum. But the peaceful orator still hoped for the friendly interference of Pompeius and the consuls. The former had purposely gone out of the way, and was staying in his villa on the Alban hill. He coldly repulsed the suppliant who sought him in his

retirement, declaring that he could do nothing for him against the will of Cæsar. Gabinius and Piso were equally untractable, the one replying to him with scorn, the other with ironical excuses. Clodius pressed on his measure. He convened the tribes in the Flaminian circus outside the walls, to give Cæsar an opportunity of attending. The proconsul reminded the assembly of his vote against the capital sentence, and reiterated his condemnation of that fatal *coup d'état*, both on legal and political grounds; at the same time he faintly dissuaded it from the indulgence of revenge, and exhorted it to let the veil of oblivion still lie upon the past. While the debate was still pending Cicero quitted the city. He hoped to disarm his enemies by this voluntary exile, and anticipate a public condemnation. The last act of the retiring patriot was to take an image of Minerva, which he prized among his household treasures, and place it as the protectress of his country in the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter. But Clodius was not to be thus baffled: he carried his resolution, and caused sentence to be pronounced by name against the consular, who was forbidden to approach within four hundred miles of Rome. The vengeance of the law was at the same time denounced against whosoever should venture to propose his recal, unless, as it declared, the victims of his tyranny should first return to life. The barbarous formula which interdicted fire and water, and permitted any one to slay the criminal with impunity, was of course a dead letter. The fugitive was treated with respect and kindness on his way through Lucania to Brundisium, from whence he crossed over to Epirus, and the sympathy already manifested for him might confirm him in the assurance that his disgrace would be but temporary. But Clodius felt no misgivings in the moment of his triumph. He obtained a decree for the confiscation of the

exile's estates, gave his cherished villa at Tusculum to be pillaged by the consuls, and razed to the ground his patrician mansion on the Palatine hill, whither he had lately migrated from the modest dwelling of his obscurer years. A portion of the site the tribune shamelessly consecrated to the goddess Liberty, to render its future restitution impossible. A. U. 696. B. C. 58.

The triumvirs enjoyed with calmness and reserve the sentence which struck the senate through Cicero's sides. The nobles were mortified and dispirited. Yet the associates of Catilina were not yet fully avenged, while Cato remained still unassailed in person or repute. Clodius, at the instigation of his patrons, prepared a snare for the immaculate statesman, and under the guise of an honourable employment sought to degrade his estimation, and obtain grounds perhaps for a graver accusation against him. The rigid moralist was deceived by the shadow of popularity he enjoyed. A crowd always followed at his heels, but it was from curiosity rather than admiration. All applauded, but none cared to imitate his austere reflection of the reputed sanctity of the ancients. It was not therefore from any fear of his influence, but rather from a wish to display their own, that the triumvirs studied to rid themselves of his presence. Ptolemæus Lathyrus, king of Egypt, had appointed his elder son to succeed him at Alexandria, while to the younger he bequeathed the throne of Cyprus. But the new sovereign neglected to procure from the republic the ratification of his title: moreover, he had offended Clodius by offering only two talents for his ransom, when captured in early youth by the pirates. Besides these offences, public and personal, the king of Cyprus was reputed wealthy. Clodius moved the people to assign to Cato the charge of dethroning the innocent monarch, of annexing his island

to the dominions of the republic, and pouring his treasures into its coffers. To this odious charge another was added, perhaps hardly less tyrannical; the restoration of certain political exiles who had been banished by the commonwealth of Byzantium. Cato, with whom it was the point of honour to obey the dictates of the people, now submitted to be the instrument of their injustice at the summons of the man he most despised. His orders he executed with inflexible rigour, though he used some delicacy and kindness in his personal treatment of the unfortunate king. But if Clodius had hoped to corrupt him by the handling of so much wealth, he was deceived and disappointed, and the insinuations he ventured to urge against him on this head fell pointless to the ground. Cato's return however did not occur till two years afterwards, when the tribune's influence had sunk both with his patrons and the people.

Of the long list of demagogues and popular tribunes, who had shaken the pillars of the free state from the period of the Gracchi, Clodius was the most frivolous and vulgar, both in aim and temper. His dissolute manners were unredeemed by any generous impulses; his love of intrigue was directed to no noble objects; his violence was the fury of a street brawler, not the politic aggression of a party chieftain. The success he had secured himself by acting as the puppet of the triumvirs turned his weak head. He found himself master of the forum, and he believed himself without a rival in the commonwealth. He rewarded the consuls Gabinius and Piso with the rich provinces of Syria and Macedonia. Gabinius received at his motion full powers to make war upon any countries on the frontier, Egypt only excepted, and several communities, whose independence had been guaranteed by the republic, were ordered to place themselves under the

imperium of Piso. Towards the triumvirs however Clodius exhibited neither gratitude nor respect. Cæsar had quitted Rome at the same instant with Cicero, and it was not long before the tribune ventured to remind the citizens that the Julian laws had been passed in defiance of the auspices, and to urge their repeal. Pompeius on his return from the East had brought with him a son of Tigranes, the king of Armenia, and kept him in the custody of Flavius, one of the prætors, as a hostage for his father's good faith. Clodius obtained possession of the youth's person by fraud, and refused to surrender him on the prætor's demand. Soon afterwards on receiving his ransom from his father, he sent him home. Flavius set forth with an armed retinue to overtake him; but at the fourth milestone he was met by the tribune, attended also by a troop of partizans. A combat ensued, in which Clodius was successful, rescuing the young man, and killing among others a personal friend of the triumvir. Other adherents of Pompeius were menaced with accusations: the great man himself, thus injured and insulted, was met, on demanding reparation, with contemptuous sarcasms. He was led at last to believe that a plot had been formed for his assassination. A slave of the tribune was seized at his door with a dagger under his clothes, and confessed that he had been placed there by his master to commit the murder. This suspicion, coupled with the violence of the mob which always accompanied the demagogue, induced Pompeius to withdraw from public view, and confine himself to his own house. Even there he was assailed by the populace, and in the riot which ensued the consul Piso openly took part with Clodius. Pompeius now concerted measures for his tormentor's overthrow. He detached Gabinius from his colleague, roused the senate from its passive dejection, and with the assistance

we may suppose of Cæsar, obtained the election of consuls of his own choice. Of these Lentulus Spinther was a decided friend of Cicero, and Metellus Nepos, though personally hostile to him, acquiesced in the wish of the triumvirs to facilitate the exile's return. When the new tribunes were announced to be universally favourable to the same object, the real weakness of the noisy demagogue was sufficiently manifested.

B. C. 57. On the 1st of January, 697, the new consuls commenced their career by demanding Cicero's recall. They declared that the tribune's act of adoption had been informal, and all his measures thereby vitiated. They protested against the persecution of Cicero as a *privilegium*, a law that is directed against an individual, which contravened a fundamental principle of Roman jurisprudence. The proceedings of Clodius were discovered to be as illegal as they were unjust. The demagogue, divested now of the authority of office, could make no legitimate reply. But he relied on the devotion of his personal adherents, and hoped to overawe by his intrepidity the vacillating parties opposed to him. The nobles however had at last learnt to oppose force by force. They encouraged one of their body named Milo to arm a band of mercenary swordsmen, and turn the streets and the forum into the battlefield of the laws. Day after day the opposing parties met and shed one another's blood in the sight of the affrighted citizens. In one of these encounters Quintus Cicero, the orator's brother, was left wounded on the spot, and one of the tribunes narrowly escaped death. For seven months did this unnatural contest continue; but Pompeius refrained from calling upon his veterans to suppress it. The nobles rejoiced in escaping this odious interference, and their pertinacity was ultimately crowned by success. On the 4th of August the tribes could at

last meet and deliberate unmolested, and the recall of Cicero was voted with acclamations.

The return of the long-lost patriot was likened to a triumphal procession. From the moment of his landing at Brundisium to his entering the gates of Rome, he was received with unbounded rejoicings; all Italy, as he tells us, came forth to meet him and speed him on his journey forward. The citizens, ashamed of their base submission to the dictates of a pestilent agitator, strove to efface the stain of pusillanimity by redoubling the acclamations with which they had hailed the saviour of the commonwealth, the father of his country. Hollow as this flattery must have sounded in the veteran's ears, yet surely his pride in it may be pardoned; for at least it had been earned by no base compliance, and by no exploit of selfish ambition. But when he saw once more the forum, the scene of his triumphs and his disgrace, he must have felt at the bottom of his heart that he revisited it a wiser and a sadder man. Seventeen months of exile had taught him to appreciate more justly the inherent weakness both of his character and his position. He had surrendered himself to the most abject distress of mind, complaining of his fortunes, complaining of his friends, complaining not less bitterly of himself. In the overthrow of his own greatness he had forgotten the degradation of his own country; he had shown in the hour of trial that Rome was only the second object of his thoughts, himself the first. And for his position, he could no longer disguise from himself that he had been made, and must still continue to be, the mere sport of men, his inferiors equally in ability and in honesty; men who would be known to posterity only from their connexion with his own name. His dream of conciliating interests and classes, and widening the basis of the constitution, had vanished into air: the free-state A. U. 697. B. C. 57.

was manifestly doomed to perish, and he had saved it only for a moment. After all, the great act of his life was doomed to be cited by future ages as no better than a splendid failure. As this sickening conviction had gradually dawned upon him he had withdrawn himself, even before his exile, further from the arena of public life: he had thrown himself more devotedly into literary occupations, and sought forgetfulness of the present in speculative abstractions. Henceforth we shall see the habits of study grow more intensely upon him. Though still flitting about the fatal flame of politics, he will refrain from attempting to lead his countrymen or dictate to their military chieftains. He will be content to serve under the banners of another, and avow a humble satisfaction in the occasional acknowledgment of his counsels. Thus in the last agony of its existence did the republic cast from it almost the only statesman who truly wished to serve it.

Cicero's complaints had been poured into the ear of one faithful and discreet adviser, the Epicurean Pomponius, whose love for Athens and the Athenian people had gained him the surname of Atticus. The orator who rejoiced to employ his leisure hours in conversing by word or letter with men of literary accomplishment found none among his countrymen with tastes more congenial to his own, none whom he could so securely consult on the decoration of his villas, the replenishment of his libraries, or even the worth and reputation of his beloved philosophers. Atticus professed moreover the art of enjoying life. His pleasures were tranquil and passive, partaking in regulated proportions of the sensual and the spiritual; he avoided all excitement, longed for nothing and pursued nothing. He refused to entangle himself in public affairs, and never pleaded a cause or involved himself in a lawsuit. Wealth he possessed, and he allowed himself to improve it by

safe and unadventurous speculations. His avowed neutrality was respected by all parties, and he found means of doing kind offices to divers friends whom politics had reduced to misery. To Cicero, in his time of trouble, the resources and advice of Atticus were delicately and freely tendered; and when the impatient fugitive could calm himself to reflect on his position, he owned that no friend had given him sounder counsel or provided more considerately for his necessities. Of all monuments of antiquity none is more precious to those who love to follow a great and interesting mind into the recesses of its thoughts, and to picture to themselves the private life of the heroes of old, than the letters of Cicero to Atticus. The public engagements of the patriot statesman are known to us from many sources; but in this volume more particularly we trace him to his domestic hearth, his mansion on the Palatine, his sea-beach at Antium, his suburban groves on the hill of Tusculum. There, with his beloved city spread in the plain beneath him, he revolved divine philosophy amidst the monuments of the ancients and the villas of his own generation. The combination of the actual with the visionary, of the business of life with ideas of eternity, which he enjoyed at Tusculum, suited the temper of Cicero far better than the abstract pursuit either of politics or philosophy. He depended too much on others' actions for a politician, too much on others' thoughts for a philosopher; but by uniting the one character with the other he effected a combination of the practical and the speculative, such as man has rarely equalled and never excelled.

CHAPTER X.

CÆSAR'S CONQUEST OF GAUL, AND INTRIGUES IN THE CITY.

A. U. 696—703. B. C. 58—51.

ANCIENT Gaul, the vast and compact region which stretches from the Alps and Pyrenees to the Rhine, lay in the first century before our era a prey to numerous invaders. The time had long past since her gay and gallant children had crossed rivers and mountains, carrying fire and sword among the homesteads of barbarians, and the palaces of the civilized world. On one hand the Gauls of Aquitania had penetrated the gorges of the Pyrenees, and carried their arms and language to the banks of the Douro and the shores of the Atlantic. In the East they had descended the valley of the Danube, and founded a Gallic colony beyond the Euxine; they had crossed the deserts of Thrace and the mountains of Macedonia, overrunning the fairest valleys of Greece, till their course was arrested by the God himself who dwelt in the shrines of Parnassus. To the South they had climbed the Alps, and spread themselves over the luxurious plains below; they had founded numerous cities, and settled in flourishing communities, from Susa to Ariminum; they had more than once descended the flanks of the Apennines; they had besieged, captured and burnt the home of the Romans themselves. But the Iberians, the fathers of the modern Basques, had in their turn retorted upon the Gauls the passage of the Pyrenees, and planted themselves immoveably between the mountains and the Garonne. The Ger-

mans had poured in successive swarms across the Rhine; in the north the Belgæ between the Rhine and Seine had become a mixed people, of Celtic and Teutonic race; the Cimbri had lately flooded the whole country from the Jura to the Mediterranean; the Suevi from the Hercynian forest trode the highlands of the upper Seine and Saone; the Helvetii, as we have seen, were threatening, under the pressure perhaps of a Teutonic invasion from the East, to intrude their whole population upon the centre of Gaul. Lastly the Romans had constituted a province in the South, and from the towers of Narbo and Arelas watched all these movements with jealous ambition, and calculated the exigencies of the natives, who were summoning them precipitately to their rescue.

Gaul to the north of the Garonne was occupied by two principal races, divided by the Seine or the Loire; the Celtæ, Galli or Gael, as they are variously designated, lay within this boundary, the Belgæ or Kymry beyond it. The Galli in their central seats were pressed at the same time from various quarters. Their principal tribes were the Arverni, who have given their name to the modern Auvergne; the Ædui, between the Loire and Saone; and the Sequani, eastward of the latter river. Among these people the rude and predatory habits of barbarians had yielded to an indigenous civilization of a low type, adapted to the frivolous and sensual character of the Gauls before their blood was blended with nobler admixtures. They had advanced in the cultivation of arts and commerce, and their priestly caste possessed a certain tincture of literature; but their national spirit was almost effete; the martial temper of the nobles had become enervated under the sway of democratic assemblies, and their moral principles corrupted by intriguing for the limited authority allowed them by the laws. The three nations just mentioned were rivals for

the leadership of the Gaelic tribes; but their confederacy, cemented by a general convention of deputies, did not extend beyond the limits of their race above indicated, and the Pictones, Santones and other communities in the far west were attached to it by a slender tie. The Ædui in their struggles for supremacy had craftily connected themselves with the Romans, who had dignified them in return with the name of friends and brothers. Pluming themselves upon this distinction, and on the abasement of the Arverni, they had insulted and oppressed their neighbours on every side. A league had been formed against them between the Arverni and the Sequani, who distrusting their own resources, had called a body of Suevi to their aid under the chief Ariovistus. The Ædui had been beaten in the field, and compelled to deliver hostages; but the Sequani had had little time to rejoice in the victory they had obtained. Under various pretexts Ariovistus had summoned to his side more than a hundred thousand of his warriors, and had demanded for them a third part of the Sequanese territory. His Gaulish associates, now combined once more by a common oppression, had risen with all their forces against the intruding barbarian, but had been routed in a sanguinary engagement, and subjected to still greater vexations. Ariovistus now raised his demands, and required the Sequani to surrender a second portion of their soil to twenty-five thousand Harudæ, his allies.

Such were the insatiable oppressors against whom the Gauls invited aid from Rome, while the impending movement of the Helvetii was yet unanticipated. Divitiacus the chief or vergobret of the Ædui, came to Rome and besought the protection of the republic for his disheartened subjects. While the senate, harassed by domestic troubles, and fearful of confiding to any proconsul the charge of a mission so important, still kept the envoy in suspense, he was entertained from interest or curiosity by the chief men

of the city, and learnt to admire the Romans from his converse with Cicero and Cæsar. Meanwhile the Helvetii had determined to abandon their narrow valleys for ever, and seek a wider field for their population in the west of Gaul. They appointed two years for completing their preparations, and having provided the arms, implements and stores the enterprise required, gave their four hundred villages to the flames, and met to commence their march at the outlet of the lake Lemanus, three hundred and sixty-eight thousand in number, men, women and children.

This movement of the Helvetii was something more perhaps than a blind impulse of migration: they had at least among them a chief of politic views and crafty ambition. This man named Orgetorix intrigued with certain chieftains of the Ædui and Sequani, by whose aid he hoped to secure a passage for his countrymen westward, and with whom he concerted ulterior projects for the advancement of all three to the sovereign power in their respective nations. On discovering this plot against their liberties the Helvetii cited Orgetorix to defend himself, and he averted condemnation by a voluntary death; but the Ædui and Sequani took the alarm, and threatened to forbid the entrance of the wanderers within their borders. The Rhone after descending the rapid slopes of the Mons Adulas or St. Gothard, spreads itself in a wide and placid lake beneath the walls of Geneva, as if collecting its whole weight and force to burst the barrier which connects the Alps and the Jura. On the right bank of its stream the mountains fall precipitously into the water, leaving only a precarious footing for mules and goats along the face of the fearful declivity, until modern skill and science suspended a terrace on their brow. Such a pass could be closed by a handful of men against any numbers, and it was justly deemed impracticable except with the concurrence of the Sequani, who kept guard over it. On the

left bank however there is a wider space of level ground between the outlet of the lake and the gorge of the mountains, and through the territory of the Allobroges the Roman province was accessible by easy roads southwards. Here accordingly the Helvetii proposed to direct their march, demanding the permission of the Romans to cross the bridge at Geneva, before which they appeared at the end of March, and promising to traverse their dominions without hurt to their subjects. At this moment Cæsar arrived from Rome, having reached the point of danger in eight days. He immediately broke down the bridge; but in the whole province there was only a single legion to defend the passage of the river against these impatient hordes. He extorted one week for deliberation. In this brief interval he set his men to work with spade and pick-axe, and when the appointed day arrived presented to the astonished eyes of the barbarian envoys a line of mound and trench, ten miles in length, reaching from the lake to the defile. Additional forces had also arrived, and the invaders, who crossed the river in rafts or by swimming and wading, could make no impression on these hasty fortifications. Baffled in this attempt, they had no other alternative but to scale the face of the mountains on the right, and this they contrived to do through the mediation of Dumnorix, a chief of the Æduans, who negotiated for them the permission of the Sequani. Emerging from the defiles which bounded the territory of their ancestors, they stretched in long array across the plain, and reaching the Saone a little above its confluence with its sister stream, slowly transported across it their unwieldy multitudes.

Meanwhile Cæsar had hastened back into Italy to expedite the movement of the battalions destined for his anticipated campaign. He returned by forced marches to the Rhone with five legions at his back. Crossing the

river he followed in pursuit of the Helvetii, and came up with their hindmost division before it had effected the passage of the Saone. Cæsar brought the barbarians to an engagement, and cut them in pieces; then threw a bridge across the river and followed once more in the track of the main body. The Helvetii had engaged to spare the country of the Ædui, through which they were now advancing in a northerly direction, and they received perhaps secret aid and encouragement from them. They made no expedition to escape the pursuer, who, following them through a country denuded of its supplies, and receiving little assistance from the treacherous natives, was nevertheless unable to overtake them. When at last he was compelled to make a lateral movement in the direction of Bibracte (Autun), the capital of the Ædui, where he expected to command supplies, the barbarians supposed him to be flying from them, and turned also to the left in pursuit of him. Cæsar had determined to risk a general battle, and rejoiced to find the enemy coming forwards to demand it. He posted his legions on high ground, and awaited the impetuous onset of their impatient and undisciplined warriors. Cæsar distrusted his cavalry, which was composed of Gaulish auxiliaries, and made them all dismount, taking his own place also on foot, to disguise perhaps the meaning of this precaution. The Helvetii advanced in close array, their shields interlaced above their heads to repel the stones and arrows of the Romans. But they could not withstand the weight of the pilum, which broke their lines, or piercing several shields at once, entangled their bearers together. The struggle however was obstinate, and continued through many hours, the barbarians defending themselves among their waggons to the last. A vast number, we may believe, were slain, though the magnificent enumeration of the dead made by the

victors does not deserve to be recorded. Cæsar himself must have suffered considerably: at least he forebore from pursuing the flying masses, which reached the borders of the Lingones in four days. But, broken and dispirited, they were unable to maintain themselves in the midst of a hostile population. On delivering their arms they were spared the usual alternative of death or slavery, and were only enjoined to return to their abandoned and ruined homes, and retain possession of the valleys and defiles which formed the bulwark of the province against the restless wanderers of Germany.

On the spot where Cæsar terminated the war with the Helvetii he found himself almost in face of Ariovistus and the Suevi. He had come prepared to encounter this enemy also, and the prayers of the Gauls themselves, particularly of those among them who boasted their alliance with the republic, furnished him with an adequate pretext. But he proceeded with the usual forms of military diplomacy, in order to make the Germans appear formally the aggressors. He proposed an interview with Ariovistus, who replied haughtily, "*If I wanted any thing of Cæsar I should go to seek him; if Cæsar wants any thing of me, let him come hither.*" The proconsul retorted with menaces. "*No man,*" said the barbarian, "*has ever attacked me without finding cause to repent it: let Cæsar engage when he please; he shall learn what kind of men he has to deal with, warriors who for fourteen years have never sought the shelter of a roof.*" At the same time the Ædui announced that the Harudæ were entering their borders, and the Treviri of Belgian Gaul that an hundred Suevish clans were standing on the brink of the Rhine, preparing speedily to cross it. The hordes of Ariovistus were but the vanguard of the great German nation about to pour itself into Gaul.

The Sequani admitted the proconsul into their chief city Vesontio (Besançon) on the Doubs, where he had arrived just in time to prevent its falling into the hands of the Suevi. Here he collected and recruited his forces, which had now been kept in march almost without intermission, since they quitted Aquileja in the Cisalpine. The legions were dispirited by their fatigues, if not by their dangers, and during their short stay at Vesontio yielded to terror at the descriptions given them by the wretched Sequani of the enormous stature, the redoubtable bravery and boldness of the German warriors. These unworthy fears Cæsar could with difficulty allay: they were fostered by the effeminate cowardice of the young patricians who were sent to make their first campaign under the proconsul's eye, and were attached to his staff. When he heard that these young officers were signing their wills in their tents, he gave leave to all who chose to quit the service, and assuring himself of the devotion of a single legion, the Tenth, declared that he would conquer or perish with them for his companions. The soldiers pierced with shame and remorse, implored to be led against the enemy. After a seven days' march northward the Romans reached the cantonments of the Suevi. Here Ariovistus, amazed at the boldness of his assailant, himself desired a conference. He reproached Cæsar with intruding upon his domains, upon his Gaul, as he called it. "*You have your province,*" he said, "*and this region is mine.*" He was not so rude and barbarous, he added, as not to know that under the mask of alliance the Romans intended to subjugate the Gaulish nations. "*Depart,*" he concluded, "*with your army, otherwise I will treat you as enemies; and know that many emissaries have reached me from the great men at Rome, with the offer of their good-will and services, if I only rid them of you. But leave me free possession of Gaul,*

and I will charge myself with the conduct of all the wars which your policy demands." War however was necessary for Cæsar, and he had not come so far to recoil before an enemy. A great battle was fought which ended in the total rout of the barbarians. Ariovistus effected his escape across the Rhine, wounded and almost alone. The broad and rapid river destroyed numbers whom the sword had spared. The news of this disaster reached the Suevish hordes on the other side, and instead of rushing onwards to avenge their slaughtered countrymen, they dispersed into their native forests. In one campaign Cæsar had gained three great victories, and destroyed two formidable enemies.

War, it has been said, was necessary for Cæsar's policy. He had his army to form, his coffers to replenish, the nursery and school of his future legionaries to establish. The destruction of the Sueves and Helvetians had delivered central Gaul from the presence of every invader, and the gratitude or servility of the natives themselves invited him to consolidate in their territories the influence of the republic. He deposed or appointed magistrates in their cities, placed his own officers at their sides as spies or counsellors, convened the national assemblies and directed their deliberations, while at the same time he thrust his hands into their treasuries. The outposts of the Roman legions were advanced into the valley of the Saone, and there impatiently awaited another summons to victory and plunder. The interference of the proconsul was not borne with equal submission by all. The Belgian tribes, whose liberty was yet unassailed, were induced by the intrigues of the discontented to rise in a body against the southern intruders. The Remi alone chose the side of the Romans, hoping to secure by their assistance the first place among the states around them. They sent envoys to the pro-

consul, explained to him the plans and resources of the confederates, and offered him supplies and a passage through their own territories. Cæsar had made fresh levies in the Cisalpine during the winter. In the spring of the year 697 he took the field at the head of eight legions, and encountered the forces of the Belgians amounting, as he was informed, to three hundred thousand warriors, on the banks of the Aisne. Several skirmishes ensued in which the Romans claimed the superiority; but a division directed by Cæsar on the enemy's rear first broke their array, and dispersed them far and wide in defence of their own territories. The Romans hung on their rear, and cut off large numbers of the retreating multitudes. The coalition was at once dissolved, and the proconsul could proceed to throw the whole weight of his forces upon each tribe in succession. One by one they fell before him. The Suessiones surrendered their capital Noviodunum (Soissons); the Ambiani Samarobriva (Amiens); the Bellovaci Bratuspantium (Beauvais); but the chiefs of this tribe had taken refuge in the island of Britain which they first made acquainted with the name and ambition of the Romans. Divitiacus, who followed Cæsar in all his campaigns, and commanded his Æduan auxiliaries, employed his influence to obtain generous terms for the vanquished, and doubtless recommended to them the advantages of submission. A. U. 697. B. C. 57.

Cæsar had crossed the Marne, the Aisne and the Somme, and subdued the principal Belgic tribes of Gaulish origin without check or danger; but the German clans which had settled among the forests and morasses further north were reported to be more formidable opponents, and among them the Nervii were noted as the most warlike and ferocious. The Germans, inclosed in the heart of Belgium by Gaulish tribes which they had dislodged or defeated,

prided themselves on their superior bravery, and refused to partake of the foreign luxuries to which they ascribed the degeneracy of their neighbours. On the dissolution of the great confederate army of the Belgians they had retired undismayed into the fastnesses on which they relied for their protection, and while the nations of the open country yielded without a struggle, collected all their forces to resist haughtily to the uttermost. The Nervii awaited the advance of the invaders behind the Sambre. The legions, it appears, generally marched in consecutive order, each followed by the long files of its own baggage, and the whole army formed an immense column, the head of which, entangled in the narrow paths of the forest, might be crushed before succour could reach it from the rear. The Nervii, apprised of the mode in which the enemy might be expected to approach, concealed themselves in a wood behind rising ground, intending to fall upon the first of the Roman legions as soon as it should appear on the summit. But Cæsar had taken the precaution of changing his dispositions. Six of his eight legions marched together, the baggage of the whole following under the escort of the two last. The Nervii were deceived by this manœuvre, and instead of a single division of the enemy, found themselves suddenly engaged with the main body of his forces. Nevertheless the unexpectedness of their appearance and the rapidity of their charge surprised and disconcerted the Romans, who had piled their arms, and were preparing to entrench their camp at the moment of the attack. The confusion of the legionaries was increased by the country being intersected with hedges, which prevented them from immediately seeing and communicating with one another. Nevertheless the Atrebates and Veromandui who fought on the right and centre of the Belgians, were checked and driven back; the great contest and

peril of the day was on the left, where the Nervii drove the Romans before them, slew their officers who exposed themselves without flinching to recover the fortune of the day, and crushed two legions against one another, so as to deprive them for a moment of the use of their weapons. The skill of the general could no longer avail. Cæsar seized a legionary's buckler and threw himself into the ranks, where his personal valour infused new hope and spirit. The Romans gained space once more, and then Cæsar could spread out his cohorts and communicate between his legions. They renewed the combat with more order and intelligence; discipline and tactics regained their advantage; the reserve came up from the rear, and at the same moment the victorious tenth legion returned to the field from the pursuit of the Atrebates. The Nervians were now in their turn surrounded, pressed and hurled into confusion. No reserve or reinforcements arrived to extricate them, and the great mass of their army perished on the spot. Cæsar was assured that of six hundred of their senators only three escaped; of sixty thousand combatants not more than five hundred survived that bloody day. A. U. 697. B. C. 57.

The Belgians had risked their freedom in one general engagement, and Cæsar's victory secured the submission of almost every enemy. Nevertheless, while the season continued to allow of operations, he did not desist from hunting down the remnant of the unsubdued. The Aduatuci, whom he charged with treachery, were chastised with barbarous severity. All the survivors of a bloody-massacre, fifty-three thousand in number, were given to the soldiers as slaves, or sold to the followers of the camp. During this expedition, Publius, the son of the triumvir Crassus, a gallant young officer, was detached with one legion to receive tribute and hostages from the tribes between the Seine and Loire. In this quarter no resist-

tance was offered to the proconsul's requisitions, which were enforced throughout the winter by the presence of seven of his legions. This region was the centre of the Druidical superstition, and Cæsar, we may suppose, employed the influence of the Druid Divitiacus to win the priesthood to his views. With the close of the year 697, the whole of Gaul seemed to acquiesce in the supremacy of the victorious republic, and even from beyond the Rhine many tribes sent humble deputations to the formidable proconsul. One of his lieutenants, Sulpicius Galba, was despatched to the upper valley of the Rhone, to secure the Pennine pass over the Alps, already frequented by travellers, but closed against military movements by the jealous independence of the natives. Cæsar himself quitted his camps for the cities of the Cisalpine, where he convened the assemblies of the states, and demanded supplies of men and money. The senate expressed the liveliest satisfaction at his brilliant successes, and voted him on the motion of Cicero, a *Supplicatio*, or thanksgiving to the Gods for the unusual number of fifteen days. Ten days had been deemed sufficient to celebrate the glory of Pompeius and death of Mithridates.

A. U. 698. B. C. 56. Cæsar had repaired to Illyricum to inspect the eastern extremity of his vast province, when the news reached him of the repulse of Galba by the Alpine mountaineers, and of a general rising of the Armorican tribes in the western peninsula of Gaul. The Veneti, a maritime people on the coast of the Morbihan, were at the head of that confederacy, and their influence extended along the shores of the British Channel to the mouth of the Seine. The Roman officers sent ostensibly to collect supplies, but more probably to intrigue against the chiefs and governments, were seized and kept in custody, while preparations were every where made for a strenuous resistance. Cæsar's forces were close at hand. Hastening from the

Po to the Loire, he despatched one division against the tribes of the Norman coast, another against the Aquitanians in the south, the third he led in person against the Veneti. He constructed a flotilla on the mouth of the Loire, manned it with mariners from Massilia and Antipolis, and put it under the command of Decimus Brutus, with orders to seek the fleet of the Veneti on their own coasts. The Veneti, accustomed to take refuge from an invader in the fastnesses of their rocky headlands, and to baffle the siege and the blockade with the help of their numerous galleys and hardy seamen, had placed all the flower of their nation on board the fleet. Confident of a triumph on their own element they issued from the gulf of Morbihan to encounter the vessels of Brutus, while Cæsar at the head of his legions awaited the issue on the shore. The Roman boats, lighter and smaller than those of the barbarians, were more easily manœuvred in a calm, to which, perhaps, they owed their success. The victory was complete, and Cæsar carried his vengeance to the utmost limits allowed by the barbarous usage of ancient warfare. The Veneti, he declared, had broken faith and could expect no indulgence. The remnant of their senate was put to the sword, and the whole tribe sold into slavery.

Meanwhile, Sabinus in the north dispersed the forces of the Aulerci and Curiosolitæ, the Unelli and Lexovii, and many other tribes. Publius Crassus in the south had crossed the Garonne, and defeated the barbarians in a great battle, in which they had been marshalled by officers from Iberia, trained in the school of Sertorius. The gorges of the Pyrenees offered an asylum to a few indomitable fugitives, but most of the valleys at their feet submitted to the Roman imperator. The third year of Cæsar's proconsulship seemed to confirm the pacification of Gaul.

The Morini and Menapii, in the furthest north, alone defied the invader, who proceeded before the close of the year to chastise them in person. Retiring before him into the marshes and forests of the Scheldt and Wahal, they preserved their arms unbroken, and their freedom unimpaired, and with the first fogs and rains of autumn the proconsul was glad to leave them in their melancholy abodes.

A. U. 699. B. C. 555 Again Cæsar crossed the Alps to approach nearer to Rome, and observe, from the frontiers of the Cisalpine, the movements of the capital. Again he was recalled at the commencement of the ensuing year; not by any new attempt at deliverance on the part of the vanquished Gauls, but by an invasion of Germans from beyond the Rhine. The Usipetes and Tenchteri, driven from their own homes by the incursions of the Suevi, penetrated into Belgium, and found themselves rather hailed as deliverers than encountered as enemies. They had advanced as far as the frontiers of the Treviri on the Moselle, when Cæsar, who had hastily summoned the states of northern Gaul, and demanded aid for their defence, confronted them and haughtily bade them retire. The invaders, who began the conference with loud vaunts of their prowess, soon succumbed to the stern resolution of the Roman. With difficulty could they obtain from him a truce: when obtained it was quickly broken. Cæsar charged the barbarians with the guilt of its first infraction; but all the advantage redounded to himself; for he attacked their camp while their leaders were detained in his own quarters, and made a frightful havoc among the scarce resisting multitudes. Utterly broken and discomfited, the Germans were driven across the Rhine. When the news arrived at Rome some indignation was expressed at the proconsul's faithlessness, and Cato, professing to act in the spirit of

the early republic, demanded that he should be delivered to the enemy in expiation of the national sin. The senate, however, took a more indulgent view of the transaction, and awarded to the conqueror the honours of a supplication.

The fourth year of Cæsar's government was now advancing, and in the midst of the cares and occupations of conquest he was still anxiously watching the affairs of the city, and observing the movements of his associates. During his absence the bands of the triumvirate had already sensibly relaxed. Pompeius and Crassus were pursuing their private objects, each hastening as he thought to the occupation of supreme power. The concurrence of the leaders of the party to effect the recall of Cicero and the suppression of a tribune's insolence, might suggest the reconstruction of political interests on a new basis. A scarcity of corn in the city at the moment when the exile reentered it, gave him a pretext for moving that an extraordinary commission for its supply should be conferred upon Pompeius. The republic was now familiarized with the monopolies of power, which had lately shaken it with alarm. The consuls approved, and for the third time Pompeius was placed above the laws. He was authorized to demand supplies from any part of the empire, at prices fixed at his own discretion; the commissioners employed in the business were to be of his own appointment, and his powers were to be continued to him for a period of five years. The people never looking beyond the immediate urgency, granted these powers with acclamation, and the senate acquiesced under the pressure of another proposition by a tribune named Messius, a creature of Pompeius, who would have still further increased them with the command of fleets and armies, and authority over the proconsuls in the provinces. The

great man was permitted to execute his charge by the hands of his deputies, remaining himself at the gates of Rome, and the commissioners themselves, of whom Cicero was one, seem to have enjoyed the fruits of his patronage without labour or responsibility. The whole scheme was a mere pretence for placing the conqueror of the East at the helm of state, which four years before he had so unwarily abandoned.

But at this period another opportunity offered for a great military preferment. The king of Egypt, Ptolemæus Auletes, had been expelled by his subjects, and was seeking the aid of the republic for his restoration. He applied to the chiefs of all parties in succession, and excited in each the hope of obtaining the commission, and therewith the command of an army, fame, power and emolument. The senate would have devolved this office on one of the consuls, and thus raised up a partizan of its own to balance Cæsar in Gaul, and Pompeius at the gates of the city. Lentulus, to whom the province of Cilicia fell by lot, was about to enter upon his government, and assume at its bidding the charge of restoring the exile. But C. Cato, a tribune in the interest of Pompeius, alleged an oracle of the Sibyls to the effect that the king must not be restored *with a multitude;* a phrase which was deemed to prohibit the employment of an armed force. The influence of the republic might doubtless have sufficed to effect without arms the ostensible object of the commission; but to withhold the military appointment was to rob it of much of its dignity and value, and defeat the intrigue for raising up a rival to the triumvirs. While Lentulus departed for his province to await the issue, the city was again distracted by various cabals. Crassus proposed the appointment of three legates. Bibulus added that the legates should be men of inferior dignity.

The friends of Pompeius would have conferred the office on their own patron alone, which Servilius, the organ of the senate, now declared the commission altogether inexpedient. At the same Clodius, who had become ædile, was sowing dissension between Crassus and Pompeius, and persuading the latter that even secret violence might be apprehended from the jealousy of his associate. The increasing turbulence of the popular demagogues made any decision of the affair impossible. The city became once more a prey to internal tumults. The nobles began to collect their retainers from the country to protect their champion Milo. The Clodians, unable to repel force by force, appealed in their turn to the tribunals, and impeached him without success. The tribune, C. Cato, persisted however in harassing the senate with factious motions before the popular assembly. The statue of Jupiter on the summit of the Alban mount was struck by lightning, a portent which excited a general panic and raised a cry for recalling Lentulus from his province. The consuls interfered by taking the auspices on the days of meeting, and thus vitiated the proceedings of the comitia. A.U. 698. B.C. 56.

The consuls for the current year were men of more than ordinary resolution. The nobles elated by their victory over Clodius, had put forth all their strength at the recent elections, and the fasces had been deputed to Lentulus Marcellinus, a determined partizan of the senate, and Marcius Philippus, who though connected with Cæsar by marriage with his niece, was not the less strongly attached to the interests of his order. The vigilance of these leaders kept the triumvirs at bay, and baffled the machinations of Clodius, though he was protected by his office as ædile from the impeachment with which they threatened him. They sought to effect the election of

successors of similar principles to their own, and more especially of L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, a brother-in-law of M. Cato, a man inspired by his connexion, and not less by his own temper, with the deepest hatred of the triumvirs. Domitius openly declared that his first act in office should be to propose Cæsar's recall from his province; and none could doubt that once deprived of his province and his army, the chief of the Marians would be exposed to a ruthless persecution, to a sentence of banishment, or even of death. A decree for his deprivation had already been moved, and strongly urged by a host of speakers. Averted for the moment by the eloquence of Cicero, whose brother Quintus the proconsul now distinguished with peculiar favour, it was still suspended over his head to descend at the first opportunity. Cæsar, aware of the danger of his position, was driven in self-defence to encourage the violence of the demagogues, as well as to support the claims which both Pompeius and Crassus now put forth for the consulship.

With the approach of winter Cæsar, as in the year preceding, had repaired to his Cisalpine province. Stationing himself at Lucca, the point nearest to Rome, he presented himself to the friends who flocked to him from the city, bringing in their train political agents of every shade of party, spies, enemies and admirers. Consulars and officials of every grade thronged the narrow streets of a provincial watering-place. A hundred and twenty lictors might be counted at the proconsul's door, while two hundred personages of senatorial rank, nearly one-half of the order, paid their court at his receptions. They found that the lustre of his achievements and the reserve of military command had not impaired the genial affability of his manners, or the active kindness of his deeds. Senators and knights returned to Rome, their ears tingling

with his compliments, their hands overflowing with his benefactions. The spendthrift extolled his generosity; the prudent admired his dexterity; even the best and gravest bowed before the ascendancy of his character, in which they beheld the last pledge of public order, energy and security.

The state of affairs at Rome might indeed fill all minds with the gravest alarm. The fatal crisis had arrived. The machinery of the free-state could no longer perform its functions. The consuls and the tribunes, the senate and the tribes mutually controlled each other's movement, and paralysed the vital organs of the body politic. The influence of Crassus and Pompeius had effectually baffled the suit of Domitius: but the nobles determined that if their own candidate could not succeed, at least no competitor should prevail against him. Day after day the consuls interposed with adverse auspices, and forbade the tribes to assemble. The people, deeply impressed with superstitious regard for the forms of their religion, even applauded Marcellinus for the spirit with which he urged the will of the Gods against the passions of their own leaders. He replied to their insensate shouts by solemnly warning them that the time was coming when their voices would be no longer free. The consuls continued to abstain during the remainder of their term from all the duties of their office. They neither relinquished the mourning in which they had clad themselves, nor attended the public spectacles, nor feasted in the Capitol on Jove's solemn day, nor celebrated the great Latin festival on the Alban mount, but continued to conduct themselves in every thing as men under constraint, and magistrates deprived of their legitimate power.

When at last the curule chair became vacant, the impatient candidates did not wait for the legitimate forms of A. U. 699. B. C. 55.

an interregnum. The tribunes in their interest convened the people, and summoned them to give their suffrages. Domitius once more presented himself for election, and both force and bribery were employed probably on either side with equal recklessness. Young Crassus arrived from Gaul with a detachment of the proconsul's veterans, and at last overawed the opposition of the nobles. Domitius himself did not give way till an attendant had been slain at his side. The new consuls, Pompeius and Crassus, having obtained their own appointment by violating all law and justice, secured the other magistracies for their creatures by similar means. M. Cato, who was a candidate for the prætorship, was mortified by a rejection, rendered doubly vexatious by the infamy of Vatinius, the rival whom the triumvirs exalted over his head.

Cæsar had effected a hollow reconciliation between his colleagues in his conference with them at Lucca, and the wealth of the one had now contributed as much perhaps as the influence of the other to their joint elevation. Nevertheless the absent proconsul did not expect his own interests to meet with much attention from them. He relied upon the zeal of private friends to make the personal demands of the consuls a pretext for claiming the advantages he required for himself. Trebonius, one of the tribunes, proposed that Spain should be conferred upon Pompeius, and Syria upon Crassus, for a term of five years, together with unusual powers for levying troops and making peace and war. Immediately the proconsul's friends urged the prorogation of his government for a second period of five years also. They could plead the brilliancy of their patron's services, and the danger of the crisis, at the moment when the German tribes were again crossing the Rhine. The province itself only half pacified, required to be organized by the same powerful hand

which had subdued it with such marvellous celerity. But Cæsar's real objects, though well known to all political observers, were not such as could be divulged in the Roman forum. The consuls themselves were fully sensible of their colleague's anxiety to strengthen his position and multiply his resources for his future aggrandizement: but they were blinded, the one by vanity, the other by new-born aspirations for military glory, to the risk of increasing his power, and in their eagerness to secure the prizes presented to them, desired that Cæsar's wishes should be gratified also.

If the gravest members of the senate were mortified at the arrogance of the consuls, still more were they alarmed at the demands of their daring associate. It was manifest that these latter years of Cæsar's government would consolidate his influence over his soldiers, wean them from the habits and prejudices of citizens, and teach them to centre in their leader alone every feeling of obedience and duty. No sooner therefore were these motions made than the nobles girded themselves for another struggle. It was not however Lucullus and Servilius and Cicero that now appeared as formerly in the van, and Catulus had died five years before: M. Cato, the influence of whose grave consistency had become almost obliterated by daily collision with violence and vulgarity, and Favonius, a party brawler rather than a political chief, to whom the populace gave the name of Cato's shadow, were the most active champions of the oligarchy. Of the tribunes, two only, Ateius and Aquilius, lent to their cause the high prerogatives of their office. But under such guidance the cause itself was in danger of being rendered ridiculous. Favonius being limited to an harangue of a single hour, consumed the whole in remonstrating against the shortness of the time allotted him. Cato, to whom a double

space was conceded, launched forth into a general invective against the conduct of his opponents, tracing their violence and treachery through the whole sequence of political events, so that his time also was exhausted before he had reached the real point of discussion. Such were the infirmities of the men to whose discretion the indolence or despair of the nobles had now consigned their cause.

Thus the whole day was consumed, and Cato gained his point so far as to retard the discussion by twenty-four hours. But it was about to be renewed on the morrow. Aquilius fearing now that the exasperation of his opponents might drive them to violence to prevent his appearance next morning in the forum, passed the night in one of the curias on the spot. His ingenuity however was of little avail. Trebonius caused the doors of the building to be blocked up, and kept his colleague in durance through the greater part of the ensuing day. At the same time he obstructed the passages which led to the forum, and excluded with a high hand Ateius, Cato, Favonius, and all the most notable men of their party. Some of them, indeed, contrived to slip unobserved into the assembly, while others forced their way into the inclosure over the heads of the crowd. Cato and Ateius were lifted upon men's shoulders, and from that unsteady elevation the voice of the tribune was heard above the din, proclaiming that the auspices were adverse, the proceedings illegal, and the assembly formally dissolved. He was answered by the brandishing of clubs, and by showers of stones; swords and daggers were drawn in the affray, and the friends of the senatorial party were driven from the arena, not without bloodshed. Such were the tumultuary proceedings by which the triumvirs secured the ratification of their schemes.

In such scenes as these the consuls themselves had not scrupled to take part openly. Not long before, at the election of ædiles, the robe of Pompeius had been sprinkled with the blood of a victim of popular ferocity. This accident was shortly followed by the most fatal consequences. On his return home, thus disfigured, he was met at his door by his wife Julia, suddenly informed of the fray and hastening to welcome her husband on his safe arrival. The youthful matron, devotedly attached to her spouse and far advanced in pregnancy, was so much alarmed at the sight, that she was seized with premature labour. The event gave a shock to her constitution from which, as will appear, she never wholly recovered.

During the progress of these intrigues Cæsar was driving back the Germans from the soil of Gaul, and fixing the boundary of the empire once more upon the Rhine. Early in the summer he threw a bridge across that river, and retaliated the recent invasion by hunting the barbarians among their own forests. In such a foray there could have been little prospect of booty, and Cæsar did not meditate any permanent conquest; but it employed his soldiers and inured them to hardships of a new kind; it excited the admiration and gratitude of the Gauls, and added to the renown of the successful warrior, who was the first of the Romans to cross the rapid torrent of the North, beyond which all was unknown and appalling to the imagination of his countrymen. Retracing his steps after an incursion of only fifteen days, the proconsul prepared himself for another expedition more distant and more hazardous: he was informed perhaps by this time of the prolongation of his imperium, and his mind already began to revolve wider plans of conquest, to embrace the more extended period now assigned to it. Britain peopled by the same nations as Gaul, was closely connected with

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the neighbouring continent both in its religious and political relations. On its distant western shores, in the isle of Mona, was the sacred grove, the sanctuary of the Druidical worship, to which pilgrims resorted from the farthest limits of Gaul, for initiation in the holy mysteries. The Veneti, as we have seen, were strictly allied with the tribes of the southern coast, while many of the Belgian clans had cast their offsets on its eastern shores, and carried an admixture of Teutonic blood even to the centre of the island. Britain was famous also for the mineral treasures of the Cornish peninsula, and the shallow waters near the mouth of the Thames were noted for their deposit of pearls. The young patricians who served in Cæsar's staff exulted in the prospect of this glittering plunder, and urged their general perhaps to an adventure which prudence could hardly justify. Cæsar took with him no more than two legions, to explore for himself a country about which he seems to have received but little information. Hovering for some hours off the South Foreland, on the 26th of August, he dropped northward with wind and tide, and reached, as is generally believed, the beach of Walmer in the afternoon. The natives, apprised of his intended descent, covered the heights in great numbers, and opposed his landing with cries and menaces. The Romans however speedily overcame all resistance, and planted their tents the same evening on the shore of Britain. The chiefs of the barbarians now sought to treat with the invader, and watch an opportunity for attacking him at an advantage. On the fourth night the tide rose, with the full moon and a gale perhaps from the north-east, to an unusual height. The Romans, little acquainted with the movements of the tides, had taken no precaution against the violence of the waves, which overflowed the beach on which they had drawn up their vessels, drove

them from their moorings, and dashed them against one another. The same gale dispersed the flotilla which bore a squadron of cavalry to the camp. These disasters revived the courage of the islanders; they assailed one legion which had gone out in quest of supplies, and soon afterwards attacked the camp itself. As soon as Cæsar had repulsed them from his intrenchments he allowed negotiations to be renewed, and was satisfied with the promise of a few hostages and a nominal tribute. Hastily refitting his vessels, to escape the dangers of navigation at the season of the equinox, he recrossed the channel within three weeks from the day of his landing. Such was the inglorious result of the first aggression of Rome on British independence.

At the commencement of the next year, the great province of Gaul beyond the Alps lay tranquil and submissive. The proconsul had still several years before him to organize and mould it to his views, and he now more seriously contemplated the addition to it of a new conquest beyond its shores. He collected a large part of his forces on the coast of the Morini, and in the spring embarked five legions in six hundred vessels for the subjugation of the Britons, who, as he averred, had not fulfilled the stipulations of their treaty of the preceding year. Reaching the coast at the same point as in his former expedition, Cæsar restored the fortifications of his old camp for the protection of his stores and vessels, and marched boldly into the country. He forced the passage of the Stour, where the natives first encountered him; but he was recalled by the disaster of his fleet which had been again shattered by a tempest. This caused some delay before he could put his legions once more in march, and the fear of a surprise compelled him to leave more than half his army behind him. The Britons, acting now with more combination under the

command of Cassivelaunus, king of the Trinobantes, harassed him as he advanced by the rapid charges of their scythed cars, but they offered him no general resistance till he reached the Thames, near the most southern angle of its course, where they were drawn up to dispute his passage. The Romans however crossed the river, swimming or wading, under cover of a shower of missiles discharged from the engines in their rear, and the consternation of the barbarians was crowned, it is said, by the sight of an elephant they employed in their ranks. By this time Cæsar had secured the assistance of some native chiefs, which was of more service to him than the success of his arms. He took and burnt the fastness to which Cassivelaunus gave the title of his capital; but the country, covered with forests and bristling with fortified stockades, was full of peril to an invader, and he was glad to admit his principal opponent to honourable terms, the delivery of a few hostages, and the precarious promise, as before, of an annual tribute.

In the first year of his command Cæsar had delivered Gaul from the rival invasions of the Helvetii and Suevi; he had effected the subjugation of the South. In the second he had imposed his yoke upon the fiercest nations of the North; in the third he had subdued the West. The campaigns of his fourth and fifth years had daunted the Germans and Britons on their own soil, and closed the gates of his province against foreign succours. Gaul was occupied within, and fortified from without; the proconsul might now hope to devote the remainder of his term to developing its resources for his future aggrandizement. His name was daily repeated with the liveliest acclamations by his countrymen; Cicero himself, forgetful both of his dignity and his calling, was preparing to celebrate the "*Wars of Britain*" in heroic verse. But in fact the ge-

neral resistance of the Gauls had not yet begun. Hitherto a few of their nations had combated separately; but now all had become alike sensible that the vain pretexts which the Romans had employed to establish themselves in the heart of their country only concealed the settled design of enslaving them. Faithful to the ancient policy of the senate, the chief of the popular party at Rome had overthrown wherever he could in Gaul the government of the democracy, in favouring the elevation to sovereignty of ambitious chiefs, who surrendered to him in return the independence of their countrymen. Thus he had placed Tasgetius over the Carnutes, Commius over the Atrebates, Cavarinus over the Senones, Cingetorix over the Treviri. Dumnorix the Æduan boasted also that Cæsar had promised to make him king among his own people. Wherever the popular form of government was still allowed to exist, the proconsul had been careful to create a Roman party which swayed the assemblies and corrupted the senate, influencing and at the same time betraying the counsels of their compatriots. Nor did he fail to seize adroitly another means of influence, by convening annually the general assembly of the states of Gaul. At these solemn meetings, by the fascination of his manners and the ascendant of his military glory, he gained the deputies of the most intractable barbarians, and guided the deliberations to which he gave the appearance of freedom. This was the specious instrument by which he recruited his armies, replenished his treasuries, raised or depressed states and chieftains at his will. With the exactions levied from one tribe he sought the services of another, while he soothed all alike with the charms of Roman civilization and the prospect of Roman citizenship.

No genius however could avert the disappointment and mortification which every favour bestowed upon one neces- A. U. 700. B. C. 54.

sarily excited in many rivals. Government by corruption must create a hundred open enemies for each hollow friend. Nor were the agents whom Cæsar was obliged to employ endowed with the sagacity and moderation of their chief. Gaul was a virgin soil for the exactions of the Roman official, and thousands of military and fiscal agents, quartered throughout the land, rushed upon the riches of the conquered as their own legitimate prize. Sensible of the disgust which was beginning to operate upon the minds of the chiefs, and apprehensive of their influence upon the multitudes, Cæsar had carried with him into Britain those whom he most distrusted. Dumnorix, whom he had ordered to accompany him, had fled from the camp. The proconsul insisted that he should be brought back dead or alive, and the fugitive had been slain by his pursuers. As the brother of Cæsar's friend Divitiacus, his treachery had been pardoned on a former occasion; but his impatience to reap the expected reward of his submission had impelled him to a rupture with his patron, and the example of the proconsul's vengeance checked for a moment the intrigues of the disaffected among his countrymen. On his return from Britain Cæsar still found Gaul tranquil and apparently resigned. He held a meeting of the states at Samarobriva, his northern capital, and assured himself of their fidelity. The scarcity of provisions induced him to disperse his legions in distant quarters throughout the northern parts of the country; but having no apprehension of any impending outbreak he set out himself for Italy, intending to pass the winter as usual within reach from Rome.

Meanwhile the nations between the Loire and Rhine had concerted together a vast conspiracy. The chiefs by whom their councils were animated were the Eburon Ambiorix, and Indutiomarus the Treviran. They were to rush to arms as soon as Cæsar had departed for Italy,

to invoke the assistance of the Germans and to fall upon the legions in their separate cantonments, cutting off all communication between them. The secret had been well kept; but at the last moment a premature rising of the Carnutes retained Cæsar in Gaul. Ambiorix, who supposed him to have already crossed the Alps, invested the camp of Sabinus and Cotta, the advanced post of the Roman forces. Despairing of the success of an assault, he succeeded in convincing the lieutenants that the whole of Gaul was in arms behind them, the Germans pouring over the Rhine in front, and induced them to quit their quarters and repair to the camp of Q. Cicero in the country of the Nervii. In the course of this movement the Romans were enveloped by the enemy in the midst of a forest, and cut to pieces. This success decided the tribes which still hesitated in the neighbourhood, and the Eburones combined with the Nervii and Aduatuci in attacking the entrenchments of Cicero. At the same time Indutiomarus overthrew his rival Cingetorix, raised the Treviri, and threatened the camp of Labienus in that quarter. The thirteenth legion was kept in check by the nations of Armorica, and Cavarinus, the friend of the Romans among the Senones, was chased from his throne by the popular champion Acco. The Remi alone in the north of Gaul remained faithful to the republic, while the Ædui coerced the confederacies of the south, and still furnished supplies, and maintained the communications of the Romans. A. U. 700. B. C. 54.

So general was the national feeling of hostility to Rome that Cæsar at the head of two incomplete legions at Samarobriva was kept for some days in entire ignorance of all that was passing around him, and his officers in their distant quarters believed him to be already in Italy, or far advanced on his route thither. At last a Gaulish

slave reached him from Cicero's beleaguered camp, and informed him of the destruction of two legions and the peril of a third. With his slender battalions he immediately rushed to the rescue. Enveloped by vast multitudes of assailants, Cicero was unable for some days to hear of the succours which were at hand, which were at last notified to him by a billet attached to an arrow, inscribed with Greek characters to baffle the vigilance of the enemy. Cæsar might wish to conceal from the Gauls the number, small as it was, of the troops advancing to his relief. By contracting the ordinary extent of his camp he deceived their calculations, and enticed them to offer him battle on ground of his own choosing. He broke their onset, put them into confusion, and succeeded in bursting their lines and throwing himself into Cicero's camp, where not one of the defenders in ten was still unwounded. The Gauls, whose slight and excitable character was easily elated and as promptly dispirited, were cowed by this disappointment. Instead of concentrating their armies and redoubling their efforts to involve Cæsar himself in the ruin from which his lieutenant had so narrowly escaped, they broke and dispersed on all sides. Labienus issued from his camp, defeated and pursued Indutiomarus, who was speedily overtaken and slain. The whole confederacy was paralysed, and each state only sought to disguise or to atone for its own rebellion. But the proconsul was not now betrayed into false confidence. He remained through the winter in Gaul, and made preparations to meet the storm, which he expected to burst forth again in the coming spring. At the general assembly which he convoked at Samarobriva, the Senones, the Carnutes, and the Treviri refused to present themselves by their deputies. This amounted to a declaration of war, and Cæsar rejoiced in the opportunity of redeeming the glory of his arms, and

crushing his foes more effectually. Fully prepared for the campaign he could attack them in detail. The Carnutes were saved from a signal chastisement by the intercession of the Remi; the Senones by the prayers of the Ædui; but Cæsar was determined not to be baulked of a vengeance which he intended should make a lasting impression upon the whole of Gaul, and now directed his forces against Ambiorix and the Eburones. This people were descendants of the Cimbric invaders, aliens from the rest of Gaul, and regarded perhaps with jealousy by their neighbours. Cæsar proclaimed them public enemies, and summoned all the tribes around to pillage and destroy them. The Gauls madly joined in the destruction of their allies, and the Romans looked calmly on while the whole nation was butchered, and the vast forests of Arduenna ravaged with fire and sword. Cæsar next attacked the Treviri, whom he compelled once more to accept Cingetorix for their king; then drove the Menapii into the recesses of the forests, and crossing the Rhine a second time, forbade the Germans to turn their eyes to the left bank of their frontier stream. Ambiorix had escaped the pursuit of the Romans, but Acco was seized and delivered to the semblance of a trial before the assembly of the Gauls convened on the soil of the Carnutes. He was condemned and executed as the author of his countrymen's revolt, while the ministers of the national religion were ordered to brand with excommunication the inferior accomplices of his crime. A. U. 701. B. C. 53.

Gaul was pacified for the second time, and the proconsul could venture once more to cross the Alps, and observe from the frontier of his province the intrigues of the capital. But far beyond the bounds of Italy the rumour had already flown that there was deep dissension among the triumvirs, and that the anarchy so long pre-

valent in the city was about to issue in civil war. In the depths of their forests, where the bravest and most restless of the Gaulish chiefs still met to murmur at their humiliation and to concert new measures of revolt, these rumours were hailed with hope and exultation. Cæsar had raised his army of occupation to ten legions, and of these, while two were stationed among the Treviri in the North, and the same number among the Lingones in the East, to watch the lower and the upper Rhine, six were collected together in the country of the Senones, a centre from which every quarter could be equally checked and menaced. But Cæsar himself was absent, and the deep snow on the mountains seemed to close Gaul against him through the winter season. It was in the centre of Gaul, the country of the Carnutes, where the hostility of the people was stimulated by the religious fanaticism of the Druids, that the explosion was about to burst out. At Genabus on the Loire, the Roman traders had established themselves in considerable numbers. The population rose, the strangers were surprised and massacred. On the same day the news of the deed of vengeance was carried by couriers, duly posted in expectation of it, no less than a hundred and sixty miles to the frontiers of the Arverni. There a young chief, whose father Celtillus had been put to death by his countrymen for aspiring to the sovereignty, and who was ambitious perhaps himself of earning a throne by devotion to their service, at once called together his dependents and raised the standard of revolt. To this young warrior the Romans gave the name of Vercingetorix, and so we may continue to denominate him, though the title is supposed to be properly an official rather than a personal designation; for the Arvernians, catching the flame of his enthusiasm seized their arms at his bidding and proclaimed him their champion and king.

Presently the Senones and Parisii, the Pictones and Cadurci, the Turones, Aulerci, Lemovices, and Andi, all the tribes from the Seine to the Garonne, joined in one loud cry of defiance to the oppressor. They unanimously saluted Vercingetorix as their leader, and submitted to the levies of men, money and arms which he imposed upon them. His rule was harsh, his requisitions severe. Any appearance of supineness in the cause was avenged with flames and tortures. The loss of an eye or an ear was his lightest punishment for trifling offences.

To raise the Ædui from their supine submission, to menace the province, and to crush the legions, were the objects of the chieftain who found himself thus suddenly at the head of so many nations and such numerous armies. He directed one division of his forces upon the South, while he marched himself northwards to attack the Roman cantonments. But his route lay through the country of the Boii, an Helvetian tribe, as has been already mentioned, attached as clients to the Ædui, by threatening whom he hoped to rouse the fears of their patrons, and exhibit to them the power and resolution of the great Gaulish confederacy. Meanwhile Cæsar had crossed the Alps in spite of every obstacle, traversed the province at the head of a few battalions hastily collected, and climbing the avenues six feet deep in snow, had thrown himself like a thunderbolt upon the defenceless Arverni. The cries of his compatriots compelled Vercingetorix to retrace his steps homewards; but Cæsar had already recrossed the Rhone at Vienna, enveloped himself in a small squadron of horse, and skirting the banks of the Saone with forced marches, had traversed the whole country of the Ædui, whose fidelity he distrusted, without allowing himself to be discovered. He was now safe in the midst of his ten legions, and with

A. U. 702. B. C. 52.

such a force he could repel all attacks and cut his way in any direction he chose. His first care was to avenge on the spot the massacre of Genabus, which he took and abandoned to fire and sword. Thence crossing the Loire he descended upon Avaricum, the capital of the Bituriges. Vercingetorix, warned but not dismayed by the disasters he had encountered, now counselled the Gauls to abandon their fortresses which were unfit to resist the military skill of the assailant, and to destroy the cities in which he might find shelter and supplies, while they hovered around his flanks and cut off from him every means of subsistence. The Bituriges were persuaded to destroy twenty of their strongholds; but Avaricum, their capital, they could not be prevailed on to surrender. A vast army was assigned for its defence; but the Romans climbed the walls, drove the garrison into the centre of the town, and there cut them to pieces after a desperate resistance.

Within the walls of Avaricum, Cæsar found the supplies he needed; for the Ædui, still vacillating between the two parties in arms, had been slow and reluctant in responding to his demands. He put a period to their indecision by appearing before their assembly at the head of his legions, and settling with a high hand the disputes of two rival claimants for the supreme magistracy. Calling upon them to raise ten thousand auxiliaries for his service, he detached Labienus northward with four legions to suppress an insurrection of the Senones and Parisii, while he led the larger division of his forces against the Arverni in person. Vercingetorix had retired behind the Allier and broken the bridges; but the proconsul found means of transporting himself across the stream, and drove the enemy to take refuge under the defences of their great city Gergovia. The hill on which this city

stood was too extensive to be blockaded by six legions; the Gaulish forces before it were numerous and resolute, nor would their leader permit himself to be drawn from his vantage ground. Cæsar feared the disastrous effect of withdrawing from the perils he had provoked; the Ædui in his rear anticipating his destruction had revolted and massacred the Roman settlers in Noviodunum, and the fidelity of their auxiliary cohorts was shaken even in his camp. In this extremity he made a bold attempt to surprise Gergovia; and he did not succeed. He had withdrawn the Gaulish army to a distance by a false attack, and his foremost battalions had entered their lines and reached the foot of the city walls, when the return of the enemy in irresistible numbers forced him suddenly to recall them, and to rush with the tenth legion which he kept in reserve to rescue them from assailants on either side. The loss of the Romans was severe, and they could hardly disguise their defeat by delaying for two days to break up from the lines which were no longer tenable. Cæsar was now in full retreat before an exulting and impetuous enemy. The Ædui had already declared against him, and broken the bridges of the Loire to check his progress and prevent his joining the legions of Labienus, which meanwhile were sorely pressed by the enemy in the North. Even could Cæsar have determined to surrender all his conquests, abandon his lieutenant, and seek his own safety in the province, the barrier of the Cevennes was not to be easily surmounted under the hot pursuit of the victorious Arvernians. But in the midst of his disasters Cæsar thought not of escape, but only of victory. To escape indeed from the Gauls would have been to throw himself into the hands of his enemies at home; and he had no alternative but to conquer beyond the Alps, or to perish within them. He decided on

pushing northward to the Seine, and directing his march through the centre of the Æduan territory, he defied and cowed the resistance of his faithless allies. Behind him the enemy gathered in increasing swarms, and threatened to sweep into their vast confederacy the tribes of the Garonne and Rhone, which had long been counted among the subjects of the republic. But the nations of the North rushing upon Labienus with too much impetuosity, suffered a disastrous defeat, and the two Roman armies once more united could at last recover breath, and offer a firm front to the enemy.

A. U. 702. B. C. 52. The Gauls full of hope and confidence now prepared for a final campaign. The Remi, Lingones and Treviri alone held aloof from the general assembly of their states; the two former from unabated terror of the Roman name, the latter occupied by a fresh invasion from Germany. The Ædui were now formally deposed from the supremacy they had so long usurped among their countrymen, while the post of honour was secured to the Arvernians by the merits of Vercingetorix. To the Arvernian chief the command of the combined army was unanimously assigned. He foresaw that Cæsar would endeavour to regain the province, and he engaged the Allobroges to guard the points at which he might attempt to cross the upper Rhone, while he led the main body of his numerous forces to watch his movements, hover upon his march, and drive him into the snare which he had laid for him. Cæsar, on his part, surrounded by a hostile population and harassed by the operations of a bold and enterprising adversary, the first military genius that had ever been pitted against him, collected all his forces and kept them well together. He broke up from all his cantonments in the North and abandoned every conquest, seeking only to bring his legions safely within the frontiers of the old

Roman province, and there collect himself for future aggression. Confident however of his power in the open field he courted an engagement, assured that he could at least disguise the ignominy of his retreat by a brilliant victory. The Gauls failed not to give him the desired opportunity. Impatient of their champion's cautious tactics, and believing the flying enemy to be within their grasp, they insisted on being led against him. They fought with the impetuous bravery of their nation, while their general provided by fortifications in their rear for the chances of a reverse. But once checked, broken and put to flight, they could no longer rally even behind their entrenchments. Vercingetorix was compelled to abandon his position, and guide the routed multitudes to the neighbouring city of Alesia. At this place, which is said to be the modern Alise, to the west of Dijon, besides the inclosure of the city itself, on the summit of a lofty hill, a large camp had also been constructed, and here he hoped to maintain eighty thousand warriors behind impregnable defences.

Cæsar at once changed his plans, and determined to bring the destinies of Gaul and his own fortunes to issue at a single blow. He turned his victorious legions to the right, and sate down before the ramparts of Alesia, where the enemy had collected his last great army to await his onset. He formed a line of circumvallation round the whole of the Gaulish works, blockading in one sweep the camp and the city, an army equal to his own in number, and an innumerable crowd of unarmed fugitives. Through these lines Vercingetorix attempted in vain to break, and while famine was beginning to make itself felt in his straitened quarters, called loudly upon his countrymen for assistance. Meanwhile he drove the helpless and unarmed, the women and children, under the Roman en-

trenchments: the Romans repulsed them with ruthless barbarity, and they perished of hunger between their friends and their enemies.

The besieged, thus relieved from the demands of many mouths, awaited in anxious suspense the arrival of succours. At last the Gauls assembled in vast numbers in the rear of the beleaguering army, and the signal was given for a simultaneous attack upon it from within and from without. The Romans defended their lines with undaunted energy, until the exterior assailants, to whom a retreat was open, withdrew from the unavailing contest. It was not till every ray of hope had departed, and no chance remained of averting the last horrors of famine, that the besieged army consented to lay down its arms. The gallant Vercingetorix offered himself as a sacrifice for his countrymen. Arrayed in his brightest armour and mounted on his war horse, he rode through the open gates, and leapt from his saddle at the feet of the proconsul. The lives of his followers were assured to them, but one captive was allotted as a slave to each of the victors; the remnant were allowed to go free, and vaunt the generosity of the conqueror. But the bravest champion of Gaulish independence was reserved to grace the proconsul's future triumph, and to perish in the prison under the Capitol by the death of Pontius the Samnite, or the Numidian Jugurtha.

The lenient policy which Cæsar now adopted towards the Arverni and the Ædui seems to have been eminently successful. The governing class in both these states had in fact been driven into the war against their own inclination: the elevation of Vercingetorix to supreme command had inflamed the jealousy of the chiefs of both tribes, and they submitted again to the Roman yoke quietly, perhaps even gratefully. The spirit of resistance was not however quelled in other parts of Gaul, though the means which

had rendered it formidable had been broken and destroyed. New chiefs and fresh battalions appeared in various quarters, but the want of concert baffled their efforts, and made them an easy prey to the invaders. The Bituriges and Carnutes, the Suessiones and Treviri, were crushed once more in rapid succession; and finally in the next year a motley horde of fugitives and robbers, under the adventurer Drappes, was cut to pieces at Uxellodunum on the Dordogne. The subjugation of the vast region between the Alps, the Rhine and the Pyrenees was completed in the eighth year of Cæsar's proconsulship. In eight campaigns he had taken, it is said, more than eight hundred cities, had worsted three hundred nations, had encountered three millions of men in arms, of whom he had slain one million, and made prisoners of an equal number. This mighty conquest, the records of which have been preserved to us more fully and distinctly than those of any similar achievement of antiquity, if indeed antiquity offers any achievement to compare with it, has merited a proportionate share of our attention. A.U. 703. B.C. 51.

The termination of the conquest of Gaul found the work of pacification already far advanced. Cæsar's policy was essentially different from that of his predecessors in provincial administration. The provinces on either side of the Alps had been bound to the car of the republic by the iron links of garrisons and colonies. Large tracts of land had been wrested from the conquered people, and conferred upon such Roman citizens as would exchange for foreign plunder the security of their own homes, and maintain the outposts of the empire in the midst of prostrate enemies. But the ancient system of the republic could not be extended to the vast territories which she was now suddenly invited to organize. Nor was it Cæsar's wish to bring Rome thus, as it were, into the provinces:

his object was, on the contrary, to approach the Gaulish provincials to Rome, to give them a pride and interest in the city of their conquerors. The first step towards making citizens of the Gauls was to lighten to them the Roman yoke as much as possible. Accordingly, Cæsar established no colonies in the wide regions he added to the empire. He left to the natives their lands as well as their laws and their religion. He allowed the appearance of freedom to most of their states. He was not afraid to trust the most spirited of their tribes with this flattering boon. Not only the Arverni, the Ædui and the Bituriges, but even the fierce and intractable Treviri, were indulged with the title of independent communities. They retained their magistrates and their senates, guided, we may suppose, by Roman agents. Other states were taken into alliance with Rome. The tribute required of the provincials was softened by the name of military assessment; and that it might not press heavily upon them, the annual sum was definitely fixed at the moderate amount of forty millions of sesterces, about 350,000*l.* of our money. Honours and privileges were showered upon chiefs and cities. But after all the manner of the magnanimous Roman won as many hearts as his benefactions. When he saw the sword which had been wrested from him in battle with the Arvernians, suspended in the temple of its captors, he refused to reclaim it, saying, with a gracious smile, that the offering was sacred.

Besides the Gauls themselves Cæsar had yet another enemy within the bounds of his ample province, whom it was impossible to conciliate and impolitic to coerce. The senate, towards whom his position had now become one of open defiance, had established the stronghold of its interests in the cities of the Narbonensis. From the time that Pompeius had conducted his legions through that

country against Sertorius, driving before him Perperna and the remnant of the Marians, the south of Gaul had been filled with the agents of the senatorial party, and its resources applied to the promotion of its policy. Pompeius, after his return to Rome, had continued, in fact, to govern the province by the hands of Fonteius, and other proconsuls, up to the moment of Cæsar's arrival there. The new governor set himself at once to undo the work of his predecessors. He exerted himself to recover the favour of the Massilians, by doubling the benefits his rival had already conferred upon them. He extended the limits of their territory, and increased the tributes they derived from it. He projected at least the building of a city, and formation of a naval station at Forum Julii, though it is uncertain whether he actually completed or even commenced it. His adherents, both Roman and provincial, he rewarded doubtless with lands and largesses; and placed the machine of government, with all its emoluments and responsibilities, in hands devoted to his interests. But though Gaul was pacified, the proconsul still kept his legions within their camps for future service; and taught them to look for ampler favours and distinctions from attaching themselves indissolubly to his fortunes. As for the conquered Gauls themselves, Cæsar readily comprehended the genius of their nation, and placing himself at the head of their military spirit, converted the flower of their youth into a great Roman army. The legions, indeed, with which he had effected the conquest, had been principally of Gaulish blood and language: the republic had furnished him with no troops from Italy. The legions numbered seventh, eighth, and ninth, which Cæsar found in the Cisalpine, were probably the levies of Metellus in that region, when he closed the Alps against the retreat of Catilina. The tenth legion had been raised by Pom-

ptinus in the Transalpine province to combat the Allobroges. The eleventh and twelfth were the proconsul's hasty conscription in his province at the commencement of his first campaign. The thirteenth and fourteenth were raised from the same countries to oppose the great confederacy of the Belgians. Of these the latter had been cut to pieces by the Eburones; but another fourteenth and a fifteenth also were afterwards levied in the Gaulish provinces. But a small portion of these soldiers could have been of genuine Roman or Italian extraction, with the full franchise of the city: they were levied no doubt from the native population of the numerous states which had been endowed with the rights of Latium. It was contrary to the first rule of military service to admit mere aliens into the ranks of the Roman legion, or to form supplemental legions of the unenfranchised provincials. But each of these divisions was attended by an unlimited number of cohorts, which, under the title of *auxilia*, were equipped for the most part in the same manner as itself, and placed under the same discipline and command. The common dangers and glories of a few campaigns, side by side, had rendered the Gaulish auxiliary no less efficient than the legionary himself. Cæsar surrounded himself with an ample force of this description, and swept into its ranks a large number of men of note and influence in their respective cities. One entire legion indeed he did not scruple to compose of Gauls alone, an audacious innovation which struck many of his countrymen with dismay and wonder. The helmets of this legion were distinguished by the figure of a lark, or a tuft of its plumage, upon their crests, from whence the legion itself received its name, *Alauda*. The Gauls admired the spirit and vivacity of the bird, and rejoiced in the omen. Fond of the excitement of a military life, vain of the considera-

tion attached to the possession of arms, proud of themselves and of their leaders, they found united in Cæsar's service all the charms which most attracted them. No captain ever knew better how to win the personal affection of his soldiers, while he commanded their respect. The general severity of his discipline enhanced the favour of his indulgence. Even the studied appearance of caprice, and the rudeness he could mingle seasonably with the refined urbanity of his manners, hit the humour of the camp, and delighted the fancy of his followers. Accordingly he enjoyed popularity among his troops, such as was seldom attained or sought by Roman generals, who still exercised the stern discipline of the old republic in camps to which its blind obedience and loyal devotion had become unknown. Among Cæsar's contemporaries it was remarked with admiration that throughout his Gallic campaigns his soldiers never mutinied, and only once murmured; veterans and recruits quailed with equal submission at his rebuke. The toils and privations they endured in their marches and sieges more appalled the enemy than even their well known bravery in the field. Nothing could induce them, when captured, to turn their arms against him, while Pompeius and Lucullus had been constantly confronted by renegades from their own ranks. Hence their repeated triumphs over numbers, and every other advantage; the renown they hence acquired charmed away the malice or patriotism of the Gauls, and precipitated them, as we shall soon see, once more upon Italy under the banners of their conqueror himself.

CHAPTER XI.

WAR WITH PARTHIA, AND DEFEAT AND DEATH OF CRASSUS.—DISSOLUTION OF THE TRIUMVIRATE AND RUPTURE BETWEEN CÆSAR AND THE SENATE.

A. U. 699—705. B. C. 55—49.

A. U. 699. B. C. 55. WHILE Cæsar kept his view fixed steadily on Rome during the long period of his absence from it, not less had his countrymen, of all ranks and parties, followed with watchful eyes the career of their proconsul, his marches and retreats, his perils and his victories. Year by year they had listened to the pompous detail of his successes recited in the solemn decrees of the senate; they had beheld the edifices with which he decorated the city resplendent with the trophies of the conquered Gauls; they had admired the rapturous encomiums of their deep-toned orator, who had exalted the triumphs of Cæsar above the most glorious imperators of the ancient days. "*Marius*," exclaimed Cicero, "*arrested the deluge of the Gauls in Italy: but he never penetrated into their abodes, he never subdued their cities. Cæsar has not only repulsed the Gauls: he has conquered them. The Alps were once the barrier between Italy and the barbarians: the Gods had placed them there for that very purpose, for by them Rome was protected through the perils of her infancy. Now let them sink and welcome: from the Alps to the Ocean she has henceforth no enemy to fear.*"

And this was the man who had been only known, but a few years before, as the profligate spendthrift, the elegant

debauchee, the fashionable gallant, whose amours with noble matrons had offended grave and pious citizens, while the imputation of still viler connexions had furnished food to satirists and lampooners. Cæsar's transcendent genius had extorted reluctant acknowledgments, as it shone forth with growing lustre in the progress of his civil career: but his enemies might still hope from the apparent weakness of his bodily health, the slenderness of his frame, the paleness of his complexion, the attacks of epilepsy to which he was subject, that he would sink under the toils of protracted warfare in which his ambition had entangled him. But as one campaign followed another, his countrymen heard with amazement that this tender nursling of a patrician lady-chamber was climbing mountains on foot, swimming rivers on skins, riding his charger without a bridle, and making his bed among the rains and snows of the inhospitable North, in the depth of forests and morasses. If ever he allowed himself to be carried in a litter, he spared his limbs only to exercise his mind: he read and wrote on various and abstruse subjects, he maintained an immense correspondence both private and official, and dictated to four and sometimes even to seven amanuenses at the same time.

The prolongation of Cæsar's command for a second period of five years might seem to decide the question whether the affairs of the republic should henceforth be conducted on the old principles of the constitution, or whether its practical working was not already definitively changed. By the people it was held as a pledge of the future advancement of their avowed favourite to supreme power, which they were no longer reluctant to concede to him: by the senate it was viewed with bitter vexation, tempered only by the prospect of defeat and ruin which might accrue to him, in the chances of war, from the grati-

fication of his inordinate ambition. Pompeius and Crassus, however, were reconciled to their colleague's advancement, and had even laboured to promote it, by the share of power and distinction which they secured at the same time to themselves. Pompeius, as proconsul of Spain, rejoiced in finding himself once more at the head of an army. Six legions were assigned him for maintaining the provinces beyond the Pyrenees which were combined under his sole government: but he was allowed to administer this extensive command by the hands of his lieutenants, and he pretended to make it a merit with the senate that he remained himself in Italy, instead of placing himself at the head of an armament so menacing to public liberty. This however was a violation of ancient usage altogether unprecedented: it was a step towards monarchy, to which no citizen could shut his eyes, and for the moment it placed Pompeius on a higher elevation than either of his colleagues. He spent the remainder of his consulship in devising sumptuary enactments to appease the querulous murmurs of Cato and the old-fashioned purists among the nobles, as well as to satisfy the envious complaints of the needier classes. With the people he sought also to ingratiate himself by the arts of the most profuse of the demagogues. Haunted by the remembrance of his early popularity, he was secretly mortified at the difficulty he now experienced in recovering it. An opportunity offered at the opening of his splendid theatre in the field of Mars, upon which he had staked his credit for magnificence and generosity. This was the first edifice of the kind constructed at Rome of stone, and destined for permanence. Within the circuit of its walls it could accommodate forty thousand spectators, no small portion of the free male population of the city, and it was adorned with a profusion of gold, marble and precious stones, the spoil of

many an oriental city, such as the Western world had never before witnessed. That such excessive magnificence might not seem lavished on a work of mere luxury, a temple was attached to it, dedicated to Venus the conqueror, so placed that the seats of the theatre might serve as a flight of stairs to the sacred edifice. The ceremony of its consecration was attended by shows and games: five hundred lions were hunted and slaughtered in the arena, and eighteen elephants, a nobler and rarer prey, were opposed to trained bands of gladiators. The destruction of these half-reasoning animals was a spectacle hitherto unknown to the bloody sports of the Romans, and the citizens, it is said, were moved to pity and disgust at their agonies and wailings.

Meanwhile Crassus did not wait for the termination of his year of office to seize the reins of his provincial command. For sixteen years he had not appeared in the camp, and in the interval Pompeius had subjugated Asia, and Cæsar gone far to reduce Gaul. He was in haste to revive the remembrance of his youthful exploits, and to rival the maturer triumphs of his more fortunate colleagues. The proconsul of Gaul had crossed the Rhine and the British Channel, but no Roman had yet penetrated to the Indus or the Persian Gulf, and Crassus boldly vaunted that he would reach the furthest limits of the East. Cæsar flattered his hopes and encouraged his wildest dreams. But the open avowal of schemes of war and conquest, in countries with which the republic had no patent grounds of quarrel, might shock the religious feelings of some at least among the citizens: it was easy to play upon such scruples, and the nobles, jealous of their proconsul, suborned a tribune, Ateius, to denounce his projected invasion. Ateius met him at the gates of the city as he was quitting it, with a burning brasier in his hand, and casting incense into the flames devoted the impious

A. U. 699. B. C. 55.

aggressor to the infernal Gods. So well did he act his part as to make a deep impression on the minds both of citizens and soldiers, and from that moment the expedition of Crassus seemed to be attended by a succession of direful omens.

Since the brilliant victories of Pompeius the Roman power in the East had grown in strength and increased in influence. Æmilius Scaurus, the conqueror's quæstor whom he had left in Syria with two legions, to awe the Parthians and coerce the Arabs on the frontiers, had settled the affairs of the neighbouring nations during three years at his pleasure. Scaurus had been succeeded by Marcius Philippus, and afterwards by Lentulus Marcellinus, who had maintained the Roman authority unimpaired, if they had not extended it. This advanced post of the empire was surrounded and watched by crafty and restless enemies; an enterprising proconsul might easily find or make employment for his legions. On the side of the Euphrates there was glory to be acquired; riches might be extorted on the banks both of the Jordan and the Nile. Gabinius, the notorious instrument of Pompeius, and the patron of Clodius, had obtained the province of Syria in
B.C. 57. the year 697, after his consulship, and had there found means to repair the fortunes he had shattered in his licentious career. Some successful expeditions against the Arabs and the defeat of Alexander, a prince of Judea, who had raised a revolt in Palestine, had secured him the title of imperator. He abolished the regal title in Palestine, and divided the country into five provinces, governed by a supreme council. But the senate at the instigation of Cicero, his bitter and much injured enemy, and of the publicans whose extortions he had repressed to enlarge the sphere of his own, had refused to decree him the honour of a supplication. A second revolt of the

Jews had already evinced the indomitable character of that people. Gabinius had left to his quæstor M. Antonius, a rude and dissipated soldier, but of great bravery, the task of chastising the insurgents, which he performed with ferocious zeal. The proconsul himself was occupied by other schemes. Mithridates and Orodes, after assassinating their father Phraates, had disputed the possession of the throne of Parthia, and Mithridates, worsted in the contest, had engaged to lead the legions of Gabinius against the brother who had overthrown him. The Roman general had already crossed the Euphrates when he was induced by a bribe of ten thousand talents to undertake, in defiance of the senate and of the Sibylline oracles, the restoration of Ptolemæus Auletes to the throne of Egypt. On returning from this expedition, which he had easily accomplished, he was preparing to resume his designs against Parthia, when he was arrested by the arrival of Crassus. At Rome he found his armies inflamed with fury against him. He was accused of treason to the state by Cicero himself; but the bribes he had handled in Asia now served him well, though he was forced to disgorge his Egyptian gold to buy an acquittal. He was impeached however a second time, and now defended by his recent accuser out of complaisance to Pompeius, who was disposed to screen him. Confident in this turn of fortune, or impoverished by the requisitions so lately made upon him, he neglected to secure the suffrages of his judges, and the eloquence of the versatile orator failed to convince them. Gabinius was at last condemned, and driven into banishment. A. U. 700. B. C. 54.

The Parthians, the most powerful nation of the East, who occupied the realm of Cyrus and Darius from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf, from the Euphrates to the summits of Emodus and Paropamisus, claimed descent

from the natives of the narrow tract of habitable land which lies on the banks of the Ochus, between sandy plains on one side and mountains on the other. They were an offset from the teeming hive of nations known to the ancients by the general name of Scythians, to the moderns by the appellation not less vague of Tartars, whose swarms have continued in every age to press upon the frontiers of civilization, both in the East and in the West. Two hundred years after the death of Alexander the Great, the Parthians had overthrown the Macedonian dynasty in Seleucia. They threatened the throne of the Antiochi in Syria, and the successors of the Grecian conquerors on the Orontes were only saved from the barbarians to fall under the yoke of the Romans. When the two great conquering races met at last on the banks of the Euphrates, the tide of Eastern aggression was definitively checked. The power of Rome, though destined to fall at last under the accumulated pressure of the Northern nations, served for many hundred years as the last bulwark of civilization, which the Greeks, who had done so much to extend it, had proved themselves incapable of defending. The Parthians had at this time exchanged the rude simplicity of their nomade ancestors for the voluptuous pleasures of their Hellenic capitals, and had lost much of the spirit as well as of the manners of their great chieftain Arsaces. But their weakness resulted perhaps more from the divisions of their rulers than from the corruption of the nation, which still retained its fame for martial prowess, and especially for the expertness of its bowmen, who, clad in suits of chain mail, and mounted on swift horses, were equally formidable in the charge and the retreat.

Though warned by the menaced invasion of Gabinius of the aggressions he might expect on the part of his successor, Orodes had made no preparation to repel the first

advance of Crassus, or to dispute the passage of the Euphrates. The new proconsul had no sooner arrived at the seat of his government than he directed the movement of his troops towards that river. Throwing a bridge across the stream, he transported his army into Osrhoene, the king of which country, named Abgarus, was dependent upon the Parthian monarchy. In this and other neighbouring districts of Mesopotamia Crassus effected the capture of several towns, in which he planted Roman garrisons; but the title of imperator, which he demanded of his soldiers, was earned by no important successes. He retired to winter in Syria. His preparations for a more extensive conquest were as yet incomplete; but it was noticed that had he pushed on at once to Babylon and Seleucia, he might have dictated terms to the enemy in his own palaces. He employed himself through the months of cessation from military operations in amassing plunder from the subjects and allies of the republic, valuing and amercing the municipal revenues of his cities, and weighing, it is said, with his own hands the treasures of the famous shrine of Atargatis at Hierapolis. He made a progress also to Jerusalem, and demanded the costliest ornaments of its temple, which the priests attempted to rescue by the offer of a magnificent present. Crassus accepted the bribe for himself, but not the less would he have appropriated the treasures of the sacred fane to the public service, had not its ministers contrived to defraud him by a stratagem.

While the proconsul was collecting his forces and his stores for the next year's campaign, there came ambassadors from the Parthian king demanding an explanation of his recent aggressions. If his army were really sent by the republic, they said, Orodes would accept her declaration of hostilities, and engage with her in mortal strife; but if the movement were a private undertaking of the proconsul

himself, as he understood it to be, without authority from his government at all, he would still admit of apology and reparation. Crassus haughtily replied that he would give them an answer in their capital; upon which Wagises, their senior and spokesman, smiled, and showing the smooth palm of his hand, said that hair should sooner grow there than the Romans ever see Seleucia. The envoys returned to Orodes, and bade him prepare for an invasion. Meanwhile inauspicious rumours began to spread in the Roman quarters, and fugitives from beyond the Euphrates alarmed the legionaries by their stories of the strength of the Parthians and their formidable mode of warfare. "*When the enemy pursued,*" they said, "*no man could escape them; when they fled they could not be overtaken; clouds of sharp arrows preceded the appearance of their squadrons, which, before one could see who sent them, transpierced every object they struck.*" When the soldiers heard these accounts their courage sank, for they had been led to believe that the Parthians were no braver than the Armenians and Cappadocians, whom Lucullus had plundered till he was weary of his spoils; and they thought that the hardest part of the war would be a long march, and the pursuit of men who would not come to close quarters. The insufficiency of their preparations for a campaign so distant and difficult, their ignorance of the country, the dubious fidelity of their allies, and particularly their deficiency in cavalry, excited the apprehensions of the most experienced officers, and Cassius, the proconsul's quæstor, who had already seen much service in the East, was earnest in dissuading his imperator from the rash enterprise upon which he was bent.

But to these representations Crassus gave no heed, and still less to the report of unfavourable omens which his soothsayers urged upon him. He was encouraged by the

proffered aid and alliance of Artabazes king of the Armenians, who buoyed him up with the hopes of an easy conquest, while at the same time he promised him the swords of thirty thousand foot and ten thousand mail-clad cavalry. Artabazes gave him also sound advice, in suggesting to him the route of Armenia, by which he might reach the Tigris through a fertile and hospitable region, and descend with his troops fresh and vigorous upon the heart of the Parthian dominions. When he rejected this plan of operations, Cassius recommended him to keep along the bank of the Euphrates, where a flotilla might constantly attend him with stores and provisions, and his troops could run no risk of being surrounded. But Crassus decided upon the route of the great desert of Mesopotamia, the most direct but the most difficult and perilous of all that led to the chief cities of the Parthians. On this route he expected to pick up the battalions he had already advanced into the enemy's dominions, and he persisted in shutting his eyes to the possibility of danger or distress. When a violent storm shattered the bridge at Zeugma, across which he had just transported his army, he observed with a smile that "*he should have no further use for it*," words of evil omen, which the event seemed to render prophetic. But his confidence was fed by false representations of the alarm and despair of the enemy. An Arab chieftain named Ariamnes, formerly a friend of Pompeius, undertook to lead him to his ruin. Assuring him that Orodes was in full flight from his capital with all the treasures he could lay hands upon, and had only thrown his vizir with a handful of men in his way to cover his own retreat, he enticed him away from the river and the foot of the Armenian hills into the sterile plains to the east of Edessa. The track, which was at first convenient and easy, soon became toilsome; for it was found

to lead through deep sand and plains treeless and waterless, where the soldiers, exhausted by toil and thirst, were dismayed by the dreary scene around them, seeing neither plant nor stream, nor top of sloping hill, but one vast expanse of sand, swelling like the waves of an illimitable ocean. When at last the Roman officers, suspecting the treachery of their guide, reproached him with the toils and perils of their route, he coolly asked them if they had expected to be led through a fair country like their own Campania, among fountains, streams and shades, and baths and hostelries. But finding his position becoming somewhat precarious amidst the prevailing discontent, he feigned an excuse for leaving the army and betaking himself to the Parthians, whom he had so well served.

In order to shorten his route to Seleucia Crassus had abandoned the road which leads southward from Edessa to Nicephorium, and had plunged at once into the desert. But it is not easy to trace the line of his march, and we must be content with supposing that he had advanced some days' journey towards the east when he came to a little stream, identified by Plutarch with the Balissus, but which was more probably a feeder of the Chaboras. Here he first found himself confronted by an enemy. Orodes had sent forward a part of his forces under an officer designated by the name or title of Surena, to watch his movements, and seize an opportunity for arresting them. Surena was the satrap or vizir next in rank to the king himself. He was the ablest and most distinguished subject of the Parthian monarch. His appearance indeed belied his reputation for valour and conduct, for he painted his face, parted his locks on his forehead, and clad himself in the loose folds of the Median robe, while he was attended to the field by a troop of mimes and concubines, after the fashion of the degenerate successors of the Macedonian

conquerors. The first rumour of the approach of an enemy, who was supposed to have fled before them, threw the Romans into confusion. Cassius advised that the line should be extended, to prevent their being outflanked by the unknown numbers of the Parthian cavalry. Crassus however formed his troops in a single massive square, flanked by his slender squadrons of horse, among which were a thousand Gauls, whom Cæsar had detached to him under the command of his gallant son Publius. Advancing in this close order he allowed his thirsty battalions hardly a moment's pause on the banks of the stream, which he crossed, and found himself immediately in front of the Parthian army. Surena concealed a part of his forces in order to entice his adversary to the combat. It commenced with a furious discharge of arrows from the Parthian lines, which told with unerring precision on the serried ranks of the Romans, whose armour was unable to resist them. Crassus ordered the light troops to spring forward, but galled by the volleys with which they were received, they ran back for shelter among the legionaries, and threw them into disorder. Every attempt at advancing was checked in like manner. The Romans waited in vain expectation that the quivers of the enemy would be expended; for they were replenished from camels stationed in the rear, charged with an inexhaustible supply. Crassus now ordered his son to force the enemy to engage at all hazards, and the gallant youth pushed eagerly forward, led on by the retreating Parthians till he was far beyond the support of the legions. Then at length the enemy turned upon him in overwhelming numbers. The Gauls, disconcerted by the clouds of dust, and exhausted with heat and thirst, were speedily overpowered. Retreating to an eminence and crowding together for mutual defence they only presented a surer mark to the deadly arrows of

their assailants. Young Crassus was entreated by his comrades to quit his squadrons and escape to the nearest post; but he gallantly refused to abandon his men, and fell with them in the general slaughter. The victors cut off his head and waved it, on the top of a pike, within view of the main body of the Romans. Crassus who believed the battle won, was awakened from his dream by the sight of the mangled remains. He made a feeble attempt to rally the courage of his soldiers; but the exulting Parthians now closed in upon them, driving their thinned ranks into the narrowest compass, and often transfixing with their long spears two men at once. When the shades of evening fell the assailants at length retired. The Romans sank upon the ground in exhaustion and despair. Crassus himself, equally incapable of giving commands or taking counsel, wrapped his cloak around him and hid himself from his men. Cassius and another officer named Octavius endeavoured in vain to rouse him from his apathy. They then gave the signal for retreat, and the remnant of the Roman legions staggered wearily through the darkness, in the direction of Carrhæ, where their furthest outposts had been left. The cries of the disabled, whom they abandoned to the mercy of the conquerors, resounded on all sides, and the Parthians, divining the meaning of the noise, leapt once more upon their horses and rushed in pursuit. A small squadron of Roman horse, pushing hastily forward, reached Carrhæ in time to summon its garrison to the rescue; and the arrival of this handful of fresh troops served to check the advance of the enemy, and allowed Crassus with his broken battalions to attain the shelter of friendly walls. The strength of the Roman defences might have resisted the attack of the Parthian skirmishers; but the place was probably unprovided for the support of the numbers now cooped within it, and the

Roman officers determined to evacuate it, and make the best of their way home, each with his own division. Cassius succeeded in crossing the Euphrates with a small body of horse. Octavius, with larger numbers, reached the skirts of the Armenian hills, and was almost beyond pursuit, when the danger of the proconsul behind him induced him to quit his vantage ground, and descend to save or perish with his general. The Parthians had come up with Crassus, and were pressing closely upon his rear and flanks. Could he hold out but a few hours longer he would reach the mountains, among which the cavalry of his pursuers would be no longer formidable. Surena beheld his prey on the point of eluding his grasp; courage and audacity could hardly secure it, cunning and treachery might yet prevail. He allowed some of his prisoners to escape, after duly preparing them for his purpose, by discoursing in their presence of the goodness and placability of Orodes, and assuring them that the Parthians would be satisfied with reasonable terms of accommodation. At the same time he sent messengers to Crassus to invite him to capitulate. The escaped prisoners repaired to the camp of their countrymen, and spread among them their own conviction of the good faith and moderation of the enemy. Crassus had the good sense to distrust these representations; but the army became clamorous, and began to threaten violence, shaking their arms with menacing gestures. The proconsul believed himself compelled to yield, though not without protesting to his officers that he was coerced by the insubordination of his own soldiers, the greatest disgrace that could befal an imperator. The Parthian chieftain made the fairest professions, and arranged that the meeting should take place in the company of a few chosen officers on either side. The Roman imperator approached attended by his staff, but all, it would appear,

dismounted and unarmed. Crassus was received at first with the highest demonstrations of respect, and Surena, according to the Parthian custom, ordered a horse with golden housings to be brought forward for his use. The feeble and bewildered old man was lifted abruptly into the saddle, and the Parthian grooms began to goad the steed and urge it towards their own cantonments. Octavius seized the reins, while others attempted to cut them. Confusion ensued and blows were exchanged. Octavius wrested a sword from a Parthian, and slew one of the grooms, but was immediately cut down by a blow from behind. In the fray Crassus himself received a mortal wound, others of his companions were slaughtered around him. A small remnant escaped to the army, which the Parthians, satisfied with the death of the proconsul, suffered to gain the shelter of the hills. Twenty thousand Romans had perished in the expedition; ten thousand fell alive into the hands of the victors, from whom they do not appear to have received any ill-treatment. Detained for years among their foreign captors, they ended with adopting their customs and manners, intermarried with the families of the barbarians, and renounced the country of their ancestors.

The victor sent the head and hand of Crassus to Orodes; but he would have been better pleased to have conducted his prisoner alive into the royal presence. He amused his soldiers and gratified his own vanity, by the performance of a ceremony in mockery of a Roman triumph. The proconsul was represented by one of the captives, who was supposed to bear some personal resemblance to him. The substitute was tawdrily arrayed in female garments, and compelled to answer to the title of imperator, with which his fellow-prisoners were ordered to address him. The voluptuous habits ascribed to the Roman officers were made subjects of scornful ridicule, and the

licentious books which were found in their tents were paraded with a mockery of indignation. Meanwhile Orodes had come to terms with the Armenian Artabazes, and accepted the hand of that chieftain's daughter for his son Pacorus. The auspicious union received new lustre from the triumph of Surena. The festivals with which it was celebrated were fashioned upon Grecian models. Orodes was well skilled in the language and literature of Greece: Artabazes even composed tragedies in the style of the Athenian masters, and wrote historical essays in their tongue. When the head of Crassus was brought to the door of the banqueting-hall, a Greek actor from Tralles began to recite appropriate verses from the Bacchanals of Euripides: when the bloody trophy was thrown at the feet of the assembled guests, he seized it in his hands, and enacted with it the frenzy of Agave and the mutilation of Pentheus. Molten gold, we are told, was poured into the mouth of the avaricious Roman, a circumstance which may be paralleled from many ancient and modern histories; but the silence of Plutarch, who has given us minute details of his career and end, may render it in this instance suspicious.

The murder of a proconsul and the rout of several legions, the gravest disaster which had befallen the Roman arms at least since the early triumphs of the Cimbri, made but a faint impression upon the citizens, whose whole attention was absorbed by the state of affairs at home. At a later period popular and courtly poets could sing of the defeat of Carrhæ, the loss of so many eagles, and the wandering ghosts of so many gallant legionaries, as a melancholy retribution for unprovoked aggression, or a disgrace demanding a national effort to retrieve it. At the time, however, the effect this catastrophe might produce upon the rivalry of Cæsar and Pompeius struck the minds of

the citizens far more forcibly than either the distant danger or the visionary dishonour of their defeat. During the absence of Crassus from Rome corruption and violence had risen to an extravagance of audacity, which staggered the staunchest believers in the power of law and the majesty of the republic. An example of either kind of enormity occurring nearly at the same time seemed to drive all men and parties to take refuge in a dictatorship, and caused even Cato himself to invite the arm of arbitrary power to support the sinking state.

A. U. 700. B. C. 54.

The canvass for the consulship of the year 701 was marked by an intrigue, the effrontery of which exceeded every previous scandal. Two of the candidates, Memmius and Domitius Calvinus, combined together and engaged, if elected, to procure for the actual consuls whatever provinces they desired as the price of their influence. They had suborned men of the highest note, two consulars and three augurs, to swear that they had been present when the senate had decreed, and the people ratified, the disposition of provinces which they proposed to effect. But Pompeius being anxious to break up an alliance of which he was jealous, found means to induce Memmius to disclose before the senate itself this infamous transaction. The fathers were compelled to threaten an inquiry, which they contrived however to postpone and evade. Meanwhile not Memmius and Calvinus only, but the other candidates, Scaurus and Massala, were all severally impeached for their notorious bribery. The *prerogative century* which gave the first vote at the elections, and the example of which might generally be relied on to carry with it the voices of the rest, had been bought, it was said, at the price of ten millions of sesterces. Q. Scævola, one of the tribunes, backed by the approbation of the most honourable of the senators, and of Cicero among

them, interposed to prevent the comitia assembling during the remainder of the year, and when the kalends of January dawned upon the city, the reins of government had dropped upon the ground.

The year 701 opened with an interregnum which lasted not less than six months. Cato himself was now alarmed at the crisis to which affairs had come. The rude severity of his own manners, and the ostentatious simplicity with which amidst the showers of gold dispensed by candidates in the city, he had offered to his compatriots the figs and lettuces which the ancient laws allowed, had availed nothing to stop the torrent of intrigue and corruption. Plying at last to the spirit of the times, he condescended to pay court to Pompeius, and accepting as serious the great man's protestations that he did not aspire to the dictatorship, drove him by his compliments and flatteries to practise the moderation which he had hitherto feigned, and allow in the seventh month of the year the election of two consuls, which through the tribunes in his interests he had hitherto prevented. The summer of the previous year had witnessed the premature decease of Julia, the wife of Pompeius and the daughter of Cæsar, and this fatal event had rendered the division between the two rivals more than ever apparent. Pompeius, released from trammels at which he had long repined, drew nearer to the party from which he had permitted himself to be estranged, and when he interposed to facilitate the election of Calvinus and Messala to the consulship, the nobles accepted his gracious advances, and hailed him once more as the champion of their interests.

A. U. 701. B. C. 53.

A. U. 700.

The calm however which succeeded was of short duration. Again the election of new consuls was thwarted, and again Pompeius was suspected of stopping the wheels of government. The year 702 opened, like the preceding,

A. U. 702. B. C. 52.

with an interregnum. Milo, Scipio and Hypsæus demanded the consulship with arms in their hands; every day was marked by some fresh riot in which blood not uncommonly followed. But amidst the obscure murders which disgraced this era of violence and ferocity, there was one which caused a deeper sensation, and demanded stronger measures of repression. In the middle of January it happened that Milo was travelling on the Appian Way. He was accompanied in his carriage by his wife, a large retinue of servants was in attendance upon him, and he was followed, according to his wont, by a troop of gladiators. The object of his journey was at least ostensibly peaceful, since he was on his way to Lanuvium, where he had certain municipal duties to perform. Near Bovillæ, at a few miles' distance from the city, he was met by Clodius, who was on horseback with a small company of armed attendants. Such modes of travelling were not unusually adopted at this time for security even in the neighbourhood of Rome, and the lives especially of such men as Clodius and Milo were never safe from sudden violence; accordingly their journeying with armed escorts could be no proof that their designs were sinister, or that the meeting on either side was premeditated. However this might be, a quarrel ensued between their servants, blows were exchanged, and Clodius himself, wounded in the scuffle, took refuge in a tavern by the road-side. Milo gave way to his fury; he attacked the house, caused his enemy to be dragged from his hiding-place and slain. The corpse lay in the road till it was picked up by a passing friend and brought to Rome. Here it was exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who worked themselves into frenzy at the sight. A riot ensued; benches, books and papers were snatched from the curia in which the senate was wont to assemble; fire was set to the pile, and the flames

which consumed the remains of Clodius spread from house to house over a considerable space bordering on the forum. The rioters proceeded to attack the mansions of several nobles, and particularly that of Milo himself. He was prepared however for the attempt, and repulsed the assailants with bloodshed. The knights and senators armed themselves to suppress the commotion, and quiet was restored after several days of uproar and violence.

But this quarrel of two distinguished nobles, and bloody encounter in open day, the fury which the result excited in the populace, the recurrence of the chief men of the state to arms for the preservation of their own lives, and the maintenance of order, the apparent impossibility of restoring the supremacy of the law, for Milo, scared by the clamour of the populace, dared not stand a trial, but proposed to fling himself into banishment, all too manifestly threatened the republic with anarchy and dissolution. Men of peace, such as Cicero, held aloof from these sanguinary affrays, and fled from a city where there was no longer a people or a senate, where the laws were silent and the tribunals timid or corrupt. The great parties which had formerly represented social interests had degenerated into mere personal factions, which sought authority and power for the sake of violence or plunder. Few honest patriots still continued to haunt the assemblies of the forum, or even to obtrude themselves upon the cabals of the senate-house. Cato himself, as we have seen, though unshaken in courage, nor relaxing for a moment from his stern grasp of public affairs, despaired of the ancient principles of the commonwealth. Liberty, he saw, was menaced by two dangers, within by anarchy, without by usurpation; and when he looked around for a defender, he found even in those whom Cicero had denominated the party of the "*good men*," so much cowardice

and selfishness, that he at last resolved to demand from an individual that protection for the republic which the laws could no longer assure her. "*It is better,*" he said, "*to choose a master, than to wait for the tyrant whom anarchy will assuredly send us.*" But there remained in fact no choice in the matter. There was as yet only one master at whose feet Rome could throw herself. With bitter reluctance Bibulus proposed the appointment of Pompeius as sole consul, and Cato supported him. They might hope that, content with this title, which sounded a little less harsh than that of dictator, the great man would use his power with moderation, that he would restore order in the city, and find means for compelling the proconsul of Gaul to surrender his provinces and disband his armies. The repression of scandalous disorders, the overthrow of a licentious ambition might after all be cheaply bought at the expense of one year of despotism. Such was the fatal reasoning to which the friends of liberty were reduced, and they shut their eyes to the danger of the precedent they were establishing, while Pompeius proclaimed that he would take Cato for his adviser, and rule the state in the interests of freedom.

A. U. 702. B. C. 52. The sole consul entered upon his office at the end of February in the year 702. Exulting in the achievement of this crowning dignity, he now threw off all further pretence of an alliance with Cæsar, and devoted himself without reserve to the policy of the party, whose chief men had at last combined to raise him above the laws. His natural position after all he felt to be at the head of the oligarchy. Twice already he had achieved this position, and twice he had imprudently relinquished it. It was now decreed to him for the third time, and he resolved never again to be induced, either by his own wilfulness or by the blandishments of a rival, to surrender the

supremacy which he was permitted to enjoy. The consulship was indeed an empty honour, and only worth his acceptance as a pledge of renewed alliance with the senate; but the proconsular imperium, which he still firmly grasped, he was determined never to resign himself, at the same time that he promised to extort it from the hands of Cæsar. But, while he pledged himself to secure the ascendancy of the nobles, he was not insensible to the necessity of conciliating the mass of the citizens: while he promised to repress seditious violence with a firm hand, he was too wise to attempt to screen from just punishment the immediate object of popular indignation, and Milo, who had been persuaded to claim a trial, and employ the usual means of corruption or intimidation with the judges, soon found that under the administration of Pompeius his intrigues would be combated and his menaces despised. The consul commenced his career by promulgating fresh laws against bribery and violence. Milo, arraigned before a select body of eighty-one judges, enlisted Cicero, as well as Cato and Hortensius, in his defence. The great orator prepared to assert the innocence of his client, to prove that his intentions had been peaceable and that the prosecution was on the side of Clodius, to congratulate the republic on the issue of an act of self-defence which had thus struck to the ground the arch-disturber of all laws divine and human. But when he rose before the tribunal he was greeted by the furious shouts of the Clodian mob outside, who were instructed by the accusers to utter imprecations and menaces against the criminal, the advocates and the judges themselves, and he was rather dismayed than reassured by the glittering array of the consul's legionaries thronging the steps and porticos of the adjoining temples, a display of military force both unprecedented and illegal. Often as he had addressed the people and the judges, he had

never before harangued them under the surveillance of an imperator. He was abashed and disconcerted: he stammered through a short and nerveless speech, and sate down, leaving his task half finished. Milo, convicted of the murder, was allowed to go into banishment, and chose Massilia for his asylum. On returning to his own house Cicero sate down to compose for publication the speech he should have delivered in his defence. His vanity prompted him to send to his client the splendid declamation he had executed. The exile perused it, and replied that he esteemed himself fortunate that so convincing a speech had not actually been delivered; "*else*," he said, "*I should not be now enjoying the delicious mullets of this place;*" a reply which may have passed perhaps with Cicero for a pleasant jest, but which must have been meant as a bitter sarcasm on the timidity of the orator in public, and his vanity in the closet.

With the death of Clodius, the banishment of Milo, and the dispersion of the armed bands with which they had been wont to keep the city in an uproar, tranquillity once more returned. The pupil of Sulla, the conqueror of the Marians, the judicial exterminator of traitors and rebels, was justly feared by the disturbers of the public peace. But Pompeius was unable to conceive any large measures for the common weal: his reforms were mere palliative expedients, and even these, like his early patron, he did not trouble himself to respect in his own person. He had interdicted the eulogies which the powerful friends of an accused man had been allowed to utter before the judges in his behalf; but when Metellus Scipio, whose daughter he had recently espoused, was cited before a tribunal, he condescended to speak in his favour, and thereby to ensure his acquittal. He had obtained a decree that no magistrate should have a province until five years had elapsed

from the termination of his office at home; but this excellent enactment he immediately violated in his own case, by causing his proconsular government to be prolonged to him for a second term, while he was actually consul in the city. Again, he had appointed that no man should sue for a public charge while absent from Rome; but when he found it his interest to facilitate Cæsar's election to a second consulship, in order to withdraw him from his Gallic legions, he made in his favour a particular exception to this law also.

The brilliant successes of the conqueror of the Gauls had made a deep impression upon the minds of the citizens, to whom the name of the northern barbarians was still fraught with its traditional terrors. Nor were his distant victories unproductive, as they already observed, of substantial effects, in the splendid buildings with which he was beginning to enlarge the forum, the cost of which was well known to be defrayed by the spoil of the nations whose fathers had carried off the ransom of the city. For the new constructions which Cæsar undertook the recent conflagration at the obsequies of Clodius had given both room and occasion. When Paulus Æmilius courted the favour of his countrymen by proposing to erect a magnificent basilica for their use, Cæsar secured him to his interests by the gift or loan of the immense sums he required. The halls of Æmilius and of Julius rose simultaneously on opposite sides of the forum, and marked on the north and the south respectively the limits of the original enclosure. But the treasures of the Gauls had been also poured with politic prodigality into the coffers of the neediest and most active of the younger nobility. While the sires still clung to their old maxims, and repudiated with scorn the schemes of innovation ascribed to the Marian adventurer, their sons devoted themselves to the views of the only money-lender

whose loans demanded no interest. Great had been the mortification of the senatorial leaders at finding that, even at a distance, Cæsar could control the elections of the city, and few of the principal magistrates had succeeded to office during his absence without the support of his preponderating influence. When he now transmitted to Rome the declaration of his wish for a second consulship, his adherents, he well knew, were far more numerous and stronger than when he had sued for the first. Eight years before he had renounced his triumph in deference to the clamour of the jealous adversaries who had insisted on restricting him within the letter of the laws. Now he could afford to despise such obsolete restrictions, and demand firmly that they should be relaxed in his favour, as they had been relaxed both before and since in favour of his rivals. The concession, therefore, which Pompeius now made, was doubtless extorted from him by the resolute attitude of the petitioner, and whatever grace it might have borne was lost by the tardiness and evident reluctance with which it was accorded.

Neither was the demand itself an act of frivolous vanity, or of arrogant rudeness on Cæsar's part. It was a matter of vital importance to him, when his government was about to expire, even if it were not wrested from him prematurely by the impatience of his enemies, to light, at his return to Rome, on a position of security. Unless his personal safety were guaranteed by the dignity of the consular office, it would lie at the mercy of inveterate foes, already prepared to impeach him for pretended misgovernment, if not to rid themselves of his presence by even fouler measures. Their ravings against him were loud and pertinacious. They watched every turn of his career with ill-dissembled anxiety, and when sinister rumours reached the city, when his subjects were reported to have risen against

him, when his legions were represented as surrounded, his resources as having failed, his own men as having mutinied or murmured, their demeanour clearly showed how much they hoped for the confirmation of the disastrous news, and how gladly they would have heard that the conqueror of Gaul had met the fate of the invader of Parthia. It was impossible therefore for Cæsar to relinquish his government in the ordinary course, and return in a private capacity to Rome. He had attained an eminence from whence there was no descent for him. He must step at once from the proconsulship to the consulship, in order to step once more from the consulship to the proconsulship. He could never lay down the ensigns of military autocracy. Such was the fatal necessity of empire to which the tyranny of the oligarchy had reduced the champion of their opponents or the rival of their own favoured chieftain.

At the end of sixth months Pompeius divested himself of the invidious distinction of his sole consulship, showing by that very act how closely he considered it to resemble a dictatorship. He caused the election as his associate of Metellus Scipio, the illustrious noble who had become his father-in-law. He had restored order in the city, he had given to the tribunals a semblance of equity and purity, and the senate, which had been reduced to silence and impotence, seemed under his direction to recover a portion of its dignity, if not of independent authority. Before descending from the chair of office he had taken care to prevent the succession of Cato to the consulship, which he had caused to be conferred upon Servius Sulpicius, a man of high character, and on Marcus Marcellus, a violent aristocrat, and a creature of his own. The year which had just elapsed had witnessed the desperate struggle between Cæsar and Vercingetorix, and the acclamations of the people had constrained the senate to decree a supplica-

tion of twenty days in the proconsul's honour. Nevertheless Marcellus demanded his recal; the nobles were impatient to disarm the enemy they feared and hated, and clamoured for the appointment of a new proconsul in his room. Confident of the support of Pompeius they discarded every restraint of justice or moderation. Cæsar had accepted the patronship of the Transpadane Gauls, and had founded a colony at a place called Novum Comum, now known by the name of Como. The Transpadanes had already acquired from Pompeius Strabo the rights of *Latinitas*, a sort of inchoate citizenship which at this period might give almost all the consideration as well as privileges of the real Roman franchise. In order to irritate Cæsar, Marcellus caused a citizen of this Latin colony to be seized on some pretence, and beaten with rods. He was not a Roman; he had not served, as it appears, a magistracy in his own town, by which he would have acquired the Roman immunities. Marcellus may not have violated the express letter of the law, which exempted a Roman from the degradation of the scourge; nevertheless the Romans themselves acknowledged that it was an indignity to scourge even a Latin, and both Cæsar and his friends in the city resented it as a studied insult to the popular chieftain. The insult was redoubled when the consul bade the man go and show his scars to the patron who was powerless to relieve him.

The support however of Pompeius was not given so freely and fully as had been anticipated. The spirit of indecision and vacillation seems once more to have crept over him at this crisis, as on other occasions when he most needed the resolution of true greatness. He absented himself from Rome and visited his villas, pretending to be employed on his charge for provisioning the city. While his rival was completing in his eighth campaign the long

A. U. 703. B. C. 51.

war which had formed his army and created his resources, Pompeius, for his part, shut himself up with his intimates from the more eminent men of his party, occupying himself with languid conversations on politics and philosophy, and engaged perh ps in the task of recruiting his health, the infirmity of which may account in some degree for the want of spirit he showed at this crisis. Meanwhile the faction which was bent on Cæsar's destruction had removed to a distance the adviser whose moderation might have most befriended them. While Cato was vowing to impeach the Gallic proconsul as soon as ever he should set foot in Rome, and the precedent of Milo's trial under the terror of military force was appealed to by friends and foes, with dismay on the one side, with exultation on the other, Cicero had been persuaded, not without reluctance, to accept the government of Cilicia. This province comprehended the greater part of the south of Asia Minor, and was important as a military post, bordering as it did on the dependencies of Armenia and Parthia. But the orator was unwilling to quit the centre of affairs, the scene of his civic triumphs, upon the remembrance of which, almost forgotten by the furious factions of the day, he still dwelt with unabated complacency. Discarded as he had long been from the councils of his party, and treated with ill-disguised contempt by the miserable brawlers who swayed them, he still clung to the hope that all classes would at last combine to sue for his mediation, and that he should save the state yet a second time. It is certain however that had he now remained at Rome he would have been plunged into greater obscurity than ever, while new opportunities of honourable fame opened to him in a distant land, which posterity at least would not willingly have let him forego. On his arrival in the spring of 703 he found his province menaced by the Parthians, who had made

several attempts to retaliate the aggression of Crassus within the frontiers of Syria. Cassius however had defended the dominions of the republic with vigour and success, and now, on the approach of further reinforcements, the baffled invader retired within his own territories. Cassius was replaced by Bibulus. Cicero, unmolested by any formidable enemy, was enabled to confine his military operations to chastising the marauders of the mountains, and his petty successes in this inglorious warfare earned him the title of Imperator in the field, while they inspired him with the hope of obtaining a triumph at home. His civil administration was marked by integrity and moderation, and stood in striking contrast not only with the tyranny of other proconsuls, but with the shameless cupidity of his own subordinates, who, while the provincials were invoking blessings on his head, murmured in the ears of their sympathising countrymen at the strictness of his discipline, and the economy of his government.

The consul Marcellus, it has been said, urged Cæsar's immediate recal. Pompeius, who had himself obtained leave for him to sue for the consulship without quitting his government, gave way so far as to allow the senate to pass a decree at the end of September, by which the first day of the ensuing March was appointed for naming his successor. No policy was ever more feeble and inconsistent than this. It irritated Cæsar beyond the hope of reconciliation, while it gave him six months to defend himself. It was in vain that by the same decree any magistrate who should presume to thwart, or by his office forbid the projected recal, was denounced as ill-disposed towards the commonwealth. Not only two tribunes, Cælius and Pansa, declared that they would place their veto upon it, but even the consul Sulpicius exclaimed against it as oppressive and unjust. The extreme party

might have been staggered at such a demonstration; but at this moment an incident occurred which filled both them and Pompeius himself with an extravagant idea of the strength of their position. Pompeius had fallen sick of fever at Neapolis, and lay for some time without hope of recovery. The report of his precarious state roused the sympathy of the Italians. The spirit of enthusiasm spread from city to city; the temples were crowded with devotees, sacrifices were offered and vows uttered for his recovery, and when his health was declared to be restored the people rushed by thousands to congratulate their favourite, and pour their blessings upon him, as he was slowly transported in his litter to Rome. It was a memorable example of the short-sightedness of mortals, and the vanity of human wishes. The Gods, said the Roman moralists, offered in their divine prescience to remove the great Pompeius, at the summit of his fortunes, beyond the sphere of human change; but the cities and nations interposed with prayer, and preserved their beloved hero for defeat and decapitation. But Pompeius himself was not less blind than his admirers. Measuring the depth of his influence by the loudness of these bland acclamations, he no longer mistrusted the extent of his resources, or doubted the terror of his name. There was no one at his ear to whisper how hollow these demonstrations were, to foretell that Italy would surrender without a blow, and that the voices now loudest in the accents of devotion to him would welcome the conqueror of Gaul with no less fervent enthusiasm. "*But what,*" exclaimed Cicero from his distant retreat, "*what are the prospects of a party whose champion falls dangerously sick at least once a year?*"

The senate had secured the election of consuls in whom they reposed entire confidence; but while Caius Marcellus,

a cousin of Marcus, supported the extreme views of his party, with unflinching zeal, his colleague Æmilius Paulus was already bought, as we have seen, by the enemy. Among the new tribunes was also one whose devotion to Cæsar could only be explained by his countrymen by the conviction that he was corrupted by Gallic gold. C. Scribonius Curio was the son of a senator of high rank and personal authority, a firm though a temperate adherent of the oligarchical faction. The son had disgraced himself in early life by the licentiousness of his habits; he had found himself companions among the most dissolute of the young patricians, and he was notoriously needy as well as unprincipled. Yet he was a youth not only of excellent parts, but of amiable character. He was a favourite of Cicero's, who despairing of his own contemporaries, now often looked, with a pleasing enthusiasm, to the rising generation for some objects of hope and faith. But Cæsar found him in the midst of his embarrassments, and offered him present relief and brilliant prospects. He swore allegiance to his beneficent patron, and entered upon his office in the year 704, resolved to carry him triumphantly over every obstacle that could be legitimately opposed to him.

A. U. 704. B. C. 50. When the new year opened the two parties were definitively pitted against each other, and both had revolved not only their legal means of attack and defence, but the military forces on which they could if necessary rely. The truce accorded to Cæsar had enabled him to complete his conquest of Gaul by the organization of his resources. On the other hand the party of the senate was well furnished with arms. Pompeius maintained seven legions in Spain, which might be transported across the sea even if the route of Gaul should be closed against them. The troops of Bibulus and Cicero in the East were not less devoted to their cause. Pompeius, at their instigation,

had required Cæsar to return him a legion which a few years before he had been induced to lend his rival, nor had Cæsar thought fit to refuse. This legion, together with another furnished by himself, Pompeius pretended to destine for the Parthian war; but on their arrival in Italy the consuls had ordered them into quarters in Campania, where they were kept in readiness against a surprise. But the senators trusted less in the numbers and devotion of their own troops than in the weariness and disaffection which were reported to reign in the distant cantonments of Cæsar's legions. This supposed discontent they sought to increase by insidious offers of lands and largesses, but Cæsar, who knew well the temper of his followers, could afford to despise them. He pretended the utmost unconcern at the persecution with which he was menaced, and while he held his own court at the remotest corner of Gaul, instructed his agents in the city to employ themselves with preparing for him a delicious villa, near the sacred grove of the Arician Diana. His adversaries allowed themselves to be completely blinded, and supposed that his resources were exhausted. Atticus imagined that he could embarrass him by calling for the liquidation of an old debt of fifty talents. When they discussed among themselves the chances of success in their meditated movement, and some one asked Pompeius what he would do if Cæsar should persist in suing for the consulship and refuse to relinquish his command? "*What,*" he replied, "*if my own son should raise his stick against me?*"

The two first months of the year were occupied, as usual, with the reception of foreign embassies, and the regulation of the external affairs of the commonwealth. On the first of March the deliberation commenced on which the existence of the commonwealth itself eventually depended. Cæsar's powers were destined to expire on the

last day of December, 705, but the nobles were too impatient to wait till nearly two years for the consummation they so ardently desired. C. Marcellus, the consul, proposed that he should be recalled from the date of the November next ensuing, a middle course, the meaning of which it is not easy to comprehend. A majority of the senate was about to vote accordingly, in spite of the silence of the other consul, when Curio rose, and in a speech conciliatory and flattering towards Marcellus himself, insinuated that, if such a course were adopted towards Cæsar, the same measure ought in fairness to be applied to Pompeius also. If this resolution were negatived he threatened to exercise his veto upon the other. Marcellus now lost all command of his temper. He called Cæsar a robber, and urged the senate to vote him an enemy if he should not lay down his arms. But Curio had concerted with his friends, and was well assured that his specious proposition would be strongly supported. He insisted on the question being put, and when the senators were counted off on the opposite sides of the hall, a vote for the simultaneous disarming of the two rivals was carried by the vast majority of the body against a feeble minority of two and twenty. Curio was well satisfied with this result: but when he quitted the place of assembly he was received by the people with redoubled acclamations, and his path strewn with flowers in token of the victory he had gained. Pompeius was not in the senate on this occasion, for it seems to have been assembled within the city, which as imperator he was not permitted to enter. But Marcellus rose up, and exclaimed that he would not sit still to listen to the harangue of demagogues, while ten armed legions were appearing above the Alps. He would summon a champion to defend the state.

The Gallic legions indeed were still retained in their cantonments far beyond the mountain frontier of Italy; but the proconsul himself was approaching nearer to Rome, and the progress he now made through the cities of the Cisalpine was a continued triumph. Under pretence of securing the favour of the Roman citizens in that province towards the suit of his quæstor M. Antonius for the augurate, he passed some of the summer months on the confines of his government, and paraded in the eyes of his countrymen the popularity he had acquired. On every side the people came forth to meet him, and his arrival at each colony or municipium was celebrated by festivals and sacrifices. From the Cisalpine he hastened back in the autumn to the country of the Treviri, where he had commanded his troops to assemble for a general review, and there he doubtless communicated to his officers his determination to extort from the senate full satisfaction for all their demands, the consulship for himself, the honours of the triumph, with lands and money for them. "*They cabal to wrest from me my rights,*" he exclaimed, "*but,*" laying his hand on his sword, "*this shall maintain them.*" At this moment Cicero had just returned from Cilicia. He sued for a triumph. His successes had been trifling, nevertheless the honour had been often decreed for no greater services, and this was not a moment for weighing the claims of so good a citizen in the nicest balance. But Cato opposed himself surlily to the demand, and the senate was weak enough to sanction the refusal. Pompeius, to whom Cicero had applied for the advantage of his influence, had amused his petitioner with hollow compliments, and the warm approbation he received from Cæsar with the promise of his services in the matter, was sufficient to detach him from the counsels of the nobles, and render him a mute spectator in the theatre of public affairs.

The contest was becoming daily more imminent. Nevertheless, after the consul's first sally of spite or mortification, no preparations were made for the struggle which it seemed to anticipate. If Marcellus applied to Pompeius, and urged him to concentrate in Italy the legions under his command in the West, he was satisfied or at least silenced by the vainglorious confidence of the great warrior's reply: "*I have only to stamp with my foot,*" Pompeius exclaimed, "*to raise legions from the soil in any part of Italy.*" Reassured by the impassive demeanour of the man most deeply interested in the result of the pending conflict, the senators voted again on a second proposition of the consul, and decided by a great majority that Cæsar should be recalled, and that his rival should at the same time retain his powers. Once more Curio exclaimed against this injustice, and once more his vehemence prevailed over the vacillating assembly, and another majority not less overwhelming was found to demand the resignation of both proconsuls simultaneously. The acclamations of the populace without hailed the efforts of the courageous tribune. But the nobles wished to destroy Cæsar, and they refused to disarm their own champion, by accepting a measure which should bear equally upon both. Outvoted in their own assembly they could no longer appeal to the laws, and Marcellus dismissed the senators, exclaiming in his irritation, "*You have carried the day, but you shall have Cæsar for your master.*" A few days later, at the commencement of December, the city was alarmed by the report that Cæsar's legions were crossing the Alps. Marcellus deigned once more to convoke the senate, and proposed that the troops stationed at Capua should be summoned to the defence of the city. Curio opposed the resolution, asserting that the rumour was false, as indeed it proved to be. But Marcellus de-

clared that since he was prevented from taking measures with the supreme council of the state for the public safety, he would provide for it on his own responsibility; and traversing the city with Lentulus the consul elect and others of his faction, he sought Pompeius in his villa at Alba, placed a sword in his hand, and invited him to take the command of all the troops in Italy for the defence of the commonwealth. Pompeius accepted the summons, adding however, with the pretence of moderation which never forsook him, "*if no better expedient be discovered.*" Nor could he be persuaded to make further levies, or recal the legions in the East or the West to the centre of the empire. Cæsar had again quitted the Transalpine province, and stationed himself at Ravenna: but he was attended by no more than a single legion, and it was hard to believe that he could meditate with so small a force any sudden act of aggression. Possibly Marcellus himself was deceived for a moment by the effect of his *coup d'état.* Curio felt or feigned to feel that there was no longer any security for himself in the presumed inviolability of his office, and after protesting against his adversary's call to arms, and proclaiming that the laws had ceased to reign, he suddenly quitted the city early in December, and betook himself to his patron's quarters. The people regarded both the one and the other as victims of oligarchical injustice, and Cæsar seemed to have got the only excuse he wanted for striking a blow at his oppressors. Curio urged him to assume the offensive without delay. But Cæsar relied upon the conduct of his opponents to confirm in a few days more the impression their violence had already excited in his favour. He waited for the commencement of the year when Q. Cassius and M. Antonius, two of his most devoted officers, would succeed to the office of tribune, and insist upon the satisfaction of his

claims. Those claims he meanwhile prevailed upon Curio to lay before the senate and the people. He offered to surrender at once the Transalpine province together with the troops by which its submission was secured, retaining only the Cisalpine and Illyricum with the moderate force of two legions. This proposition being, as he anticipated, rejected, he would still be content to lay down his command provided that Pompeius at the same time renounced his own: failing the acceptance of this last condition, he declared that he would come in person to Rome to avenge his own and his country's injuries. The letter which contained these offers Curio produced before the senate and the new consuls, Lentulus and M. Marcellus, on the first
A. U. 705. B. C. 49. of January. He was refused a hearing; but Cassius and Antonius took care that Cæsar's proposals should be made known to the people, and insisted that the senate should deliberate on the question of his claims. A confused and turbulent debate ensued, the consuls declared that the state was in danger, that no concession should be made to a rebel with arms in his hands; and at last the senate acquiesced in the proposition of Scipio, that unless Cæsar abandoned his army and his province before a certain day, he should be treated as a public enemy. The tribunes Antonius and Cassius interposed their vetos, exclaiming that the people had granted him a certain term of office, which would not then have expired; but no heed was paid to the voice of law or the forms of the constitution. On the decree being voted by a large majority of the assembly, the tribunes protested against it as illegal, and proclaimed that they were coerced in the exercise of their legitimate functions. Their opponents retorted by once more declaring the state in danger, and inviting the citizens to assume the garb of mourning. Pompeius, who was encamped close to the gates, sent some cohorts into the city.

The consuls were encouraged to carry out their violence with a high hand. The senators were once more convened on the sixth to determine on the punishment of the refractory tribunes. When it was intimated to them that they would be formally expelled from the assembly, they wrapped themselves hastily in pretended disguise, and fled, together with Curio, as if for their lives. In leaving the city they signified that they threw up their outraged and defenceless office; for the tribune was forbidden to step outside the walls during his term of service. Arrayed in all the dignity of violated independence they knew that they should be eagerly received in the proconsul's quarters and paraded throughout his camp as the cause and justification of war.

CHAPTER XII.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SECOND CIVIL WAR.—CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON, DRIVES POMPEIUS OUT OF ITALY, OCCUPIES ROME, CONQUERS SPAIN, AND IS CREATED DICTATOR.

A. U. 705. B. C. 49.

THE civil war of Cæsar and Pompeius was celebrated, at an interval of a hundred years, by a poet who interwove with his declamatory verses the political philosophy of his own times. Lucan commences his immortal *Pharsalia* with a brilliant review of the causes of the mighty revolution he is inspired to rehearse. The doctrine of the Stoics, which he had imbibed from his uncle Seneca, assured him that all things human are subject to a natural law of production and decay; that, as the frame of the universe itself is doomed to return to chaos, so the noblest creations of the human mind must run their predestined course, and finally crumble to their foundations. *In se magna ruunt:* every thing great falls by its own greatness. The commonwealth of Rome had reached its summit of glory and extension, and straightway Fate stept in, and claimed the victim appointed for her.

But within the controlling action of this primal law there is room and licence for the operation of secondary causes. The immediate impulse to revolution was given by the division between three conspiring chieftains of all political power, and the exclusion of the people from the direction of their own affairs. This tyranny, disguised by its partition among three equals, must eventually centre in

one; for such colleagues cannot fail to become rivals, and such rivals must rush at last in arms against each other. Even the rising walls of Rome had been moistened with a brother's blood. Crassus indeed, while he yet lived, stood like a slender isthmus between two encroaching oceans: upon his death no further barrier remained against the contending claims of Cæsar and Pompeius. Julia carried to her early grave the last bond of union between two alien houses: she who, like the Sabine women of ancient legend, might have flung herself between the husband and the father, and beaten down with her bare hand the brandished points of their swords. Thenceforth there was only jealousy on the one side, and ambition on the other. Pompeius could not brook an equal, nor Cæsar a superior. Betwixt them who shall decide the right? The Gods pronounced in favour of the victor, but Cato had sided with the vanquished. But the contending parties came not into the field on equal terms: the one was old in years and sated with excitement, the other was active and ardent, flushed with conquest and impatient for power; the one had long clothed himself in the garb of peace, the other had not yet sheathed the sword which had subdued the Gauls. Pompeius stood like the oak, conspicuous and alone in the centre of some fertile field, bearing the trophies of many triumphs, majestic in its decay, and venerated for its antique associations: Cæsar fell upon him like the lightning of Jupiter, which spares nothing venerable, nothing holy, neither the monarch of the forest, nor the temples of its own divinity.

Such were the causes of enmity between the illustrious chiefs; but the seeds of discord lay far deeper, and pervaded the commonwealth itself with the fatal germs of dissolution. The progress of luxury, and the accumulation in a few hands of the wealth of states and empires, had

completed the transformation of the free citizens of Rome into a herd of paupers, domineered over or cajoled by a knot of rival tyrants. The thirst of gold, and the ruthless means by which it had been gratified, had blunted every feeling of public or private honour. No eminence satisfied the ambitious aspirant but one which towered above the laws; no power contented him but such as defied the commonwealth itself. The decrees of the senate, the resolutions of the people, were alike coerced or set aside. Consuls and tribunes vied with each other in trampling on the restrictions imposed upon them by the constitution. Every honour was bought with money or extorted by force; the citizens set their own price on their favours, while the recurring elections of the field of Mars brought the republic year by year to the verge of anarchy and dissolution. The men most powerful in the camp, most influential in the comitia, were plunged in the deepest embarrassments, from which war alone could extricate them: the usurers, the last element of national stability, trembled for their preposterous ventures, while spendthrifts and bankrupts invoked with all their vows the chances of universal confusion.

Such is the view which Lucan took of the causes of the great civil war. The compliment he pays to the despotism of the emperor Nero, as the sole means of restoring order out of this hapless confusion, may be suspected of hypocrisy and adulation. Nevertheless the fact is indisputable, that every thing had been long tending to monarchy, and that for the last eighty years the decay of the ancient ideas, the obliteration of republican equality and the disorganization of government, had combined to render such a consummation inevitable. The tribunate of the younger Gracchus, the consulships of Marius and Cinna, the dictatorship of Sulla, the wide and protracted commands of

Pompeius and Cæsar, had been in fact no other than temporary autocracies. The nobles were content that the state should be ruled by a succession of extraordinary commissions: the people would have been satisfied to merge all their rights of self-government in the paramount authority of a sovereign of their own choice. Men of a speculative turn of mind, a large and increasing class, withdrew more and more from the turbid sphere of politics. The great poets of the day, such as Lucretius and Catullus, were no longer, like Nævius and Lucilius, the instruments of statesmen and the mouthpieces of parties. Atticus, who piqued himself on the shrewdness of his practical wisdom, professed neutrality on all questions of state, and lived in amity with three generations of public men of every shade of opinion. Cato and Brutus, who strove to mould their political conduct by the precepts of the highest philosophy, only proved that virtue and honour could no longer exist in the atmosphere of the Roman free-state. The republic to which Cicero devoted his faith and love was the republic of antiquity, the republic of his own imagination, the republic of the good and wise; nor are there wanting indications that even he admitted that liberty is never more amiable than when she yields to the mild authority of a constitutional sovereign. But few men were cautious and temperate as he was: the bold and free-spoken openly proclaimed, with Curio, that "*the republic was a vain chimera;*" or called it, with Cæsar himself, "*a name, devoid of substance or reality.*"

There exists, however, a document, purporting to be the address of a contemporary statesman to Cæsar, inviting him to restore the state through a monarchical revolution. The two letters on this theme attributed to Sallust, the historian, may be justly regarded as spurious,

as far as their authorship is concerned: nevertheless, we can hardly doubt that the writer has modelled them, either upon the recorded sentiments of Sallust himself, or at least on those which were commonly ascribed to men of his class and character, who despaired of the republic. The views propounded in them may be summed up in a few words. Cæsar is invited to assume the government of the state, as the man who alone can apply a remedy to its disorders. He is entreated not to suffer the mighty empire of the Roman people to fall into impotence and decrepitude, or to perish through its own miserable discords. "*Save Rome,*" exclaims the writer, "*for, if Rome perishes, the whole world will perish with her in slaughter and devastation. Vast is the task imposed upon you. The genuine free people is annihilated; there remains only a corrupt populace, without unity of sentiment or action. Infuse a new element into the mass, introduce numbers of foreign citizens, found colonies and restore cities, crush the faction of the tyrants at home, and extend far abroad the roots of the Roman community. Exact military service of all alike, and retain none under their standards beyond a reasonable term. Let the magistrates be chosen for their virtues and dignity, and not merely for their wealth. It would be vain to entrust the working of this reformed polity to the free agency of the citizens themselves. But the impartial eye of a supreme ruler may watch securely over its development, and neither fear, nor favour, nor private interest interpose to clog its operation.*" This exposition of the views of intelligent public men was supported by the mass of the middle order of citizens; the men who were working their way to wealth by trade and humble industry. It was approved of by many from a mere sense of disgust at the selfish corruption of the ruling powers. Nevertheless, the prevailing impression was not unreasonable, that the ascendancy of the

nobles, founded upon blood and revolution, would resort again and again to the same means to maintain itself. The tyranny of Sulla was avenged on the second generation. The advent of Cæsar to power was anticipated as an era of peace and security, while under a Pompeius, a Scipio, or a Marcellus, the sword of massacre and proscription seemed ever ready to leap from its scabbard. Even at this moment it was reported that the government had prepared a list of forty senators, and many others of lower quality, to be devoted to slaughter. The people were prone to believe any evil of the men under whose pride they had so long suffered, and their instinct assured them that the personal clemency and generosity of Cæsar would be a pledge for the justice and moderation of his system.

An immense weight was added to Cæsar's cause by the warm devotion to his interests of the mass of the foreign subjects of the republic. As far as they understood the tendency of the impending revolution in the direction of monarchy, they were well disposed to lend an impulse to it. To the greater part of the Roman possessions monarchy was more familiar and more palatable than the forms of a commonwealth, which they scarcely comprehended and were not permitted to share. But Cæsar himself was personally beloved by multitudes who had never even seen him. The nephew of Marius had carried the traditions of his party further than any of his predecessors. Not content with the admission of the Italian nations to the Roman franchise, he had enacted a law when consul for conferring the rights of the city upon the Cis-padane Gauls, thus breaking down the barrier between Italy and the provinces, and effacing the Rubicon, so to speak, from the map of the peninsula. The same principle he was evidently preparing to extend still further. The Gauls beyond the Po and even beyond the Alps might

expect a like favour at his hands. He had secured by legislative enactments the precarious independence of certain cities of Greece. He had attached to himself some of the potentates of Asia, and maintained correspondence with the leading men throughout the communities of the empire. He had lavished vast sums on the decoration of provincial cities, not only in Gaul and Spain, but in the eastern portion of the empire; teaching their inhabitants to look not to the senate and people of Rome but to himself, the imperator and proconsul, for the works of beneficence and grandeur, which are truly "*imperial, and worthy kings.*" It is not impossible that many foreign nations began already to conceive a vague anticipation, that Cæsar was preparing to mould the whole Roman world into a mighty monarchy under equal laws. The effect produced upon them by all these demonstrations was undoubtedly a main element in his success. We shall presently see that wheresoever he turned throughout his contest with his enemies, whether at Rome or in the provinces, the spirit of the people was uniformly with him, and stimulated him to undertakings, the boldness of which would be otherwise incredible.

A. U. 705. B. C. 49. The tribunes had quitted the city on the night of the 6th of January. The consuls immediately summoned the senate to meet in the temple of Bellona outside the walls, in order that Pompeius might assist at their deliberations in person. There they virtually resigned their authority into the hands of their military champion, and the dispositions which were now hastily made for the public administration were in fact the first acts of a Pompeian dictatorship. Not indeed that they even yet apprehended danger from Cæsar: were he rash enough to declare war on the republic, which few could anticipate, the discontent of his own forces would render him, they imagined, an

easy conquest. Orders, however, were issued for the levy of fresh troops: the legions in Spain, it was thought, might be left to check any movement of the garrisons of the Gaulish provinces in the direction of Rome. The great governments of the empire were then allotted among the chiefs of the party. Scipio received Syria, while L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, a vehement partizan of the oligarchy, was selected as Cæsar's successor in the Further Gaul. The Cisalpine was confided to another staunch adherent, Considius; Sicily, Sardinia, and Africa were entrusted to the vigilance of Cato, Cotta, and Tubero. Cicero, who was anxious to remain in the neighbourhood of the city, but would not consent to waive his personal dignity, received a command in Campania, which was little else than nominal. These arrangements were made with reckless disregard of legitimate and customary forms; arms and money were collected by forced contributions, and the temples of the Italian towns rifled of their hoarded gold.

On the evening of the 7th couriers left Rome for Cæsar's camp with the account of these tumultuary proceedings. Their speed seems to have outstripped the party who had set out so many hours sooner. Cæsar was already advised, before meeting with Antonius and Curio, of the position taken by his enemies. His own plans had been already formed, and he delayed not an instant in executing them. He harangued the soldiers of his single legion in their quarters at Ravenna, and expounded to them the injustice committed against their leader, who henceforth must place all his reliance in the vigour of their arms. On the morning of the 15th he sent forward some cohorts to the Rubicon, the frontier of his province, distant about twenty miles. Throughout the day he assisted himself at a public spectacle, invited company to his table in the evening, and

entertained them with his usual affability. At sunset he made an excuse for a brief absence, mounted a car yoked with mules, and hastened with a few attendants to overtake his soldiers at the appointed spot. To avoid the risk of being encountered, he had quitted the high road, and soon lost his way in the bypaths of the country. His torches became extinguished, and he was left in darkness. It was only by taking a peasant for a guide, and alighting from his vehicle, that he at last reached his destination.

Such are the first marvels attributed at its commencement to this fatal design upon the liberties of the republic. The facts are perhaps coloured and exaggerated. But what follows is a picture of pure imagination, and only interesting as a natural expression of the awe and wonder with which the Romans long regarded the daring enterprize of the first Cæsar. When setting his foot upon the bridge which spanned the narrow stream, "*even now*," he exclaimed, "*we may return; if we cross the bridge, arms must decide the contest.*" At that moment of suspense there suddenly appeared the figure of a youth remarkable for comeliness and stature, playing on a flute, the pastoral emblem of peace and security. The shepherds about the spot mingled with the soldiers, and straggled towards him, captivated by his simple airs; when, with a violent movement, he snatched a trumpet from one of the military band, rushed with it to the bank of the river, and blowing a furious blast of martial music, leaped into the river and disappeared on the opposite side. "*Let us advance*," cried Cæsar, "*where the Gods direct and our enemies invite us. Be the die cast.*" The soldiers dashed across the bridge or the ford, and before the day had dawned, had reached Ariminum, and entered its unclosed gates.

At Ariminum Cæsar met the fugitive tribunes, and assured them that he was advancing upon Rome to maintain

their rights together with his own. From thence, he tells us, he despatched orders for the movement of his troops; one legion reached him within a fortnight, and another within a month from that time. Three legions he stationed at Narbo, to watch the Pompeian forces in Spain, while the remainder of his troops were concentrated more at leisure in the south of Gaul, to support either the right or the left wing of his position. For the moment, however, Cæsar's whole force was hardly six thousand strong, while his enemies had three times that number actually in hand, whose vigorous attack it would hardly have been possible for him to resist. But as soon as the news reached Rome that the Rubicon was passed, Pompeius himself seemed to have been seized with the same consternation which reigned through the ranks of his adherents. The alarm of civil war, which they had so long defied, when it actually broke upon them completely unmanned them. Sulla and Marius, proscription and massacre, were the fearful ideas which immediately arose before them. They pictured to themselves the army of Cæsar, as a horde of half-naked savages, the children of the victors of the Allia, the same bloody race which had burnt the city and slain the assembled senators. Pompeius marched straight through the southern gate of the city, and called upon all good citizens to follow him along the Appian Way. He declared that his forces were not strong enough to cope with the invader from the North. "*Stamp then with your foot,*" cried Favonius, "*and raise legions.*" But the hero was proof against these taunts. He persisted in retiring before the foe, and dragging along with him the senate, the people and the gods of Rome. In a few hours the Appian road was crowded with a motley multitude, less incensed perhaps against the man before whom they fled, than against him who had neglected every precaution for their defence, and even refused to draw the

sword they had put into his hands. At Capua they first took breath. There it was remembered that in the precipitation of their flight the consuls had left the public treasure in Rome. They had carried off the keys of the temple of Saturn, in which it was lodged, as if expecting that the conqueror would be deterred from using violence. Pompeius charged them to return, as its legitimate guardians, and fetch it. But they were scared by the rumour of the enemy's rapid advance; they demanded an armed escort, and none could be spared them. Cæsar kept a large number of gladiators at Capua, and the two legions quartered there constituted a police for guarding them. They were broken up into small parties and placed in the custody of various nobles, before Pompeius could obtain the attendance of this military force in his further movements.

Meanwhile there was some pretence at negotiation; but Pompeius, encouraged by the defection of Cæsar's ablest officer, Labienus, insisted that the rebel should lay down his arms as a preliminary to any consideration of his claims, while Cæsar urged not less peremptorily that if one abdicated his command, the other should do the same. Cæsar advanced: Arretium, Iguvium, and Auximum opened to him their gates, chasing the officers of the senate before him. The road to Rome was open to him; but when he heard that his adversaries were crossing from the lower to the upper coast of Italy he turned without hesitation to the left, traversed Picenum, took Cingulum and Asculum, and threw himself upon the strong central position of Corfinium, where a part of the Pompeian forces were left to encounter him. It was with reluctance indeed that Pompeius had consented to risking an encounter even here. Domitius, who saw that the new levies in the heart of Italy would be abandoned to the foe in his imperator's rapid retreat, insisted that this post should be defended.

There planted with dogged resolution, he called aloud to Pompeius to bring up his whole forces to support him. Pompeius coldly refused, and continued to retire step by step, from Capua to Teanum, from Teanum to Larinum, from Larinum to Luceria on the confines of Apulia. Domitius prepared to stand a siege; but his courage was of no avail. No sooner did Cæsar appear before the walls than the soldiers of the senate delivered the place with their commander into his hands. Cæsar was struck with this signal instance of the influence of his name and character. Clement by temper, he clearly saw the political advantage of sparing his captive. He granted Domitius his life, and even his freedom, the first instance perhaps in the history of the civil wars of such magnanimity. So little was it anticipated by the captive himself, that he had swallowed a potion, believing it to be poison.

Cæsar not only spared his captive's life; he restored to him the treasure in his military chest. He might wish to prove to the Romans that they had no more to fear from his want of gold than from his thirst for blood. He might intend to show that he had resources in abundance, both of men and money, and could afford to be generous in either particular. Though the officers taken in Corfinium refused to share in his enterprise, the men joined his standard with alacrity, and the slender forces with which he had entered Italy, soon swelled to formidable numbers. As he advanced the feeling of the country turned completely in his favour. His clemency stood already in marked contrast with the fierce proclamations of Pompeius, and the still more ferocious language held by his associates, who declared that they would admit of no neutrality, and would treat as enemies, on their expected return to Rome, every senator or man of note who should merely decline to follow them in their retreat. Cicero, who was deeply mortified

at his chief's desertion of Rome at the commencement of the campaign, and who already foresaw that he would make no head against the invader in Italy, murmured with bitter indignation at the impolicy of these proceedings. Pompeius charged him to abandon Capua, and join him in Apulia; but the road was no longer open, and Cicero shrank from the hazards or discomforts of a voyage in mid-winter. From Luceria, not waiting even for the result of the defence of Corfinium, Pompeius had led the consuls and magistrates to the port of Brundisium. The only precaution he seems to have taken was to collect a number of transport vessels there for the embarkation of his army without delay. He immediately despatched the greater part of the force, which now amounted to five legions, notwithstanding his recent losses, across the straits to Epirus. The only duty of a general he performed was to remain himself behind, to accompany the last division. Cæsar, hastening from Corfinium, was already at the gates; but he was destitute of ships, and the sea was open to the Pompeian vessels which were returning to bear away the last columns of their armament. The assailant made a vigorous attempt to throw a mole across the mouth of the harbour, but he was baffled in this operation, and the Pompeians, hastily embarking, left the walls undefended, and sailed away. The Cæsarians entered, and guided by the inhabitants of the city followed swiftly on their track, but too late to arrest them. A slight skirmish occurred at the entrance of the harbour, where two of the Pompeian vessels were destroyed. This was the first blood shed in the civil war.

Cæsar had made himself master of Italy in sixty days. Never perhaps was so great a conquest effected so rapidly, or in the face of antagonists apparently so formidable. Every step he advanced was a surprise to his enemies; yet

at each step they predicted more confidently his approaching discomfiture. Labienus had deserted him, and immediately they anticipated the total defection of his legions. Domitius defied him, and they were assured that he need only be faced to be discomfited. But at the first blast of his trumpets every obstacle fell before him, and the march of his legions could hardly keep pace with the retreat of his boastful adversaries. The consuls abandoned Rome before he was competent to approach it; and their lieutenants, deserted by their troops, plundered of their treasure, and denuded of the materials of war, found themselves alone and defenceless in their camps before the assailant appeared in sight. The interest which Sulla had fostered in his colonies faded away like a dream; old hopes and hatreds revived in the breasts of the Italians; the magistrates of every city flung wide their gates, and hailed the Roman traitor as their hero and deliverer. The captain, second only to Pompeius in the camp and councils of the senate, was dragged a prisoner into Cæsar's presence; and Pompeius himself retreated from one position to another, without a single attempt to rally, and finally crept out of the country like a hunted fox. All this time the nobles had been growing more and more clamorous to be led against the invader: in vain did they mutter and scowl, and heap reproaches upon their chosen champion. He was not to be diverted from his plans, whatever they might be; but he would make no disclosure of them. To their remonstrances he coldly replied by ordering the murmurers to follow him under pain of proscription. To the last they hoped he would make a stand on the sacred soil of Italy: when he finally deceived their anticipations, and wafted his last cohorts from the port of Brundisium, confusion and despair prompted many of them to throw themselves on the conqueror's generosity. The Appian Way

was again crowded with knights and senators; but this time their faces were turned towards the city. Dragged so long at the wheels of Pompey's chariot, they vowed from henceforth to renounce the war, and sought the protection of the chief who alone permitted neutrality. Many of them belonged, no doubt, to the class of indolent and selfish voluptuaries, who had been beguiled into a momentary relinquishment of their pleasures by the assurance that they should soon be reinstated in them more securely and triumphantly. But many also were better citizens, who foreboded some undefined evil to the state from the apparent treachery of Pompeius. They hated him for his arrogance, and they shuddered at the words which were often in his mouth, "*Sulla could do this: why should not I?*" They left it to the needy and reckless, the disappointed adventurers and patrician spendthrifts, to cling still to his fortunes, and gloat over their visions of an abolition of debts, a confiscation of properties, and a reconstruction of the government. Whatever stains there might be on the character of some of Cæsar's most conspicuous adherents, it was now manifest that the leader of the oligarchy was surrounded by a crew not less dissolute and unprincipled.

The departure of the more moderate and high-minded of his partizans was witnessed, we may presume, by Pompeius with no great dissatisfaction. There can be little doubt of the game he had all along been playing. We cannot suppose that so consummate a captain, a statesman so experienced, should have let the cards drop from his hands, as he had done throughout, except with a deliberate policy. Whether he admitted the consuls themselves into his confidence may remain uncertain; but it is clear that he deceived to the last the great body of his adherents even within the camp, by a pretended defence of

Italy, while it had long been his intention to surrender every post successively, and make his exit from the peninsula as fast as, with a decent show of resistance, he could.

The eastern and western portions of the empire stood to each other in peculiar contrast, and the views which influenced Pompeius at this crisis may be traced to the nature of the resources they offered respectively. The Italian peninsula, stretching far into the midland sea, divided the Roman world into two hemispheres, rivals for the regard of the warrior and statesman, not less distinct in their social and political character than in their geographical position. For both the East and the West were still instinct with the life peculiar to each, and though both equally within the reach and under the control of the same iron arm, were nevertheless as completely alien from one another in their principles, interests and feelings, as if they had been two rival empires, and not parts and provinces of the same.

On the one hand the great Iberian peninsula was more thoroughly Romanized than any other part of the dominions of the republic. If some inaccessible districts were still unsubdued, far the larger portion of the country, full of splendid cities and flourishing communities, had adopted the manners of the conquerors. The language of the Italians was achieving rapid conquests in every quarter, and consolidating the municipal institutions which were accorded so freely to the natives in no other part of the empire. The subjugation of Spain had occupied a hundred and fifty years of almost constant warfare. Step by step Rome had made her way into the heart of a country, in which every mountain and desert had been defended with the same inveterate love of freedom. But in the course of this slow progress she destroyed the cities

and exterminated the laws and institutions of the barbarians. Civilization following in the wake of conquest, had filled the vacant space with the ideas and customs of Italy. The Iberians once subdued had become rapidly cultivated; once cultivated they had been admitted in great numbers to the franchise of the city, and had been taught to regard their assimilation to Rome as the first step to participation in her privileges. In no part of the empire had the spirit of the subjects become so closely identified with that of the rulers as here; nor were the traditions and prejudices of the republic held any where more sacred. The subjugation of Gaul had commenced much later, and had recently been much more rapid. Nevertheless the steady policy pursued by Pompeius, and the oligarchy in the south, and throughout the rest of that vast region by Cæsar, had effected in a few years a transformation hardly less remarkable than that just noticed. The two great nations of the West were thus rendered the allies of the republic rather than her subjects. Either of them furnished a field on which her quarrels might be fought out in the midst of a native population hardly less Cæsarian or Pompeian in their sympathies than the conquering race itself.

But in the eastern half of the Roman empire the ideas of the dominant people had received no such development, and no interest was there felt in the domestic quarrels of the city. The earlier and finer cultivation of the East still regarded with contemptuous indifference the struggles of the Roman mind to obtain an ascendancy over the subject races. The Greek populations were at this time almost exhausted by war, bad government, and the decay of their commercial prosperity. They submitted to the conqueror with an apathy from which nothing could rouse them, and while they were forced to cast their institutions

in Italian moulds, refused to imbibe any portion of their spirit. But beyond the Grecian provinces no attempt was made to infuse the political ideas of the republic into the dependent kingdoms on the frontier. The races of Asia acquiesced in their own immemorial despotisms, to which they had been abandoned by Sulla and Pompeius. To them the names of liberty and equality, invoked in turn by each of the Roman factions, were unintelligible. They had no conception of the nature of the contests, the rumour of which reached them across so many seas and continents. The sympathies of the Orientals centred always in men, and never in principles. A Cyrus, an Alexander, an Arsaces, commanded all their devotion; for them the foundations of law lay in the breast of the autocrat. If summoned to take up arms in behalf of either party, it was upon the leader alone that they would fix their eyes, to his triumph the sphere of their interests would be limited. The accession of their wealth and numbers would strengthen the hands of the chief even against his own followers; to the common cause a victory obtained by their aid might be not less dangerous than a defeat. Accordingly the introduction of such allies into a civil war could only be regarded by the best and proudest citizens as an insult to the republic. The party chief who should divest himself of the support of the national sentiment, and rally round his standards the blind obsequiousness of Egypt, the rude devotion of Colchis and Armenia, would forfeit the respect of the true patriot as much as if he had put himself at the head of a foreign invasion.

That this however was the course Pompeius had determined to adopt, from the moment that he saw the contest with his rival inevitable, seems amply proved by the whole of his after conduct. He hated the oligarchy

of which he was the leader. At an earlier period, while placing himself ostensibly at its head, he had laboured to depress and degrade it. Jealous of the rival whom in self-defence it had raised against him in Cicero, he had used Cæsar, as he thought, to crush this attempt to control him. But the instrument cut the workman's hand. The next turn of the wheel of fortune showed him in close alliance with this same party, to defend themselves against a common adversary. Pompeius however was well aware that these hollow friends would seize the moment of victory to effect his overthrow. If they worsted Cæsar, it would not be to submit once more to himself. He feared the hostile influence of the consuls and magistrates in a camp of Roman citizens, and felt that in the event of a struggle with them his title of imperator would not weigh against their higher claims to allegiance. For the armies of which he was now the nominal leader were not raised within the bounds of Italy; they were not debauched like the legions of Sulla, of Marius, of Cæsar, or those which he had himself brought home from Asia, by long absence from the city and habits of military licence. In order to strengthen his exalted position, or even to maintain it after the defeat of the invader, he required a force of another description. It was necessary that his anticipated victory should be gained, not on the soil of Italy, nor by the hands of Lentulus and Domitius, and that his return to Rome should be a triumph over the senate no less than over Cæsar.

Thus only can we account for Pompeius having made no dispositions for maintaining himself at Rome, or at least in Italy, while there was yet time to have brought to his succour the legions of Spain; for his abandoning Domitius with his strong detachment in the face of so inferior an enemy; and above all, for his carrying the war to the

East instead of the West, when compelled to escape from the shores of the Peninsula. It was in Spain that the great strength of his party lay, after it was expelled from the hearths of the republic. There was no region where the summons of Rome and the senate could meet with so favourable a response from the provincials. Twelve legions of Roman soldiers, backed by the resources of so warlike and opulent a country, might have been matched with advantage against any force Cæsar could bring against them. They might have boldly crossed the Pyrenees and sought their antagonists in the south of Gaul. In the mean time Scipio would have brought up the resources of the East, and all that could be spared from the armies of Syria, and the two ponderous masses might have met in Italy, and crushed Cæsar between them.

But Pompeius had no intention of sharing his victory with the great men of his party, or restoring to their ivory chairs the old chiefs of the aristocracy. There was now no disguise as to his designs, no doubt as to the attempt he would make to obliterate the traces of ancient liberty. Some indeed of the nobles might still think to impose a check upon him by their presence in his camp, but many even of the most distinguished among them were already corrupted by the hope of plunder. War against Italy, war against Rome, was the open cry of the most daring and profligate. We will starve the city into submission; we will leave not a tile on a roof throughout the country, was echoed by Pompeius himself. Such was the ominous language which resounded in the senatorial camp as soon as it was pitched in Epirus, and the opposite shores assumed the character of a foreign and a hostile strand. The consuls listened to it without a murmur, for it was their own champion who avowed it. "*He left the city,*" says Cicero, "*not because he could not defend it; and Italy,*

not because he was driven out of it; but this was his design from the beginning, to move every land and sea, to call to arms the kings of the barbarians, to lead savage nations into Italy, not as captives but as conquerors. He is determined to reign like Sulla, as a king over his subjects; and many there are who applaud this atrocious design."

The flight of the consuls and senate left Cæsar in possession of the centre of his enemies' position. He might determine at his leisure on which wing of their army he should first concentrate his forces. Meanwhile the occupation of Italy and of Rome, which opened its gates to receive him, gave him the command of both material and moral resources of the highest importance for the further prosecution of the war. Cicero, whom he met in Campania, and solicited to give the weight of his name to the counsels of his adherents, firmly refused; and doubtless many others, while they gratefully accepted the protection he accorded them, felt bound to withhold their countenance from his aggression on the constituted authorities. Such scruples Cæsar smiled at. He explained to the citizens the substantial justice of his claims, which the consuls had deserted the post of duty rather than concede; but it was of much more importance to be able to assure them that they had no slaughter, or pillage, or revolution to fear from his victory. Lest he should be pressed by demands which he was determined not to gratify, he left his army behind, and entered Rome almost unattended. He had promised two thousand sesterces to each of his soldiers; he now proffered three hundred to every citizen. But he carefully abstained from any measure of private spoliation to discharge these sums. There was a large treasure hoarded beneath the Capitol in the vaults of the temple of Saturn, which the consuls had forgotten to carry off, till it was too late to return to Rome and seize it. Cæsar resolved to

apply it to his own purposes. The senators he convened were easily persuaded to authorize him. Metellus one of the tribunes, had the courage to interpose his veto, which was contemptuously disregarded. He addressed the people and reminded them of the popular story, that this sacred treasure included the actual ransom of the city which Brennus had carried from the gates and the valour of Camillus had recovered. A curse had been denounced against the sacrilegious hand which should remove it for any purpose whatever, except to repel Gallic invasion. "*The fear of a Gallic invasion,*" retorted Cæsar, "*is for ever at an end: I have subdued the Gauls.*" The conqueror was not to be deterred by empty words; the people made no remonstrance, and Metellus quailed under his uplifted hand. The keys had been carried off by the consuls, and the door was broken open with pickaxes. "*It is time of war,*" Cæsar had added, "*and in war we cannot listen to the scruples of peace.*"

From this time affairs at Rome resumed their usual course; security and confidence were restored, and the military government which Cæsar imposed upon the city in the absence of its civil magistrates, if it was seen was hardly felt by the citizens. But one day's interruption of the usual supplies would have thrown this vast population into confusion, and the granaries of the city, Sardinia, Sicily and Africa, were all held by Pompeian lieutenants. Cæsar's care was immediately directed to the recovery of these provinces. The legion which he despatched to Sardinia was received by the inhabitants with open arms, while the Pompeian garrison was ignominiously expelled. Cato abandoned Sicily as soon as Curio, whom Cæsar sent thither, appeared in sight. Africa still remained unconquered, and to Africa Curio immediately transported the legions which had been placed under his command. Here

however the Pompeian lieutenant, Attius Varus, was supported by the craft and energy of the Numidian chieftain Juba, and Curio, rash and inexperienced in warfare, was easily drawn into a snare. The Cæsarian troops were surrounded and almost cut to pieces. Curio fought with desperate bravery and fell in the foremost ranks. A remnant of his legions was saved by Asinius Pollio, and carried back to Italy, leaving Africa still in possession of the Pompeians.

Meanwhile Cæsar, having confided the government of the city to Æmilius Lepidus, and having placed his troops throughout Italy under the command of M. Antonius, had departed himself for Spain. "*I go*," he said, "*to encounter an army without a general. I shall return to attack a general without an army.*" The three Iberian provinces were governed by Varro, Afranius and Petreius. The first was a civilian and a scholar, without experience of arms, or interest in the cause he served; the second was a weak and frivolous profligate; the third alone a veteran of approved courage and fidelity, though destitute perhaps of the qualities of the statesman, or even of the general. The assailant might trust as much to the want of concert between such ill-assorted colleagues, as to their deficiency in military conduct. But on his march through Gaul he was arrested by the defection of Massilia. That city, already well inclined to the cause of the Senate, and anxious at least to remain neutral in a civil contest in which it had no direct concern, had been secured to the Pompeian side by the energy of Domitius, who had sailed covertly from Italy and thrown himself within its walls. Invested as he had been with the command of the Transalpine province he thus obtained a footing within his own government, and a ground of vantage for assailing the enemy who ventured to withhold it from him. Cæsar directed three legions

against the place, and left his lieutenant Trebonius to conduct land operations while he charged Decimus Brutus, the commander of his fleet in the campaign against the Veneti, to equip a sufficient armament for the blockade of the port. Three legions had already preceded him to the foot of the Pyrences, and meeting with no opposition from the remissness of the Pompeian commanders, had scaled the passes of the mountains, and descending into Spain had reached the valley of the Segre. Afranius and Petreius collected their forces, and took up their quarters at Ilerda. Besides five legions of Roman soldiers they were reinforced by numerous bodies of Iberian auxiliaries, and all the strongholds and resources of the country were equally in their possession. The two armies were already confronting each other when Cæsar arrived. His men were clamorous for pay, and he brought with him sums which he had borrowed from his own tribunes and centurions. But if his lack of money was thus opportunely relieved, he speedily found himself straitened for provisions. His position between the Segre and the Cinca was narrow and ill-supplied, and it was necessary to secure the command of a wider territory beyond those rivers on either side. It was now the beginning of May, and the annual swell of the waters on the first melting of the snows was this year more than usually violent. The bridges he had constructed were swept away, and the legions found themselves suddenly confined almost to the soil on which they were standing. The Pompeians meanwhile, occupying the strong position of Ilerda, together with an entrenched camp on an eminence hard by, repulsed his attacks, while they retained their communications by means of the stone bridge over the Segre. Cæsar was now in the greatest peril: his adversaries exulted in the certainty of his destruction, and sent vaunting accounts of their own good

fortune to Rome instead of completing his discomfiture by a well-timed effort. But he had noticed in Britain the coracles, or barks covered with skins, which the barbarians there used, and by the help of such flimsy boats, easily made and light of transport, he conveyed his troops from point to point across the expanse of waters. When the inundation abated the Pompeians discovered that he had improved the opportunity to seduce the natives from their allegiance: finding themselves in the midst of a hostile population, and dismayed at the enemy's escape from destruction, they descended from their heights, crossed to the left bank of the river, and retreated hastily in the direction of Tarraco and Valentia. Cæsar rushed in pursuit, overtook the fugitives, and turned the heads of their columns once more towards Ilerda. A parley ensued, and the legionaries on either side had an opportunity of conversing with their opponents: the Cæsarians lauded the generosity of their leader and shook the fidelity of the dispirited Pompeians. Petreius recalled his men to their camp, and brandished over them all the terrors of military discipline; but their courage was quite broken, and rather than risk impending defeat, their generals consented to capitulate. The officers were allowed to go free, while the soldiers for the most part passed over to the banners of the conqueror. Cæsar marched into the south of Spain and received the submission of Varro at Corduba. By appropriating a part only of the exactions which Varro had levied for conducting the war against him, he was enabled to repay the sums he had borrowed, and to replenish his military chest for another campaign.

A. U. 705. B. C. 49. When this Pompeian province was conquered and pacified, Cæsar departed in all haste for Massilia, where the inhabitants, confined to their walls by two defeats at sea, were reduced to the last extremities. On the arrival of

Cæsar they determined to treat, delivered their arms, their vessels and their public treasure. Once more the conqueror conducted himself with his accustomed clemency. Domitius himself had contrived to make his escape and hastened to rejoin his associates in Epirus; but Massilia was allowed to retain her independence. The disasters however which she had experienced shook the foundations of her prosperity, and she seems never to have recovered the eminent position she had hitherto held among the great emporiums of ancient commerce. This treaty completed the submission of the western provinces of the empire, and gave Cæsar the entire command of their vast military resources. Secure now against being harassed on his rear, he could direct his undivided forces against the only general who could venture to measure himself with him, and from that general he had just wrested the flower of his army.

Cæsar was still beneath the walls of Massilia when he learnt that the people of Rome, on the proposition of Lepidus, had proclaimed him Dictator. Many of the prescribed formalities had been omitted, notwithstanding the show of respect for legality which he was studious to preserve. He might plead indeed that for many years few of the higher magistracies had been supplied with all the strictness of legal forms. What mattered it however that the dictator was created in this instance by a prætor, and not by the consul? by the acclamations of the people, and not by the suffrage of the senate? Antiquarians were at hand to assert the obsolete rights of the prætorial office, and there were senators enough at Rome to meet together, and call themselves the assembly of the conscript Fathers. It was better at least that Cæsar should rule under a known historical title than with no title at all, and there was no possibility of investing him with any title in the A. U. 70. B. C. 49.

regular form. The people, who for the first time saw the hateful office of the dictator exercised by a champion of their own, and in their own interests, rejoiced in the master of their choice, and forgot for a moment that Cæsar ruled by the army and not by themselves. Cæsar himself did not forget it, neither did his soldiers. The ninth legion mutinied at Placentia, and demanded the rewards he had promised them at Brundisium. But he suppressed the revolt with firmness and decision, and did not hesitate to execute on the offenders the vengeance of military law. His position was once more secure.

It was for fiscal measures principally that the creation of a dictator was demanded at this crisis. In former times the patricians had resorted to the arm of power to compel the plebeians to pay their debts, or to coerce the passive resistance with which they evaded their obligations. Now it was in the interest of the debtors themselves that this strain was put upon the constitution. The methods of exchange devised by modern civilization were very imperfectly understood in ancient Rome, and this, together with the fearful insecurity of life and property, had given an excessive impulse to the exactions of the usurers. The Roman legislators partook indeed of the prejudice against money begetting money so common among half-civilized nations, and from the earliest times they had attempted to repress the natural exercise of the rights of property in this direction. At one time they had forbidden money to be lent in the name of a citizen; the money-lenders immediately employed the names of Latins and Italians. Again they extended the restriction to the provinces; but the effect was only to render usury doubly onerous, by making it more indirect and precarious than ever. At last in the B.C. 47. year 657, when the laws against usury had been allowed to fall into disuse as futile or injurious, a consul was found

to carry the sweeping measure of a reduction of all debts by three-fourths. Valerius Flaccus, as we have seen, allowed the debtors "*to exchange silver for copper.*" The money-lenders, who demanded interest from twelve to forty per cent., exclaimed loudly against this confiscation of their property; but it may fairly be doubted whether, when the rates of usury were so overwhelming, it was possible to maintain the frame of government without occasional resort to such arbitrary expedients. From that time however the influence of the moneyed class became again predominant in the city. The spirit of luxury and wild speculation, which grew up with the great conquests of the republic in Asia, gave an impulse to their transactions. Large classes of the citizens became bowed to the ground under the load of their obligations, and the conspiracy of Catilina, conducted by political adventurers, was animated and supported by the exigencies of the impoverished debtors. Cicero who painted it in his speeches in the colours of cruelty and vindictiveness, in his sober treatise on moral duties represented it as a great swindling transaction. The law, though its original atrocities were softened in later practice, was still excessively harsh towards the debtor, and defeated in this desperate effort for relief, he now paid his monthly interest with a punctuality unknown before. The consul might felicitate himself on the effect of his firmness; nevertheless the evil continued to increase, and with it the discontent and settled determination to sweep off all incumbrances; and among the various interests evoked in favour of Cæsar's schemes of self-aggrandizement, none were more ardent and devoted to him than those of the would-be repudiators. His hereditary connexion with the party opposed to the noblest and the wealthiest of the citizens, his reputed familiarity with Catilina, his own early embarrassments, and conse-

quent laxity of principles, all pointed him out as the destined leader of a great fiscal revolution. "*What are new tables,*" asked Cicero, "*but that you should buy a farm with my money, you keep the farm, and I not get my money back?*" And many there doubtless were at Rome who had yet conceived no higher idea of Cæsar's character than this.

Now at last the greatest statesman of the age stept forth from the camp, and presented himself in the senate-house and the forum, fertile in resource, firm in resolution, moderate and practical in his measures. Assailed by clamourous importunity, he sternly refused to yield to the cry for confiscation. He appointed arbiters for the valuation of the debtors' property, and insisted on every thing being sold for the liquidation of their obligations; not however at any price which might be fetched at a moment of panic, but at the estimated value before the breaking out of the war. At the same time he required the creditors, in return for this prompt interference, to strike from their claims the amount of interest which had been added to the capital sum. He seems to have resorted further to the old tribunitian expedient of making grants of public land for the relief of the bankrupt citizens, whose rank and character formed in his eyes a claim upon the compassion or policy of the commonwealth. This compromise brought him no personal advantage; his own debts, once enormous, had been long wiped out; and nothing could be more unworthy of Cicero than the sarcasm he deliberately vented against it, in ascribing this discreet adjustment to a mere gratuitous love of mischief.

The fiscal expedients of antiquity must not of course be judged by the principles which have ripened in modern times under very different social combinations; and the second measure of the dictator, which forbade any citizen keeping by him more than 60,000 sesterces, must be con-

sidered as directed against the evil effects of the practice of hoarding bullion, then not uncommon, but of which we can have little experience. In the general perturbation of affairs coined money had perhaps almost disappeared from the markets, and the strong arm of power was doubtless invoked by acclamation to recall it into circulation. Whether or not such measures were themselves the best that could be devised, they at least answered their purpose in satisfying the public and restoring confidence. Cæsar was not yet able to promise the citizens the full return of peace and tranquillity, but they beheld in his supremacy the fairest guarantee for their speedy restoration, and the first beams of security shone upon them from his countenance.

An ample distribution of corn added to the general contentment. At the same time all who had deemed themselves aggrieved by the late government, whether justly or not, looked to Cæsar for redress or protection. Since the commencement of hostilities, several of the exiles whom Pompeius had condemned during his third consulship, had come to offer him their services, and these men he recalled to their homes. Of all this class, Milo alone, and Antonius, the consul who had taken the field against Catilina, were excepted from the amnesty. The only law of Sulla which was still in force, that which inflicted civil incapacity on the children of his victims, was revoked. Finally, the inhabitants of the Cisalpine were recompensed for their long fidelity by the concession of the rights of the city. Cæsar held the dictatorship only eleven days, and did not even appoint himself a master of the horse. Before resigning it he presided at the comitia of the tribes, and caused himself to be nominated consul together with Servilius Isauricus. The other chief offices were conferred upon his steadiest adherents, with every due formality, and before issuing from Rome to join his legions at Brundi-

sium, he declared war against the public enemy with solemn ceremonies at the *Latin feriæ*. Thus the conqueror of the republic could boast that he had once more set up on its pedestal the august image he had himself overthrown. Nothing was wanting to the regularity of his government; the decrees of a senate (for he had assembled more than half the number of Fathers together at Rome), the election of the people, the sanction of the curies and the auspices on the spot appointed by custom and religion. Cæsar, as proconsul, was a rebel from the moment of quitting his province; but as soon as he became consul, legitimately installed, the right, in the eyes of a nation of formalists, passed at once to his side, while his adversaries were straightway transformed into enemies and traitors. This they seemed even themselves in some sort to acknowledge; for, although there were as many as two hundred senators in the camp of Pompeius, they dared not enact a law, nor hold an election, nor confer an imperium. They had neither curies, nor centuries, nor comitia; and the consuls, prætors and quæstors who had sailed from the shores of Italy, sank the next year into proconsuls, proprætors and proquæstors. The representative of the people had become the guardian of precedent and order; while the champion of the aristocracy derived his unauthorized prerogative from the passions of a turbulent camp. Nevertheless, though the contest might thus be represented as one of principle and constitutional policy, the mass of the citizens insisted on regarding it as a struggle between rival chieftains. The antagonists had assumed an attitude of personal defiance; the names of Senate and People had sunk into ominous oblivion. Cæsar and Pompeius were now the exclusive watchwords of the contending parties; even the children playing in the streets divided themselves into Cæsarians and Pompeians.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR.—CAMPAIGN OF EPIRUS AND BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.—POMPEIUS MURDERED IN EGYPT.—CAMPAIGN OF ALEXANDRIA.—DEFEAT OF PHARNACES AT ZELA.—CÆSAR DICTATOR II.—THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.—BATTLE OF THAPSUS AND SUICIDE OF CATO.

A. U. 706—708. B. C. 48—46.

POMPEIUS had no sooner placed the sea between his followers and the cherished soil of Italy than he began to develop the military plans which he had long meditated in secret. The consuls and their party were now really at his mercy; they could not dispense with his services, for once removed from the centre of government, their authority in the camp was merely nominal. The rulers of the allied and dependent states of the East owed their thrones to the conqueror of Mithridates. While only distant and doubtful rumours had reached them of Cæsar's exploits on the shores of the Western ocean, they had before their eyes sensible proofs that his rival was the greatest captain and most powerful statesman in the world. Gratitude and fear combined to urge them to obey his summons, when he appointed Thessalonica for the rendezvous of his friends. Deiotarus and Dorilaus, princes of Galatia, Rhascuporis and Sadales of Thrace, Tarcondimotus of Cilicia, Ariobarzanes of Cappadocia, Antiochus of Commagene, were among the most conspicuous of the barbarian chieftains who flocked to his standard. Each of these potentates was attended by a select body of horse-

men from his own country. Of these Oriental allies the cavalry, the bowmen, and the slingers alone are enumerated; but the rulers of Asia furnished, moreover, large contingents of foot soldiers, and the whole number of the armed men who were brought from Pontus and Armenia, from the Euphrates and the Red Sea, to swell the pomp of the great Roman commander if not to increase his strength, might be compared in rhetorical declamation to the forces of Agamemnon, of Cyrus, or of Xerxes. These were only the auxiliaries; the main body consisted of five Roman legions, which had been carried over from Italy; a sixth formed by the union of two incomplete divisions which Cato had commanded in Sicily; a seventh was raised from the veterans whom Sulla and Lucullus had settled in Crete or Macedonia; two more had been hastily levied by Lentulus among the citizens in the province of Asia. Scipio, who had quitted the camp for his appointed province of Syria, was expected to return with the two legions stationed on that frontier. Gabinius had brought over from Alexandria a squadron of Roman cavalry, and the knights and senators mounting their horses had raised that arm of the service far beyond its usual strength both in numbers and equipments. The complement of each legion was perhaps doubled by their auxiliary cohorts of Achaians, Bœotians, Epirotes and Thessalians. Octavius, a Pompeian lieutenant, had captured a body of Cæsarians, who had recently landed in Illyricum, and had induced them to enlist under the banners of his own imperator.

Nine Roman legions must have amounted to at least 45,000 men; the cavalry and auxiliaries may have swelled this number to 100,000, while the motley forces of the allies defy all calculation. But it was impossible to maintain such swarms at a single point for any length of time, and the greater part of the combatants could not be

depended upon for skill, for courage, or perhaps for fidelity. Even among the legionary force the greater number were comparatively raw levies, and among the Romans the severe training of the camp and the field gave the veterans an advantage over recruits which hardly any superiority in numbers could compensate. Pompeius was deeply impressed with the comparative inefficiency of his own men, and devoted himself with diligence and vigour to their exercise and training. He deigned to submit in person to the severe drill of the legionary, hurling the pilum and brandishing the sword on horseback and on foot, and displaying, it was said, though in his fifty-eighth year, the strength and ardour of a young recruit. He wanted time both for collecting his vast forces, and for making good soldiers of them; and in this point of view the interval of nine months, which he gained by Cæsar's absence in the West, was highly advantageous to him. A fleet, moreover, of 500 galleys, contributed by every naval power of the East, had been placed at his disposal, with which he might command the waters between Italy and Greece, oppose the transit of his enemy, and when the time arrived cover his own. This fleet was placed under the command of Bibulus, a zealous if not an able partizan, and divided into several squadrons to watch the ports on the one coast, and the landing-places on the other.

Cæsar could not boast among his auxiliaries so many nations or so many kings. Nevertheless, not to mention the legion Alauda, nor the levies furnished by the cities of Gaul and Spain, by the Cisalpines and the Italians, he had enlisted some squadrons of German horse, whose courage he had proved on many a field; and the chiefs of the Rhine and even of the Danube had not been slow, perhaps, to contribute succours to his adventurous enterprise. But Cæsar, the secret of whose success was the

rapidity of his movements, had no wish to encumber himself with numbers. His legionaries were all veterans; inured to toil and hunger, to heat and cold, to sleeping on the ground, to marching through forests and morasses, to fighting men of strength and stature beyond their own, every man among them was himself a host. The remembrance of so many victories gained was an earnest to them of the one great victory which yet remained to gain. The officers were thoroughly devoted to their imperator, and a single mind and eye regulated every movement in their camp. On the other hand Pompeius found himself thwarted on all sides by the chiefs of the senate who surrounded him, and upon whom, little versed perhaps in war, but not the less complacent and importunate in their counsels, he was obliged to devolve the subordinate command. The Lentuli and Marcelli, the Domitii and Metelli, the renegade Labienus, the vanquished Afranius, Cato also and Cicero, who had recently arrived at the camp, formed with many others a council of war, whose jealousies of their chief and of one another, whose prejudices and self-seeking, the recriminations of some, the untimely jests of others, filled the general's tent with discord, and sought, not always in vain, to sway his policy and control his judgment.

Cæsar had wasted no time or cost on the fruitless attempt to contest with the Pompeians the command of the sea. He had collected, however, at Brundisium a sufficient number of vessels to transport a considerable portion of his small army across the narrow straits, and he determined to attempt the transit, and attack the enemy while his preparations were yet incomplete. On the 4th of January, the third day from his leaving Rome, he embarked seven legions, amounting to 15,000 infantry and 600 cavalry. Had he encountered a strong division of the

Pompeian fleet his destruction was almost inevitable. But Bibulus, wearied with his exertions through the autumn, while the enemy was distant, and little thinking that the man who had been created dictator at Rome little more than a fortnight before, was already on the sea, reposed securely in his harbours. The seven legions effected their passage unopposed, and landed at the foot of the Ceraunian mountains. Bibulus, frantic at the news of their escape, rushed to sea, and fell upon the empty flotilla as it sought the Italian shore to receive on board a second division. He captured thirty vessels, which he burnt with their mariners on board. He summoned his squadrons from every port to cruise in the straits, and kept watch himself with unremitting vigilance, so that Antonius, to whom the second embarkation was entrusted, could not venture to follow his chief. But the galleys of the Romans were little fitted for keeping the sea through the winter months; the toil and danger to which Bibulus exposed himself soon wore him out, and he died of fatigue and mortification. A. U. 706. B. C. 48.

The first city which Cæsar encountered was Oricum. The Pompeian commander Torquatus prepared to defend it; but the inhabitants declared that they could not fight against a Roman consul, and insisted upon opening their gates. The same thing happened at Apollonia. The invader attached greater importance to the possession of Dyrrhachium, on account of its port, the best on that coast, and of its strong position. He marched thither in all haste, but Pompeius had anticipated him. He now halted on the banks of the Apsus, to cover the places which had surrendered to him, as well as the country of Epirus, whence he drew his supplies. As neither of the opposing generals was supported by his whole force, both were willing to gain time by negotiation. Indeed this hollow pretence of negotiating, to which both so fre-

quently resorted, was necessary to save appearances. Both had numerous partizans who regarded the war as a mournful necessity, and required their chiefs to make at least a show of concession. One day Vatinius on the part of Cæsar, Labienus on that of Pompeius, were debating the terms of accommodation in loud tones between the two armies. The soldiers listened; upon their simple minds the language, which to their officers were mere empty sounds, might make a deep impression. They were horrified when they heard speak of the anger of the Gods, the tears of their country, the impiety of a contest of kinsmen and brothers. The excitability of the Southern character had more than once broken out on similar occasions, and now they were rushing with a sudden impulse into each other's arms, when all at once a shower of arrows from the Pompeians at a distance, so Cæsar tells us, revived the spirit of animosity, and Labienus broke up the conference, exclaiming, "*Peace! you shall have no peace, till you bring us the head of Cæsar.*"

Meanwhile the consul despatched urgent messages to Antonius to cross the straits with the first favourable wind; but time past, and Antonius did not arrive. Then did Cæsar conceive the bold, the rash design, for such we can hardly avoid calling it, of going in person in quest of his missing legions. The risk of capture was imminent; his officers would have dissuaded, his soldiers would perhaps have forbidden him; but he left the camp alone by night, and engaged a fishing-boat to transport him to the opposite shore. We are told that he put to sea in a violent storm, and reassured the trembling pilot, who was about to turn back, by exclaiming, "*Fear not! you carry Cæsar and his fortune.*" The fortune of Cæsar might be already proverbial, so conspicuous had been his career for unexpected successes, and his gradual ascent without a false step from the lowest round to the summit of ambition's

ladder. Nevertheless the tempest increased, and even Cæsar's courage was not reckless. He regained the shore, and composed himself once more to await his lieutenant's arrival. Since the death of Bibulus the command of the Pompeian fleet had been divided among eight independent admirals, who, as might be expected, failed to act with concert. The use of oars gave the ancients great facilities in evading a naval blockade, and their light barks were constructed for running on any flat beach, so that it was equally difficult to prevent their landing. Antonius at last, taking advantage of a south wind, crossed the straits in a few hours, and came in sight of Apollonia. But the gale drove him past that place and Dyrrhachium also, and when he at last came to land at Nymphæum he found himself a hundred miles distant from his general's camp. Pompeius lay between, and with a little activity he might easily have overwhelmed the new comer. He made the attempt, but so tardily, that Cæsar and his lieutenant were enabled to effect a junction.

But this abortive attempt on the part of Pompeius sufficed to remove him from Dyrrhachium, and enabled Cæsar to throw himself with his combined armies between the enemy and his magazines. This however was of less consequence to the republican forces, since they had the command of the sea, and Pompeius could select a strong position on a promontory named Petra, a little to the south of Dyrrhachium, including a good anchorage, which he proceeded to secure with a line of entrenchments fifteen miles in circuit. Cæsar, unable to bring his adversary to a decisive engagement, for Pompeius firmly refused to commit his untrained numbers to a combat with the little band of veterans before him, conceived the audacious idea of shutting up a vastly superior force within lines of circumvallation. The same operation

had succeeded at Alesia, and again in Spain, because in both cases he could starve the enemy into submission; but at Petra the Pompeians could draw ample supplies from the sea, and quietly await the moment when their exercises should be completed, or their confidence assured by a series of skirmishes. But Cæsar calculated on the moral effect of the extraordinary spectacle he thus presented to the world. When the rumour spread that the great Pompeius at the head of the party which had so lately swayed the East and the West, was master of no more space of ground than he could set his foot upon, it communicated a vast impulse to the growing favour in which Cæsar's cause was held. Throughout Greece and Macedonia his partizans increased in strength and boldness; he received assurance of support from numerous quarters; and he could now remove, if necessary, the basis of his operations to the very ground which Pompeius had chosen for the centre of his own movements. The immediate success therefore of the blockade of Petra was not material to him. Nevertheless he pressed the blockade with earnestness and vigour. He connected with a vast entrenchment all the hills which surrounded the Pompeian position, and reached the sea on either hand. These works could not be carried out, on either side, without repeated collisions. Small detachments were engaged every day, and sometimes whole legions came into combat. On one occasion a Cæsarian redoubt was so furiously assailed that not one of its defenders escaped without a wound. Thirty thousand arrows were picked up within the lines and shown to Cæsar. A centurion named Scæva had had his shield pierced in one hundred and twenty places.

The French boast that their great Napoleon gained some of his finest victories with famishing soldiers, and the same may be said with equal justice of Wellington. "*Oh*,

sir! we did not fight for the battle, we fought for the brook," was the reply of a serjeant of the 43rd, when complimented on the prowess of his regiment at Talavera. The rapidity of movement, which was the soul of Cæsar's tactics, could not be attained without reducing his men to the severest straits, and his veterans were accustomed to trust to victory for their daily sustenance. Never however did they suffer more than now at Dyrrhachium, where they occupied a country which had been exhausted before them by the demands of the enemy. Cæsar had sent detachments to collect supplies from Epirus, Thessaly, Ætolia, and even Macedonia: but contributions had been already levied in these countries also, and the advance of Scipio's forces on one side, on the other of the troops Cæsar had detached to meet them, anticipated the resources which might have been derived from these quarters. The besiegers were reduced to a diet of herbs and roots, some cakes of which they threw within the lines of the Pompeians, to show them that men who could exist and fight on such hard fare, were not easily to be conquered. They would gnaw the bark of trees, they said, before they would quit their post. Meanwhile the Pompeians, though furnished with ample provision from their ships, suffered greatly from want of water, for Cæsar commanded the sources of the streams which flowed into their encampment and diverted them to a distance. Their horses and cattle perished for lack of forage, and the air was infected by the multitude of carcases.

The position of Pompeius was thus becoming daily less tolerable, but the removal of so large a force by sea was perhaps impracticable; at all events it would have been disastrous. He made a great effort to relieve himself by directing, with the aid of his vessels, a movement on the rear of the Cæsarian lines. As a military operation this

movement deserves the highest praise, and it was attended with all the success it merited. The besiegers, unable to defend the whole length of their lines, were attacked at a disadvantage on a distant and unguarded point. Their communications were broken, and their first attempts to restore them baffled. The Pompeians flushed with victory no longer feared to encounter the veterans who were brought up in greater numbers, and who for the first time turned their backs on the enemy and fled in disorder. The rout indeed was so complete, that Pompeius was apprehensive of a feint, and recalled his men from the pursuit, in which even the inequality of the ground, which would have retarded his cavalry, might hardly have saved Cæsar from utter destruction. But he was satisfied with having carried out his own plans, maintained his position as long as he chose, and ended with gaining a complete victory. Cæsar was in rapid flight before him. He grounded his arms, reviewed his captives, and allowed Labienus to put many of them to death in cold blood. When Cato beheld the bodies of a thousand citizens extended on the field of battle, he covered his face and wept. He had extorted a promise from his chief that no city should be sacked, and no blood shed on the scaffold, and the falsification of his last hopes completed the disgust he felt at the unnatural contest before him. But the nobles were elated at their success beyond expression: they saluted their chief with the title of imperator, though Pompeius with more delicacy of feeling, declined the usual insignia, and would wreath neither his fasces nor his despatches with laurel.

One month earlier the defeat of Cæsar would have been ruinous to him, for he had then secured no friends to favour his retreat, and no second field for the development of his resources. He could now retire from the seaboard into Macedonia or Thessaly, combine his detachments, and

invite the chances of a campaign in the open country. Meanwhile Afranius and others urged Pompeius to cross over into Italy and recover the capital of the empire. The effect of such a movement upon the fortunes of his party could not fail to be enormous. Pompeius, on his part, was far from confident in his means of measuring himself with his adversary in the field, and his refusing to take the course proposed, if it was not deliberate treachery, was assuredly the blindest fatuity. But Scipio with the legions of Asia lay to the eastward, and the conqueror of Mithridates still persisted in looking to the East as the appropriate basis of his resources. Accordingly on breaking up from Petra he directed his multitudinous forces on Macedonia, though too late to overtake Cæsar, who had already penetrated into Thessaly, and was indulging his soldiers in the bounteous plenty of the great plain of the Peneus, where the harvest was just ripening for their swords. The capture of Gomphi and Metropolis reduced all the strongholds to submission, excepting only Larissa, where Scipio and Pompeius united their armies soon afterwards.

The nobles in the Republican camp amused themselves with quarrelling about the expected spoils of the war which seemed hastening to an auspicious termination, or taunting their imperator, their Agamemnon, as they called him, or king of kings, with his delay in giving them the opportunity of victory. They proposed the most truculent measures to be enforced on their return to Rome against the neutrals or the lukewarm, and there can be little doubt that their triumph would have been followed by a merciless proscription. Cato was so shocked at their behaviour that he sought a command which should detain him on the coast of Epirus; and Cicero, on the advance into Thessaly, pleaded ill-health and remained also behind. At length Pompeius moved southward from Larissa in

quest of the Cæsarian forces, which occupied the wide plain on the left bank of the Enipeus. The two armies entrenched themselves with an interval of four miles between them, the Pompeians to the east, their opponents to the west, beneath the projecting eminence of Pharsalus. But Pompeius who had chosen his position on rising ground, long refused to meet the Cæsarians in the plain, and it was not till after several days' manœuvring, when Cæsar, having exhausted the country around him, threatened a movement towards Scotussa, which would have cut off the enemy from Larissa itself, that the chiefs of the senate could prevail on their leader to trust their cause to the arbitrement of a pitched battle. Yet his army consisted of a legionary force of forty-five thousand men, while the cavalry amounted to seven thousand, and they were animated by the consciousness of the long training to which they had submitted, and of the laurels they had so lately won. They were supported moreover by an unnumbered host of barbarian auxiliaries, whose archers, slingers and cavalry, discreetly handled, might be truly formidable even to Roman veterans. Cæsar on the other hand had no more than eighty legionary cohorts, and these so much reduced by the losses of their numerous campaigns, as to amount to no more than twenty-two thousand fighting men; while his cavalry was computed at only a single thousand. His subsidiary forces were also vastly inferior in number to those of his opponents. But the real work of the day was to be done, he well knew, by the veteran legionaries, and he could rely on the spirit by which these heroes were animated: for every private seemed to feel that his general's eye was upon himself personally, and the sentiment with which the centurion Crastinus greeted him, as he passed along the ranks, was proudly avowed by all. "*My general*," he exclaimed, "*I*

will so bear myself to day that whether I survive or fall, you shall have cause to thank me." It was Crastinus that hurled the first pilum and commenced the fray.

Shortly before noon on the 9th August (= 6th June), A. U. 706. B. C. 48. the Pompeians descended from their camp, and took up their positions in the plain beneath, having a stream which appears to have been the Enipeus, on their right. Cæsar hastened with alacrity to the encounter, and levelled the rampart of his entrenchment, to facilitate the egress of his serried ranks. Extending his cavalry obliquely on his right to prevent his being outflanked on the only open side, for his left was protected by the stream above-mentioned, he ordered his first line to charge with their usual impetuosity. The Pompeians were directed to await the onset where they stood, that the assailants might be exhausted by the increased space they would have to traverse. But the Cæsarians halted with admirable precision to take breath, just before they came within the range of the enemy's piles, and made their attack with recovered vigour. Meanwhile the Pompeian cavalry had charged in their turn, and had they driven in the slender squadrons opposed to them, they would have taken the Cæsarian legions in flank and rear, and perhaps thrown them into confusion. But the gallant German horse, supported by the picked men who fought on foot in the midst of their ranks, received the shock with fortitude, and only retreated slowly before it, till they found themselves relieved by the advance of a chosen body of six cohorts placed in reserve behind them. The knights and senators who fought in the ranks of the Pompeian cavalry were equipped in complete armour, and the Cæsarians were expressly ordered to waste no unprofitable blows on their helmets and cuirasses, but to strike home at their faces. Thus assailed they soon broke their ranks, and rolled back upon their

own lines, till they gained the open space behind, and sought refuge among the hills. The Pompeian infantry were still holding their ground, when this success enabled Cæsar to bring up all his reserves, and charge them both in front and in flank. At the commencement of the day he had directed his men to confine their aim to the Romans opposed to them and disregard the allies, whose slaughter would count little towards deciding the event. But as soon as fortune declared in his favour he commanded them to abstain from the blood of citizens, and devote themselves to the destruction of the barbarians. The hearts of the Pompeian legionaries were not in their work. As each Cæsarian confronted an opponent, he communicated to him the order he had received, and the Pompeians gladly availed themselves of the welcome respite, and even opened their lines to let the victors rush upon their allies, who were crowded in unavailable masses behind them. Among these almost unresisting multitudes a great slaughter took place. Pompeius had already abandoned the field, retiring moodily to his entrenchments at the first inclination of fortune. He made dispositions for the defence of the works; but the routed battalions instead of rallying to man the ramparts, fled with precipitation past them, and took refuge on a hill at some distance. The discomfited general, alone in his tent, was roused from his despondency by the shouts of the enemy pressing on his outworks. Exclaiming with peevish impatience, "*What! assault even my camp!*" he mounted his horse, and galloped with a handful of attendants through the decuman or hinder gate.

The conquerors burst into the encampment where they found preparation made for celebrating an assured victory. Tables were laid for the banquet, and decked with splendid services of plate; the tents of Lentulus and others were

embowered in ivy. But the veterans, dazzled by this unwonted magnificence, were summoned to follow their general, and leave the fruits of victory untasted; and they obeyed. The Pompeians were still in force in their new position, but shivered once more at the first onset, they poured in broken masses over hill and plain. But Cæsar was not yet satisfied. Allowing a part only of his troops to return to the camps, he led four legions in hot pursuit by a shorter or better road, and drew them up at the distance of six miles from the field of battle. The fugitives, finding their retreat intercepted, halted on rising ground overhanging a stream. Cæsar set his men immediately to throw up entrenchments, and cut off their approach to the water. This last labour was accomplished before nightfall; and when the Pompeians perceived that their means of watering were intercepted, they listened to the summons to surrender. A few only of the senators escaped in the darkness.

The battle of Pharsalia was honourably distinguished in the annals of civil warfare: from the close of the day no more blood was shed; the fugitives were spared and the captives received mercy. Nor indeed was the carnage of the combat proportioned to its results. The victors lost thirty centurions, and two hundred, or, as some stated, twelve hundred legionaries: of the vanquished there fell ten senators, forty knights, and six thousand of all ranks. But this enumeration does not include the loss of the auxiliaries, which on the Pompeian side must have been much greater. Domitius was the only noble of distinction who perished; he was cut down in the flight by Cæsar's cavalry. Many were captured: many also hastened to deliver themselves into the hands of the conqueror whose fame for clemency was already established. As he rode across the field of battle he had expressed a genuine pang

of sorrow, perhaps not unmixed with remorse, at the sight of the corpses of his countrymen. "*They would have it so*," he exclaimed; "*after all my exploits I should have been condemned to death, had I not thrown myself on the protection of my soldiers.*"

The remnant of the vast Pompeian host was scattered in various directions. No reserve had been provided on the field of battle, nor had any place been assigned for rallying in case of disaster. The fleet was far distant and dispersed in various petty enterprises. Yet the resources which remained to so great a party even after its signal defeat, were manifold and abundant. But Pompeius lost all courage and judgment. He sought only to save his own life, and he thought himself most secure in solitude and obscurity. He fled through Larissa, declining the shelter of its walls, and penetrating the defiles of Tempe, gained the Thessalian shore at the mouth of the Peneus. Here he was received on board a merchant-vessel with the two Lentuli, Favonius, and his ally Deiotarus, with whom he made directly for Lesbos, whither he had removed his wife Cornelia. From thence running along the coast of Asia he picked up a few more of his adherents, and held a council on the best means of securing his further safety. He proposed himself to demand an asylum in Parthia, but he was overruled by the entreaties of his friends, who deemed such a step either impolitic or dishonourable. They represented that Ptolemæus, the child-king of Egypt, owed his throne to the interference of the senate, and would doubtless evince his gratitude by now sheltering its chief. The wealth of Egypt was unbounded; its position almost inaccessible to an enemy destitute of a fleet; and in such a retreat Pompeius, it was urged, might summon his adherents around him, and prepare at leisure for another struggle.

They relied on the terror of the mere name of the republic, and could not yet imagine that any foreign potentate would court the favour of a private adventurer by rejecting its legitimate demands. Pompeius arrived off Pelusium with about two thousand men. By the will of the late king, his daughter Cleopatra was destined to wed her brother Ptolemæus, then a mere stripling, and reign conjointly with him, under the guardianship of the senate. But Cleopatra had been expelled by a court intrigue, and the country was ruled in the young king's name by the eunuch Pothinus, the general Achillas, and the preceptor Theodotus. Cleopatra threatened to invade the realm and recover her rights, and the king's forces were collected on the eastern frontier to oppose her. The claims of the Roman fugitive were discussed in the royal councils, and his dangerous alliance rejected. But the fatal decision was concealed, and the victim inveigled alone into a vessel despatched to bear him, as was pretended, into the royal presence. Pompeius fell blindly into the snare, or rather perhaps repelled the dissuasions of his friends with reckless desperation. When seated in the boat, Septimius, a Roman centurion, struck him from behind, and he was speedily dispatched by Achillas himself. His head was cut off and carried on shore, the trunk cast out into the surf, whence it was shortly washed up on the beach. Cornelia and her attendants hoisted their sails with the cries of horror, for they had witnessed the deed and expected to be themselves attacked and overpowered. A freedman of the murdered chief named Philippus, wrapped in his cloak the mutilated corpse, and consumed it on a hasty pyre formed from the wreck of a small fishing-boat. He deposited the remains in a hole scratched in the sand, and placed over them a stone, on which he had traced the name of *Magnus* with a

A. U. 706. B. C. 48. blackened brand. Thus perished the great Pompeius at the close of his fifty-eighth year, and such were the last honours paid to his mangled remains. His end deserved to be regarded as the most tragic incident in Roman history; for it was not only disastrous but humiliating. Yet neither for his own sake nor for that of the republic should a longer life have been wished him, for his genius had fallen with his fortunes, and success was manifestly impossible. Nor can we withhold our assent from Plutarch's remarks, on mentioning that Pompeius, conversing at Lesbos with the philosopher Cratippus, complained of Providence and questioned its existence; for he justly says that Cratippus might have replied by showing that Rome required a monarchy, and by asking whether, even if he had conquered, he would have used his fortune better than Cæsar.

The victor of Pharsalia never failed to improve his successes by prompt and decisive movements. He now left Cornificius in Illyricum to watch Cato and the Pompeian bands which were reassembling at Dyrrhachium, and charged Calenus with the complete reduction of his enemy's strongholds in Greece. Attended by a squadron of horse, and followed at a short distance by a single legion, he pushed forward himself in pursuit of Pompeius, taking the long route of the Hellespont, Asia Minor, and Syria, the sea being closed against him. In crossing the straits he might have been intercepted by Cassius, who was cruising there with a superior force, but extorted his submission with a word. In Asia the conqueror was received with acclamations, for the exactions of the Pompeians had been galling, and Cæsar still acted with the moderation he had prescribed to himself. A few days after the death of Pompeius his pursuer reached Alexandria with thirty-five vessels and four thousand men.

When Theodotus, the royal minister, presented to him the head of his victim, he turned away with horror, and gave orders that the mournful trophy should be honourably interred. The king's advisers were mortified and perhaps alarmed at their reception, and forgot when they saw how slender was the stranger's equipage, that he had conquered the world by the resources of his genius. Having once ventured to land, Cæsar undertook to compensate for the weakness of his actual force by an imposing display of his dignity. He entered the Egyptian capital with the ensigns of a Roman consul; but the people were jealous of their independence, and resented this proceeding as an affront. The soldiers, a motley collection of Greeks, Romans, and Asiatics, the hired defenders of an unpopular throne, were excited to quarrel with the Cæsarians, and various bloody encounters took place between them. Cæsar, it seems, was pressed for money, and urged the payment of a debt owing to him from Ptolemæus. Pothinus replied evasively, and it was evident that he only sought to gain time to fall upon the intruder with overwhelming numbers. Cæsar however had got possession of the young king's person, and kept him a prisoner in his own palace. He now encouraged Cleopatra to confide her interests to his favour. With one trusty attendant the princess sought the palace by night, and caused herself to be carried in a sack into the consul's presence. The beauty of Cleopatra, then in her twenty-first year, was already celebrated; the fascinations of her wit and manners were still to be developed; but Cæsar was speedily captivated by her charms, and declared himself her lover and champion. Ptolemæus was compelled to acquiesce in the partition of his power. But his advisers trembled for their lives. They intrigued in the king's name for the expulsion of the Romans. Pothinus was

seized and put to death. Achillas escaped to the camp, and called the soldiers and citizens to arms. Cæsar's position was now imminently perilous. Inclosed in one quarter of the city he was cut off from water, the canals which introduced the Nile stream into subterranean reservoirs being dammed up by the enemy. To keep open the sea for escape, if necessary, he seized and fired the Egyptian fleet, the conflagration spread to the shore, and involved in flames the great library of the museum. Ancient literature never sustained another loss so great as this, in which four hundred thousand volumes are said to have perished.

Meanwhile Cleopatra's younger sister Arsinoe escaped from the palace with her confidant Ganymedes. She repaired to the royal camp, proclaimed herself queen, and surrendered the life of Achillas to her jealous favourite. Cæsar maintained himself by drawing brackish water from pits sunk in the sea-sand, while he awaited the arrival of expected succours. Ganymedes threatened to prevent their landing, and Cæsar made an effort to make himself master of the island of Pharos, which fronted the city and commanded the harbour. He was repulsed however with considerable loss, and only escaped himself by leaping into the water, in which he swam, according to the legend, with one hand, and bore his commentaries above the surface with the other.

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The consul wished to terminate a struggle in which he ran such imminent danger with no object to be attained. He restored the Egyptians their king: perhaps he expected by this manœuvre to sow discord among them. For the present however the rival parties refrained from attacking one another, and united their efforts against the foreign aggressor. But reinforcements from Syria and Palestine arrived on the eastern frontier of the kingdom. Pelusium surrendered,

the Nile was crossed, and a junction effected with the little army besieged in Alexandria. Cæsar could now assume the offensive. He attacked the royal camp on the banks of the river, and gained a complete victory. Ptolemæus himself perished in the stream. The spirit of the Egyptians was broken, and they accepted Cleopatra for their queen at the conqueror's command. She cemented her throne by marriage with another brother still younger than her former consort, and by surrendering her sister Arsinoe to be carried captive to Rome.

"The ancients have given us no satisfactory solution of Cæsar's object in allowing himself to be entangled in this war. We cannot believe that he was really intoxicated by a passion for Cleopatra, and surrendered his judgment and policy to her fascinations. It is more probable that he had fixed his eyes upon the treasures of Alexandria, to furnish himself with the resources of which he stood greatly in need; for he still firmly abstained from the expedients of plunder and confiscation within the limits of the empire, and the great victory of Pharsalia though rich in laurels had proved barren of emolument. He had yet another campaign to undertake against the beaten party, and his troops, so often baulked of their prize, might require an instalment of the rewards of their final triumph. But when once engaged in a contest with the Egyptians, it was no longer politic, indeed it was hardly possible to withdraw. Cæsar threw himself, as was his wont, heart and soul, into the struggle, and risked every thing in a warfare which he felt to be ignoble. But when at last fortune favoured his arms, he still allowed himself to remain three months longer to consolidate the advantage he had gained. He had acquired a footing in the wealthiest kingdom in the world; he had placed there a sovereign of his own choice, whose throne he secured by means of a

guard of Romans, thus preparing the way for the reduction of the country at no distant period to the form of a Roman province. As long as the remnant of the Pompeians were still scattered and unprepared, he lost little by neglecting to prosecute the war against them. He might wish them to gather head again, that he might again strike them down at a single blow. Indeed he now found leisure for a campaign againt Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates. Though professing himself an ally of Pompeius, the king of the Bosporus had failed to bring his contingent to the republican camp. After the battle of Pharsalia he hoped to profit by the ruin of his father's foe, and the confusion of the republic. He mustered his forces and drove Deiotarus and Ariobarzanes from Armenia the Lesser and Cappadocia. These princes sought the succour of Cæsar's lieutenant Calvinus, and though they had just fought on the Pompeian side, he received instructions to restore them. Calvinus however was routed by Pharnaces, who recovered his father's dominions in Asia Minor, and proceeded to expel from them the Roman settlers. Cæsar quitted Alexandria in April, landed at Tarsus, traversed Cilicia and Cappadocia, and reached the barbarian host at Zela in Pontus. A bloody battle ensued in which the Roman was completely victorious. The undisciplined hordes of the eastern sovereigns once routed never rallied again. Pharnaces escaped from the field, but he was stripped of his possessions, and perished soon afterwards in an obscure adventure. The war was finished in five days, and the terms in which Cæsar is said to have announced it to the senate can hardly be called extravagant: "*I came, I saw, I conquered.*" When he compared this eastern *promenade* with the eight years' struggle in which he had conquered Gaul by inches, he might exclaim on the good fortune of Pompeius who had acquired at so little cost the reputation

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of a hero. After regulating with all despatch the affairs of the province, he hastened back to Italy, where his protracted absence had given occasion to serious disorders.

The measures which the dictator had enacted for the adjustment of debts were not received with equal satisfaction in every quarter. As soon as he was removed from the centre of affairs, the passions of the discontented found vent, and a prætor named Cælius fanned the flame for objects of personal ambition. Cælius was a clever, restless intriguer, and shrewd observer of other men, as appears in his amusing letters to Cicero, but altogether deficient in knowledge of himself, and much deceived in the estimate he formed of his own powers. He raised the criminal hopes of the worst and neediest citizens by proposing an abolition of debts; but he was unable to direct the passions he had excited, or to cope with the firmness of Servilius and the Cæsarian senate. He was declared incapable of holding any magistracy, expelled from the curia, and finally repulsed from the tribunate. He quitted Rome in disgust and fury, and had the temerity to plunge into an insurrection. Joining himself with Milo, who had left his place of exile and armed his gladiators in the south of Italy, he traversed Campania and Magna Græcia, soliciting the aid of outlaws and banditti. But the authorities of the capital had hardly time to take measures against the rebels, before they were reassured by the destruction of the one before Cosa, the other at Thurium.

Cæsar's protracted absence from the capital strongly marked the confidence he felt in the stability of his arrangements there. Notwithstanding these symptoms of transient and partial disaffection the great mass of the citizens was firmly attached to him, and to this result the ferocious menaces of the Pompeians had in no slight

degree contributed. We may imagine with what anxious suspense the upper classes at Rome had awaited the event of the campaign in Illyricum; nor were they altogether relieved by the report of the victory of Pharsalia. For this welcome news was accompanied or closely followed by the assurance that the victor was plunging still further into the distant East, while the forces of his enemy, supported by their innumerable navies, were gathering once more in his rear. Nevertheless, his adherents insisted on the statues of Pompeius and Sulla being ignominiously removed from the forum, and his secret enemies were controlled by spies, and compelled to join in the public demonstrations of satisfaction. Much of the anxiety which still prevailed was removed by the account of the death of Pompeius, confirmed by the transmission of his signet to Rome. None could now distrust the genius and the fortune of the irresistible conqueror. There was no longer any hesitation in paying court to him. His flatterers multiplied in the senate and the forum, and only vied with one another in suggesting new honours for his gratification. Decrees were issued investing him with unbounded authority over the lives and fortunes of the vanquished. He was armed with full powers for suppressing the republican party which was again making head in Africa. In October, 706, Cæsar was created dictator for a second time; and the powers of the tribunate were decreed to him for the term of his life. He appointed Antonius his master of the horse, and commandant of the city. Brave, but violent and dissolute, Antonius possessed neither the vigour nor the prudence which circumstances demanded. The sinister rumours which soon began to circulate at Rome of the perils which Cæsar was incurring at Alexandria, rendered his conduct uncertain; he hesitated to put down, with a firm hand, the disturbers

of the republic, whom the death of his master might make more powerful than himself. The son-in-law of Cicero, Cornelius Dolabella, overwhelmed with debt, had followed the example of Clodius in getting himself adopted by a plebeian, and had thus acquired the tribunate. In this position he had recommended himself, like Cælius, to the worst classes of the citizens, by urging an abolition of debts. One of his colleagues resisted, and both betook themselves to violence. For some time Antonius looked on as if uncertain which party to espouse; but a domestic affront from Dolabella, who had intrigued with his wife, roused his passion; he attacked the turbulent mob with arms, and filled the streets with the indiscriminate slaughter of eight hundred citizens. He did not venture, however, to punish the author of the disturbance, but contented himself with menaces and precautions till the fortunate arrival of the dictator himself in September, 707. A. U. 707. B. C. 47.

Contrary to the apprehensions of many of the citizens Cæsar's return was marked by no proscription. He confined himself to the confiscation of the estates of the men who still remained in arms against him; and that of Pompeius himself, whose sons were in the hostile camp, he set up to public auction. A portion of them was bought by Antonius, who ventured to evade the due payment of the price. He conceived that his services might command the trifling indulgence of release from a paltry debt. He found, however, that his patron was in earnest, and prudently submitted to the affront. The dictator remained only three months in Rome. Every moment was fully occupied in the vast work of reconstructing the government; but we know not what were the special measures enacted at this period, and Cæsar's legislation may fitly be reserved to be contemplated hereafter at a single view. Two consuls were appointed for the remaining three

months of the year, and for the next ensuing Cæsar nominated himself for the third time, together with Lepidus. He caused himself also to be again created dictator. His partizans he loaded with places and honours, and sated the populace with largesses. The soldiers demanded the fulfilment of his repeated promises. Those of the tenth legion broke out into open revolt, and ran from Campania to Rome to extort their claims. Cæsar convoked them in the field of Mars, approached them unattended, mounted his tribunal, and demanded the statement of their grievance. At the sight of their redoubted general their voices faltered, their murmurs died away: they could only ask for their discharge. "*I discharge you, citizens*," replied the imperator; and they cowered under this disparaging appellation, abashed and humiliated. To the fierce and haughty soldier the peaceful name of *citizen* seemed a degradation. They entreated to be restored to their ensigns, and submitted to severe punishment in expiation of their fault. This simple incident is a key to the history of the times. This application of the title of citizen, and the effect it produced, show plainly that the basis of Cæsar's force was purely military, and that Cæsar himself knew it. This was the point at which every party leader in turn had tried for years to arrive, and Cæsar had succeeded.

As soon as this sedition was repressed Cæsar departed to crush the remnant of his enemies assembled in Africa. The defeated host had been scattered in various directions, but the largest division of the fugitives had made its way to Dyrrhachium, and there deliberated on its further movements. Cato, to whom the command was offered, waived it in favour of Cicero, as his superior in rank: but the orator declined to associate himself further in the honours and perils of a fruitless struggle, and departed mournfully for Italy. His life was with difficulty preserved from the

fury of Cnæus, the elder son of the great Pompeius, a man of ungovernable passions and slender capacity. Shortly afterwards Scipio assumed the command of the main body, and carried it to Utica in the province of Africa. Cato at the head of another division skirted the coasts of Greece and Asia, and picked up some scattered adherents of the cause. He followed in the track of Pompeius, but when the news of his chief's assassination reached him, he landed on the shore of Libya, and demanded admission within the walls of Cyrene. The natives shut their gates; but Cato, always loath to exercise any unprofitable severity, generously abstained from chastising them. Anxious now to effect a junction with the remainder of his friends, he coasted westward as far as the Lesser Syrtis, and then plunged with his little army into the sandy desert. The seven days' march through this inhospitable region, torrid with heat and infested with serpents, was justly considered one of the noblest exploits of the Roman legionaries. The poet of *the Pharsalia* exalts it above the three triumphs of Pompeius, and the victories of Marius over the tyrant of Numidia. He turns with pardonable enthusiasm from the deified monsters, the Caligulas and Neros of his own day, to hail its achiever as the true Father of his country, the only worthy object of a free man's idolatry.

The arrival of Cato at the head-quarters of the Republicans in Utica was quickly followed by that of Cnæus Pompeius, and in the course of the year 707 the remains of the great host of Pharsalia were assembled with many reinforcements under the banners of Scipio. These forces amounted to not less than ten complete legions, and Juba, who could bring one hundred and twenty elephants into the field, besides innumerable squadrons of light cavalry, had promised his assistance. The officers began to brag of their future triumphs almost as loudly as before their

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recent disasters. Their defiance was re-echoed to the opposite shores of Italy, and caused fresh dismay to the timeservers, who had abandoned the Pompeian cause on the event of its first discomfiture. But this force, numerous as it was, was not in a condition, it would seem, to choose a distant field of operations. The want of money may have compelled its chiefs still to act on the defensive, and await through a whole year the expected attack of the enemy. Nor were these chiefs themselves unaffected by personal jealousies. Scipio and Varus contended for the command, the one as the foremost in rank and dignity, the other as the legitimate proconsul of the province; while Juba, conscious of his own importance to the cause, affected to lord it over both. Cato alone continued still to act with his usual simplicity of purpose and patriotic devotion. But his noble demeanour rebuked the selfishness of his associates, and they contrived to remove him from their counsels by charging him with the defence of Utica, while they shifted their own quarters to the neighbourhood of Adrumetum. The brave philosopher rejoiced that he was not compelled to draw his sword in civil strife, while he busied himself not the less earnestly in the collection of stores and preparation of defence. Of all the professed asserters of Roman liberty he alone really lamented the necessity of arming in her cause: from the first outbreak of the war he had refused to trim his venerable locks or shave his grizzled beard; and from the fatal day of Pharsalia he had persisted in sitting at his frugal meals, and denied himself the indulgence of a couch.

A whole year had now passed, while the Republicans contemplated with folded arms the perils Cæsar had surmounted in Alexandria, the victory he had gained over Pharnaces, and the brilliant reception he had met with in Rome.

Early in the year 708 he appeared off the African coast with the first division of his forces, and summoned them in their camp at Adrumetum to surrender to "*Cæsar the imperator.*" "*There is no imperator here but Scipio,*" they replied, and inflicted death upon his envoy as a deserter. The dictator sailed on to Leptis, and was there invited to take shelter, while he awaited the arrival of the rest of his armament. While these reinforcements were coming slowly in he was attacked by Scipio, and subjected to annoyance and peril from the movements of the enemy's cavalry. Labienus, who frequently charged him at the head of the Roman horse, distinguished himself by the bitter taunts with which he addressed the veterans whom he had so often led to victory. But Cæsar maintained himself in a fortified position till he could move forward with a force of five legions. At the same time the alliance he had formed with the Mauretanians, the jealous rivals of the Numidians, enabled him to draw off Juba to the defence of his own capital Cirta. He pushed on, offering battle, which Scipio, though with double his numbers, steadily refused, until Juba returned with his vaunted elephants and cavalry. The necessities of the Roman chiefs compelled them to submit to revolting indignities at the hands of this barbarian ally. He forbade Scipio the use of the imperator's purple cloak, which he declared to belong only to kings. When he issued his royal mandates to Roman officers, they were observed to be more punctually obeyed than the orders of the general himself. At last on the 4th of April the armies met on the field of Thapsus. On this occasion many of Cæsar's men were fresh recruits, and he was not without some misgivings about their steadiness. But they were not less impatient for the onset than the veterans, whom their general recommended to their imitation, and loudly demanded the

A.U. 708. B.C. 46.

signal to engage. While he still hesitated, checking with hand and voice the impatient swaying of the lines, suddenly the blast of a single trumpet burst forth on the right wing. The impetuous ferocity of the tenth legion could no longer brook restraint; they had raised the signal unbidden; and now the whole army rushed forward in one unbroken body, overpowering their officers' efforts to detain them. Cæsar, when he beheld rank after rank pouring by him, without the possibility of recal, gave the word "*Good luck*" to his attendants, and spurred his horse to the head of his battalions. The combat was speedily decided. The elephants thrown into confusion by the first discharge of stones and arrows, turned upon the ranks they were placed to cover, and broke in pieces their array. The native cavalry, dismayed at losing their accustomed support, were the first to abandon the field. Scipio's legions made little resistance; they sought shelter behind their entrenchments. But their officers had fled, and the men, left without a commander, rushed in quest of their discomfited allies. They found the Numidian camp in the hands of the enemy: they begged for quarter; but little mercy was shown them; and Cæsar himself beheld with horror a frightful massacre which he was powerless to control. Scipio escaped to the coast, and embarked with others for Spain, but was intercepted and slain. Juba and Petreius fled together, and sought refuge within the walls of Zama. But the Numidians rejoiced in the defeat of their tyrant and refused him solace or shelter. The fugitives repulsed in every quarter, and disdaining to solicit the victor's clemency, placed themselves at a banquet together, drank their fill of wine, and challenged each other to mortal combat. Petreius, the elder of the two, was dispatched by his opponent, who then threw himself upon his own sword.

The rout of Thapsus was known at Utica on the same evening. On the morrow Cato convened the Roman officers and residents, and laid before them the state of their affairs. Calmly and cheerfully he enumerated his means of defence, and desired them to decide for themselves whether they would resist the conqueror, or seek safety in flight or capitulation. The knights and senators despairing of pardon, would have held out to the uttermost, but the traders and men of peace, who had long settled in Utica, and were conscious that they had done nothing hitherto to provoke the wrath of the assailant, insisted on a timely surrender. When it was known that Cæsar was approaching, Cato caused all the gates to be closed except that which led to the sea, and urged all that would to betake themselves to the ships. He dismissed his personal friends, of whom a few only, and among them his own son, insisted on remaining with him; for he had plainly intimated that for his own part he would not quit his post. With these cherished associates he sate down to supper, and discoursed with more than his usual fervour on the highest themes of philosophy, especially on the famous paradox of the Stoics, that the good man alone is free, and all the bad are slaves. His companions could not fail to guess the secret purpose over which he was brooding. They betrayed their anxiety only by silent gestures; but Cato, observing the depression of their spirits, strove to reanimate them, and divert their thoughts, by turning the conversation to topics of present interest.

The embarkation was at this moment proceeding, and Cato repeatedly inquired who had already put out to sea, and what were the prospects of the voyage. Retiring to his chamber he took up the *Dialogue on the Soul*, in which Plato recorded his dying master's last aspirations after immortality. After reading for some time he looked up and

observed that his sword had been removed. In the irritation of the moment he gave way to a burst of violence, such as often marked the behaviour of the Roman master to his slave; calling his attendant to his presence he struck him on the mouth, bruising his own hand with the blow. He then sent for his son and friends, and rebuked them sharply for their unworthy precaution; "*as if*," he said, "*I needed a sword to kill myself, and might not, if I chose, put an end to my existence by dashing my head against the wall, or merely by holding my breath.*" Reassured perhaps for the moment by the calmness of his demeanour, they restored him his weapon, and at his earnest desire once more left him alone. At midnight, still anxious about those who were departing, he sent once again to inquire if the embarkation were completed. The messenger returned with the assurance that the last vessel was now on the point of leaving the quay. Thereupon Cato threw himself on his bed, as if about to take his rest for the night; but when all was quiet he seized his sword and thrust it into his stomach. The wound was not immediately mortal, and the victim rolled groaning on the floor. The noise at once summoned his anxious attendants. A surgeon was at hand, and the sufferer was unconscious while the protruding intestines were replaced, and the gash sewn up. But on coming to himself he repulsed his disconsolate friends, and tearing open the fatal wound, expired with the same dogged resolution which had distinguished every action of his life.

Cato had no cause to despair of retaining life under the new tyranny. At an earlier period he had meditated, in such a contingency, seeking refuge in retirement and philosophy. But his views of the Highest Good had deepened and saddened with the fall of the men and things he most admired. He now calmly persuaded himself that with the

loss of free action the end of his being had failed of its accomplishment. He regarded his career as prematurely closed, and deemed it his duty to extinguish an abortive existence. Cæsar, when he heard of his self-destruction, lamented that he had been robbed of the pleasure of pardoning him, and to his comrades in arms he exhibited, according to the most credible accounts, the same elemency by which he had so long distinguished himself. But the same man who could now speak and act thus generously, did not scruple, at a later period, to reply to Cicero's panegyric with a book which he called the *Anti-Cato*, in which he ridiculed the sage's vain pretensions, and scoffed at him for raking in his brother's ashes for the golden ornaments of his pyre, for transferring to Hortensius the wife who had borne him as many children as he desired, and taking the widow to his arms again enriched with a magnificent dowry. Could the proud philosopher have anticipated a time when the wantonness of power might sport unchecked with the good fame of its victims, he would have shrunk from such moral degradation with greater horror than from the servitude of the body.

CHAPTER XIV.

CÆSAR EXERCISES SOVEREIGN POWER IN ROME.—VIEW OF HIS POLICY AND LEGISLATION.—HIS ASSASSINATION.

A. U. 708—710. B. C. 46—44.

A SUPERSTITION has prevailed in certain times and countries, that an injured man, in committing suicide, entailed an avenging demon on the author of his calamities. Stained with the blood of Rome's best son, the victor of Thapsus returned to his country vitiated and degraded. The honours which a subservient senate now heaped upon Cæsar have debased him in the eyes of posterity far more than they exalted him in those of his contemporaries. After uniting to the African province the greater part of Numidia, and dividing the remainder between Bocchus and a Roman adventurer named Sitius, who had done him good service in the late campaign, the dictator repaired
B. C. 46. once more to Italy at the end of July, 708. A supplication of forty days had already been decreed to him in honour of his victory, which was designated as the overthrow of a barbarian enemy. Statues were destined to rise in his honour, one to be placed in the Capitol itself, fronting the altar of Jupiter; another was to stand upon a globe, inscribed with the impious title of *Cæsar the Demigod.* Other distinctions were showered upon him, designed to mark him as a being superior to our common humanity; he was to use a golden chair in the assembly of the Fathers, his image was to be carried in the procession of the Gods, and reclined with theirs at their solemn

banquet. The seventh month of the year, the fifth of the ancient calendar, the first which was not already designated by the title or attributes of a divinity, changed its name from Quintilis to Julius. Temples were dedicated to his *Clemency*, soon to be directly appropriated to the worship of himself, and priests assigned and victims offered to the Deity lightly veiled by this transparent abstraction. The temporal distinctions heaped at the same time on the conqueror of the world were more substantial, and hardly less brilliant. The dictatorship was to be conferred upon him for ten years, a limitation which was afterwards wholly dispensed with. He was invested for three years with the powers of the censorship without a colleague, under the new title of guardianship of manners, which gave him the right of revising at his sole discretion the lists of the senators and knights, and therewith the means of rewarding and punishing, both unlimited and unquestioned. He was to nominate to one-half of the curule magistracies, the consulships only excepted, and appoint to the prætorian provinces; that is to say, he was to strip the people so far of their prerogative of election, the senate of that of administration. In the senate he was to take his seat between the consuls, and be the first to pronounce his opinion; that is to say, he was to be paramount in the assembly both in station and influence. If the diadem, the symbol of royal rule, and the name of king itself were still withheld from him, he was allowed to wreath his bald temples with the laurel which has descended to us as the badge of still ampler dominion, and to *prefix* to his name the title of Imperator, from whence we have derived the highest of all sovereign designations. Yet he was not ashamed to combine with these arrogant and unseemly decorations the title of "*Father of his country*," the most glorious appellation a free people

can bestow, conferred by a decree upon Camillus, by acclamation upon Cicero.

Cæsar sought indeed to ape the great Camillus, the conqueror of the Gauls and second founder of the city, in another particular also. In the triumphs which he celebrated on his return to Rome, his car was drawn by *white* horses, the sacred colour, which had been withheld from every imperator since the vanquisher of Brennus. He claimed indeed not one but four triumphs; the first for his conquest of the Gauls; the second for his defeat of Ptolemæus; the third for his victory over Pharnaces; the last for the overthrow of Juba. His successes against his own citizens were studiously ignored; for a civil war, said the Romans, can earn no triumphs. These four ceremonials were celebrated with a few days' interval between each, that the interest of the spectators might not pall with satiety. The procession formed in the Campus Martius outside the city. It defiled through the Triumphal Gate at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and crossed the deep hollow of the Velabrum and Forum Boarium, on its way to the Circus Maximus, which occupied the valley between the Palatine and Aventine. In passing through the Velabrum the imperator's chariot broke down, a mischance which so affected him that he never afterwards, it is said, ascended a vehicle without repeating a charm. The long procession wound round the base of the Palatine, skirting the Aventine and Cælian hills, to the point where the Arch of Constantine now stands. There it began the ascent of the gentle slope which now leads under the Arch of Titus, paved at this day with solid masses of hewn stone, which may possibly have re-echoed to the tramp of Cæsar's legions. Inclining a little to the right at the point where it gained the summit of the ridge, and looked towards the Capitol over the

comitium and the rostra, it passed before the spot where the temple of Julius was afterwards erected; thence it skirted the right side of the forum, passing under the Arch of Fabius, till it reached the point just beyond the existing Arch of Severus, where the two roads branched off, the one to the Capitoline temple, the other to the Mamertine prison. Here it was that Cæsar took the route of triumph to the left, while Vercingetorix was led away to the right, and strangled in the subterranean dungeon. The Gaulish hero doubtless met with courage and dignity the fate to which he had so long been doomed, while his conqueror was exhibiting a melancholy spectacle of human infirmity, crawling up the steps of the Capitol on his knees, to avert, by an act of childish humiliation, the wrath of the avenging Nemesis.

The soldiers who followed the victor's car shouted, with the usual military licence, derisive songs in the ears of their commander; while the citizens gazed with wonder, and perhaps alarm, on the children of Gaul and Iberia, of Epirus and Africa, whom he had enlisted under his banner, from whom the fact that they were masters of the city was already but faintly disguised. Cæsar's first care was to gratify his armed followers; he gave them a largess of twenty thousand sesterces (200*l.*) each: his next to compliment the citizens generally, to each of whom he dispensed four hundred sesterces, together with one year's remission of the rent of their houses. They were then feasted at a magnificent banquet, at which the Chian and Falernian wines, the choicest produce of Greece and Italy, flowed freely from the hogshead, and towards which six thousand lampreys, the most exquisite delicacy of the Roman epicure, were furnished by a single breeder. The mighty multitude reclined before twenty-two thousand tables, each table having its three couches, and

each couch we may suppose its three guests; so that the whole number feasted may have amounted to nearly two hundred thousand. This festival was followed by the shows of the circus and the theatre. The combats of wild beasts and gladiators, to which the Romans were becoming more vehemently addicted from the extravagance with which their taste for blood had been pampered of late years by their prætors and ediles, outdid all previous exhibitions, and caused a shudder even in those brutal spectators. They were shocked moreover by the permission which Cæsar gave to several knights to display their prowess in the arena. But their admiration was excited by his profuse liberality in stretching over the circus an awning of silk, the rarest and most precious production of eastern commerce; they were amazed at the long corridors of his new forum, now opened for public use and recreation, and worshipped with humiliation and awe in the temple he had erected to Venus the ancestress, the patroness of his house, for whom he had woven a breastplate of British pearls, and whose name he had made his watchword on the days of his greatest victories.

These ceremonies took place in the month of September. As soon as they were completed Cæsar quitted Rome once more, to suppress the last revolt of the vanquished Republicans in Iberia. While the event of the African campaign was yet undecided, Cnæus had repaired to the province of the West in which his father's name was still held in the highest reverence, and had raised his banner inscribed with the name, not of *Rome, the senate, or the republic*, but of *Pietas*, or *Filial duty*. He had gathered around him adventurers of various kinds: many even of Cæsar's veterans, dissatisfied with their rewards or with their officers, had betaken themselves to his quarters, and some of the chief cities of the south, among them the

renowned and opulent Corduba, had lent him the shelter of their walls. For some time Cæsar had suffered his lieutenants to maintain his interests in these parts in his own absence; but their ill-success roused him at last to a final effort in person. He regarded the war as an affair with outlaws and banditti: nor indeed did it deserve the title of a contest of principles or of parties. But the cruelty he exercised upon these hateful enemies, whom he treated just as a Roman general would treat foreigners and barbarians, throws a deep slur upon his character. Cnæus on his part either set the example of ferocity or promptly followed it; for of all the leaders of those wars Cnæus seems to have been the most brutal and inhuman. The scenes of the last act of Roman liberty were laid in the valley of the Guadalquivir and the defiles of the Sierra Blanca. The struggle, protracted for several months, was closed on the field of Munda, where Cæsar, after being reduced to great extremity and imminent personal danger, gained at last a complete victory. Thirty thousand of the vanquished perished on that fatal day; among them were Varus and Labienus, and many other nobles. Cnæus escaped from the scene of disaster, gained the coast and put to sea. But being forced to land to get relief for an accidental hurt (his foot had been entangled in a coil of rope and wounded with an axe in the attempt to release it), he was discovered by his pursuers, and killed after a miserable struggle. Of all the republican chiefs Sextus, the younger son of the great Pompeius, was now the sole survivor in arms. He hid himself in the wildest districts of the peninsula, and put himself at the head of roving bands of natives, who refused subjection to the Roman power, till occasion served for reappearing, as we shall presently see, on the public scene. Cæsar meanwhile devoted some months to disposing the affairs of the western pro-

vinces, and breaking the neck of the party opposed to him. The battle of Munda was fought on the 17th of March, but the conqueror was not at liberty to return to Italy till September.

A. U. 709. B. C. 45.

The splendours of the eastern courts had not been displayed in vain before the eyes of the conqueror of Ptolemæus and Pharnaces. In the palaces of Alexandria he had been dazzled with a pomp and luxury unknown to the rude warriors of the West, and had learnt to prize the vulgar distinctions of monarchical sovereignty. His ear had been soothed by the voluptuous strains of Oriental flattery, and all the influence of Cleopatra was directed to imbuing him with contempt for the tasteless simplicity of republican manners. His Roman courtiers discovered his weakness and played upon it. After the victory of Munda they decreed him a supplication of fifty days, granted him a triumph *over Spain*, and gave him permission to appear always in public in his triumphal robes. The news of this crowning victory reached Rome, after a long interval of suspense, on the eve of the Parilia, the 21st of April, the anniversary of the foundation of the city. The coincidence was hailed as an augury of the commencement of a new and brighter order of things. After the battle of Thapsus he had been declared a demigod: a statue was now erected to him bearing the inscription "*To the invincible Deity*," and placed in front of the temple of Quirinus, the deified founder of the state. It might have been remembered however that the rising walls of Rome were cemented with a brother's blood, and that Romulus himself was not reputed a God till he had fallen a victim to the jealousy of the senate. But mankind were blinded to the future, and felt little remorse at the guilt of the civil wars. They knew that the battles of Pharsalia, Thapsus and Munda had overthrown an oppressive domination, which had

burdened Rome and crushed the provinces, and were willing to believe that they owed their deliverance to the hand of a beneficent Providence. They decreed that the anniversary of the hero's birthday should be celebrated with sacrifices; every year the republic should renew its solemn vows for his happiness and fortune, and every fifth year games should be repeated in his honour. These decrees were inscribed in golden letters on silver tablets, and deposited in the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter.

On the 13th of September the dictator appeared once more at the gates of Rome, but he did not triumph till the commencement of October. His victory was represented as gained over the Iberians; the miserable outcasts whom Cnæus had banded together were all confounded together under the common title of strangers and enemies. Two of the dictator's lieutenants, Fabius and Pedius, who was also his kinsman, were allowed the honour of separate triumphs. These ceremonies were followed as usual with games and festivals, which kept the populace in a fever of delight and admiration. They had complained that among the numerous spectacles offered to their view each citizen could witness only a portion, while to the foreigners who flocked to this great feast of nations, the dramatic entertainments had been unintelligible. The games were now multiplied in various quarters of the city, while plays were represented in different languages for the benefit of every people. The subjects of the empire had entered Rome as conquerors in Cæsar's train, and thus he inaugurated the union of the capital with the provinces. Kings and commonwealths sent their ambassadors to this mighty congress of nations. Among them were the Moors and the Numidians, the Gauls and the Iberians, the Britons and the Armenians, the Germans and the Syrians. The Jews, insulted by Pompeius and rifled by Crassus, offered their

A. U. 709. B. C. 55.

willing homage to the champion who alone of all the Romans had spoken to them in the language of kindliness and respect. Cleopatra the queen of Egypt came, her crown in her hand, offering her treasures and her favours to her admirer and preserver. All in turn had trembled at the official caprices of the Roman knights, and Cæsar could afford them perhaps no sweeter revenge, nor represent to them more vividly the extent of his power, than in degrading before their faces these petty tyrants of the provinces. He compelled one of them, named Laberius, who was also a dramatic composer, to enact one of his own comic pieces, that is, to dance and sing upon the stage before the concourse of citizens and strangers. "*Alas!*" said the wretched man in his prologue, "*after sixty years of honour I have left my house a knight, to return to it a mime. I have lived one day too long.*" Cæsar restored to him the golden ring of knighthood, forfeited by this base but compulsory compliance. He presented him also with a large sum of money, to show perhaps more completely the prostration of his order.

Such trifling persecutions, whether personal or political in their objects, are undoubtedly pitiable enough. But it is Cæsar's glory that his arm fell heavily upon none of his fellow-citizens. The nephew of Marius forgot the banishment of his uncle, the ruins of Carthage and the marshes of Minturnæ: the avenger of the Sullan revolution scorned to retaliate the proscriptions: the advocate of Cethegus and Lentulus refrained from demanding blood for blood. It is worth remarking that Cicero, the most humane perhaps of his own party, the most moderate in sentiments, the fairest estimater of men and measures, could hardly persuade himself of the possibility of Cæsar abstaining from massacre. Such was the wise man's reading of the history of his countrymen; and when at last he found that the

conqueror meditated no such use of his victory, his heart, we fear, still remained untouched, and he never perhaps renounced the secret hope that Cæsar's opponents would prove less merciful than himself. Nor was the conqueror's clemency confined to sparing the lives of his opponents. He refrained from the measures of confiscation which had been wont to accompany the more sanguinary edicts of his predecessors. The wealth indeed which was poured into Rome from the tribute of so many new subjects, and the plunder of so many temples, rendered it more easy to practise this unusual liberality. It was ungenerous perhaps to make the estates of his great rival the chief exception to this rule of moderation. But Cæsar intended to brand as rebels to constituted authority the men who renewed the strife after Thapsus, and this confiscation was meant, not as an insult to the dead, but as a punishment of the living opponent. The name of the Great Pompeius had already passed into the shrine of history, and the victor was proud of closing the fasti of the republic with so illustrious a title. Far from approving the precipitation of his flatterers in removing the statues of Pompeius and Sulla, he caused them to be restored to their places in front of the rostra, among the effigies of the noblest champions of the free-state. Towards the institutions of the commonwealth he evinced a similar spirit of deference. He sought no new forms under which to develop his new policy. Sulla had attempted to revive the aristocratic spirit of the ancient constitution by overthrowing the existing framework of the laws; but the popular dictator, in laying the foundation of a more extensive revolution, studied to preserve it intact. While making himself an autocrat in every essential exercise of power, he maintained, at least in outward seeming, all the institutions most opposed to autocracy, the senate, the comitia and the magistracies. But he had long

before said that the republic was no more than a shadow, and these very institutions had long been merely the instruments by which tyrants had worked out the ends of their selfish ambition. Cæsar could sway the Roman world unchecked by the interference of a senate, two-thirds of which perhaps were nominees of his own. Under the sanction of an organic law he had raised the number of the assembly to nine hundred, thus degrading the honour by making it cheap; and he still more degraded it in the eyes of the proudest of the citizens by pouring into it his allies from the provinces, his soldiers, and even, if we may believe their bitter sarcasms, the captives who had just followed his car of triumph. The Romans exercised their wit on these upstart strangers losing themselves amidst the forest of columns which thronged the public places, and placards were posted recommending no good citizen to guide them to the senate house. This servile council, with less respect for appearances than its chief, would have given him the right of nominating to all curule and plebeian offices, to the entire abrogation of the electoral prerogatives of the people. But Cæsar declined to destroy the last shadow of liberty, assured that no man would venture to sue for a magistracy without his consent. He contented himself with recommending certain candidates to the suffrages of the people, and these recommendations were equivalent to commands. Moreover the senate had imposed upon the elected the obligation to swear before entering on their office, that they would undertake nothing against the acts of the dictator, for every act of his was invested with the force of law. The consuls, prætors, and other officers thus continued to exercise their ordinary functions under the dictator's superintendence: the prætors were increased in number, while the consuls, though never exceeding two at the same time, were rapidly supplanted, sometimes

month by month, by fresh aspirants whom it was expedient to gratify. As the avowed champion of the people Cæsar retained the appropriate distinction of the tribunitian power, which also rendered his person inviolable; while both the senators and the knights offered to surround him with a guard of honour of their own members to secure this inviolability by a stronger instrument than the law. To the reality of power he added its outward signs. In the senate, the theatre, the circus and the hall of justice he might seat himself on his golden chair in a robe of regal magnificence, while his effigy was impressed upon the public coinage. Apart from the title of king there is no outward symbol of royalty more appropriate than that of the hereditary transmission of offices and distinctions. The imperium, or military supremacy, which had been granted to Cæsar for his life, was rendered transmissible to his children, and with it the august distinction of the sovereign pontificate.

In fine, the dictatorship for life and the consulship for five years, with the right of drawing at pleasure upon the public treasury, secured to Cæsar the executive power of the state; the *imperium* gave him the command of its forces; the tribunate invested him with a veto upon its legislation. As *prince*, or first man of the senate, he guided the debates of that assembly; as controller of manners even its personal composition depended upon his will. As chief pontiff he interpreted the religion of the state, and made omens and auguries declare themselves at his bidding. Thus the finances, the army, the religious system, the executive with a portion of the judicial power, and indirectly almost the whole functions of the legislature were combined in the hands of the autocrat of the Roman commonwealth. Nevertheless he had assumed no title inconsistent with the

principles of the republic, and the precedents of constitutional history.

What then were the objects to which Cæsar proposed to direct this enormous accumulation of powers? His cherished scheme for the amalgamation of the various elements of the empire was necessarily slow in progress. He did not seek to precipitate it by violent measures. He gave it the first impulse in attaching to his own person distinguished foreigners, and promoting them to places of trust and dignity in the city; by infusing Gauls and other *barbarians* into the body of the senate; by opening the franchise to whole classes of useful and industrious subjects, as for instance to the medical profession, of whatever country they were natives; by founding great colonies on the sites of Carthage and Corinth, to become the nucleus of Roman civilization to the surrounding regions; by preparing (if we may believe at least an interested witness) the speedy enfranchisement of the population of Sicily, as the nearest of the provinces to the already enfranchised peninsula. Cæsar seems to have taken warning from the defection of the Sullan and Pompeian veterans in Italy, and to have refused to pamper his soldiers by the fatal gift of estates which they knew not how to cultivate. His military colonies were few and obscure. Indeed, having paid his men munificently in money, he could retain them under his standards, and he already contemplated invoking their services for the achievement of a great national conquest.

Viewing the dominions over which he presided as a whole, endowed, or speedily to be endowed with a general equality of rights, and Rome herself no longer as an isolated municipium and a mistress-city, but the centre and capital of the Roman world, he proceeded to lay the groundwork of a comprehensive scheme of universal legis-

lation. His first care was to develop the material unity of the vast regions before him, by an elaborate survey of their local features. A commission of geographers and mathematicians was appointed to construct the map of the Roman empire, a work so novel, at least on this extensive scale, and so full of detail, as to require the labour, as it afterwards proved, of no less than thirty-two years. Another effort, not less gigantic, was required to impress a moral unity upon this vast machine. Cæsar prepared to collect and combine in a single code the fragments of Roman law, dispersed in thousands of precedents, the edicts of the prætors, the replies of the learned, the decisions of pontiffs, and the traditions of patrician houses. Such a mighty work had already been contemplated by Cicero, as the hopeless vision of the philanthropist and philosopher; but Cæsar's practical sagacity saw that it not only ought to be done, but could be done, and doubtless had he but lived ten or twenty years longer, he would have anticipated by six centuries the glory of the imperial legislator Justinian.

Another work of equal utility but fortunately of much smaller compass was the reformation of the calendar, and this it was given to the great Julius to effect, and to call after his own name. The Roman year, even before the time of Cæsar, ought to have equalled on the average three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours; so near had the astronomers of the period of Numa already arrived to the real length of the earth's revolution round the sun. This year had been calculated on a basis of three hundred and fifty-four days, with the intercalation every second year of a month of twenty-two and twenty-three days alternately; but another day had been added to the three hundred and fifty-four, to make an odd or fortunate number, and to compensate for this superfluous insertion the

number of intercalations was proportionally diminished by a very intricate process. The simplicity of the original arrangement being thus violated, great carelessness had soon prevailed in making the requisite corrections. In course of time the pontiffs, to whose superior skill the guardianship of the calendar had been entrusted, had shrouded their science in a veil of religious mystery, and turned it to political or private ends. They commanded the intercalation of a month arbitrarily, when it suited them to favour a partizan who desired the extension of his year of office, or the postponement of the day on which his debts should become due. They abstained from the requisite insertion at the instance of some provincial governor, who was anxious to hasten his return to the enjoyments of the capital. This control over the length of the civil year, as well as the power of proclaiming the days on which business might or might not be transacted, had become an engine of state in the hands of the oligarchical government, with which the pontiffs were for the most part politically connected. The grievance had lately become intolerable. In the distracted state of public affairs and amidst conflicting personal interests, the pontiffs had ab-
B.C. 52. stained from intercalating since the year 702, and had even then left the civil calendar some weeks in advance of the real time. Since then each year had reckoned only three hundred and fifty-five days, and the civil equinox had got eighty days in advance of the astronomical. The consuls accordingly, who entered on their office the 1st of Janu-
B.C. 47. ary 708, really commenced their functions on the 13th of October. The confusion hence resulting may be easily imagined. The Roman seasons were marked by appropriate festivals assigned to certain fixed days, and associated with the religious worship of the people. At the period of harvest and of vintage, for instance, seasonable

offerings were to be made, whic it was no longer possible to offer on the days specifically assigned for them. The husbandman rejected the use of the calendar altogether, and depended on his own rude observations of the rising and setting of the constellations.

Cæsar had acquired a competent knowledge of astronomy, in which his duties as chief of the pontiffs gave him a particular interest. He composed himself a treatise on the subject, which had long retained its value as a technical exposition. With the help of the astronomer Sosigenes, he recurred again to the simple calculations of Numa, and was content to disregard the discrepancy, which he conceived perhaps with Hipparchus to be more trifling than it really is, between the length thus assigned to the year and the true period of the earth's revolution. In the course of centuries this error has grown into importance, and in the year A. D. 1582, when the Julian calendar was corrected by Pope Gregory XIII., the civil year had got forward no less than thirteen days. The requisite correction was not made, as is well known, in England till the middle of the last century. The basis of Cæsar's reform was, that the commencement of the new era should coincide with the first new moon after the shortest day. In order to make the year 709 thus begin, ninety days required to be added to the current year. In the first place an intercalary month of twenty-three days was inserted between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of February, and at the end of November two new months were added, comprehending sixty days, together with a supplemental addition of seven more. The period which was marked by this series of alterations received vulgarly the appellation of *the year of confusion;* but the *last year of confusion,* it has been justly remarked, would be its more appropriate title.

Besides these noble efforts of social organization, Cæsar, like almost every other great man of his nation, had an intense passion for material construction. He had already distinguished himself by the forum, which he called by his own name, in the heart of the city; a work which was loudly demanded on account of the inconvenient narrowness of the spot on which the public business of the republic had been transacted from the period of its infancy. But among the honours now showered upon him was one, which had been granted only once or twice before to conquerors who had furthest enlarged the limits of the empire, and which, it has been remarked, was alone wanting to complete the *good fortune* of Sulla. This was the permission to extend the *pomœrium*, the space left open about the walls of the city, partly within and partly without them, originally perhaps for the convenience of defence; but which was consecrated by solemn ceremonies, and traversed by religious processions. Cæsar proposed, it is said, to remove this line, and with it probably the walls themselves, so as to embrace the Campus Martius, which he would have enlarged by turning the Tiber westward with a bold sweep from the Milvian to the Vatican bridge. This grand project was never destined to be accomplished, and though in later times the emperor Augustus and others were allowed to extend the pomœrium, the walls of Rome were not removed beyond the lines traced by Servius till the time of Aurelian, three centuries after Cæsar. Nor was the dictator more fortunate in completing the many other works of public interest and utility which he was already meditating. He planned, it is said, the emptying of the lake Fucinus, the draining of the Pomptine marshes, the construction of a canal from Rome to Terracina, of a new road across the Apennines, and of a magnificent harbour at Ostia, the erection of a superb

temple to Mars, and the cutting of the Isthmus of Corinth. Of all these designs the temple and the harbour were alone accomplished by his successor; it is probable that Cæsar himself had commenced them.

Such were the subjects of meditation which engrossed Cæsar's mind during the days and nights he devoted to public affairs. But he had also his hours of recreation, and he shone in private life among the most cultivated men of his time, the most refined in habits, the most fascinating in manners. There is no feature of Roman life perhaps which we can regard with so much satisfaction as the tone of habitual intercourse among public men at this period. The daily conflicts at the bar or in the forum to which they were trained, would have only embittered their feelings towards one another, had they not been accompanied by the humanizing influence of social discussion on topics of literature and philosophy. The combination of these two habits seems indeed to form the best discipline of society, imparting to it earnestness without violence, and a masculine courtesy far removed from servility and adulation. The records of Roman debate present us with hardly a single scene of personal altercation, while the private reunions of the most eminent statesmen are described to us as full of modest dignity and kindly forbearance. To this pleasing result every school of philosophy contributed; but none of them perhaps studied so well as the Epicurean the science of making society agreeable. To this school both Cæsar himself and most of his personal friends professed their adherence. The circle of his intimates comprised Cornelius Balbus, an acute man of business; Asinius Pollio, a devoted student; A. Hirtius, who like his master both fought, wrote and talked well; C. Oppius, full of gentleness and affection; C. Matius, thoughtful, generous and disinterested. To these may be

added Vibius Pansa, a lounger and a good liver, yet neither incapable of office, nor inexperienced in action. Antonius, the gayest of boon companions, has already been mentioned; but under the garb of good fellowship, he hardly concealed the most intense selfishness, and of all Cæsar's friends he alone stands open to the suspicion of intriguing against the life of his patron. Among these men and others of similar stamp Cæsar unbent from the cares of empire, and often abandoned himself without restraint to the enjoyments of festive mirth. With little wit of his own he was amused by the witticisms of others, even when directed against himself, and treasured up every caustic remark which fell from the lips of Cicero, whose patriotism, relieved from the fear of impending proscription, now exhaled itself in malicious pleasantries against the policy of the dictator. At table indeed, surrounded by companions addicted to the grossest self-indulgence, Cæsar was distinguished for his moderation. Cato had said of him long before, that of all the revolutionists of the day he alone had come sober to the task of destruction. But his amours were numerous, and their character peculiarly scandalous: for his countrymen still professed to regard the corruption of a Roman matron as a public wrong, while his attachment to a foreigner, such as Cleopatra, was denounced as a flagrant violation of religious and social principles. In religion the Epicureans were sceptics, and Cæsar was something more; he openly professed his unbelief. The supreme pontiff of the commonwealth, the head of the college whence issued the decrees which declared the will of the Gods, as inferred from the signs of the heavens, the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims, he made no scruple in asserting before the assembled Fathers that the dogma of a future state, the foundation of all religion, was a vain chimera. Nor did he hesitate to defy the omens

which the priests were especially appointed to observe. He gave battle at Munda in despite of the most adverse auspices, when the sacrificers assured him that no heart was found in the victim. "*I will have better omens,*" he said, "*when I choose.*" Yet Cæsar, freethinker as he was, could not escape the general thraldom of superstition. We have seen him crawling on his knees up the steps of the temple to appease an indignant Nemesis. Before the battle of Pharsalia he addressed a prayer to the Gods whom he denied in the senate, and derided among his associates. He appealed to the omens before passing the Rubicon. He carried about with him in Africa a certain Cornelius, a man of no personal distinction, but whose name might be deemed auspicious on the battlefields of Scipio and Sulla.

The Queen of Egypt had followed her august admirer to Italy, and scrupling perhaps to exhibit her publicly in the city, he had installed her in his house and gardens on the other side of the river. There she had her levees for the reception of the noblest Romans, and her blandishments were not perhaps ineffectual in soothing the asperity of their resentments. Cicero himself condescended to solicit an interview with her. She rewarded him with the promise of some Greek volumes from Alexandria, rendered perhaps doubly precious by the recent conflagration. But the populace were shocked at the report that Cæsar meditated raising this barbarian mistress to the dignity of a Roman wife. He was married indeed already to the noble daughter of Calpurnius Piso; but divorce was easy, and might be resorted to without public scandal; Cicero himself had lately dismissed Terentia for alleged incompatibility of temper, and allied himself in her place with a youthful heiress. Besides, one of his creatures was prepared, it was said, with a measure to remove all re-

strictions upon the dictator's passions, and allow him to marry as many wives as he pleased, of whatever race or station.

Though arrived, as we have seen, at the summit of real power, it was manifest that Cæsar still chafed under the restraints imposed upon him by opinion and prejudice. His firm and well-poised mind seems at last to have lost its equilibrium, and given way to fretful impatience, and a capricious longing for some unattainable object. The Roman nobles, accustomed to the most perfect equality in their intercourse with one another, were mortified at the haughtiness assumed by the chief of the republic, surrounded by a crowd of flatterers through whom the independent patrician could with difficulty force his way. Once when the senators came in a body to communicate to him their decrees in his honour, he omitted to rise from his seat to receive them. Balbus, it was said, the upstart foreigner, had plucked him by the sleeve and bade him remember that he was their master. It was reported that he had called Sulla *a fool* for resigning the dictatorship. But while the lines of his domestic policy were yet hardly laid, and every institution in Rome still demanded the pressure of his moulding hand, Cæsar himself was dreaming of foreign conquests, and sighing for his accustomed place at the head of his legions. The disaster of Carrhæ, yet unavenged, might furnish a pretext for war, and the influence of Mithridates, it might be remembered, had extended from the Caspian and the Euxine to the head of the Adriatic. He conceived, we are assured, the gigantic project of first crushing the Parthians, and then returning across the Tanais and Borysthenes, subduing the barbarians between the Caucasus and the Carpathian mountains, and assailing the Germans in the rear. Cleopatra, who felt herself more secure of her admirer in the provinces

than in Rome, would doubtless lend her influence to urge him on. The republicans in the city were not perhaps less anxious to remove him to a distance, and launch him on a long and dangerous enterprise. At the close of the year 709 he directed his legions to cross the Adriatic, and assemble in Illyricum, there to await his own speedy arrival. He contemplated an absence of considerable duration. He provided beforehand for the succession of consuls and prætors for the two following years. On the 1st of January 710 he entered upon his fifth consulship, in which he associated himself with Antonius. At the same time he obtained the designation of Hirtius and Pansa for 711, of Decimus Brutus and Munatius Plaucus for 712. The prætors appointed for the year 710 were sixteen in number, and among them were M. Brutus and Cassius. A. U. 710. B. C. 44.

The destined heir of Cæsar's imperium was already in the camp at Apollonia, taking lessons at the same time both in arts and arms under the care of the ablest teachers. This young man was C. Octavius, the son of Cæsar's sister's daughter, who, now beginning his nineteenth year, gave splendid promise of future excellence, marred only by the extreme delicacy of his health, which had hitherto prevented him from seeking distinction in the field. The favour with which his great-uncle regarded him had induced him to demand the mastership of the horse, but this had been refused him as a distinction beyond his years. Cæsar, however, had promoted his family from the plebeian to the patrician class, an honour which he had accorded to a few Gentes, whose names were of great antiquity, among which was the Tullian, to which the character of Cicero had imparted so much new lustre. He had allowed it, moreover, to be understood that he was about to make the young Octavius his own son by adoption, to bequeath to him the bulk of his patrimony, and

the dignities which the senate had declared hereditary in his family. These dignities indeed were not associated in the mind of the Romans with any ideas of succession. It was difficult for them to conceive the descent of the dictatorship from the hands of mature experience to those of untried youth, or the establishment in the sphere of a particular family of the tribunitian power, the free gift of the sovereign people. It was natural for them to conclude that their hero was intent on securing a title, the only recognised title, on which according to their notions a dynasty could be founded. Cæsar, it was reported, desired to be hailed as *king*. His flatterers suggested it, his enemies readily believed it, and hoped to make him unpopular by urging him to claim it. One morning a laurel garland, with a diadem attached, was found affixed to his statue before the rostra. The tribunes, Flavius and Cæsetius, indignantly tore it down; the populace expressing great satisfaction at their conduct, and saluting them with the title of the new Brutuses. Cæsar affected at least to applaud them. Shortly afterwards a second experiment was tried. As the dictator returned from the Latin festival, celebrated on the Alban Mount, officious voices were hired to salute him as king. A low and stifled murmur again indicated the disapprobation of the people. "*I am no king, but Cæsar*," he hastily exclaimed: but when the tribunes punished some persons who had joined in the cry, he rebuked them for their superfluous or invidious zeal, in which he detected a scheme for bringing him under unjust suspicions.

Cæsar's friends, however, if such were the real promoters of the intrigue, were not yet satisfied that the prize was beyond his reach. They might familiarize the people with the idea of royalty by bringing it repeatedly before them. Perchance the sight of the white linen

band, the simple badge of Oriental sovereignty, might disabuse them of their horror at an empty name. On the 15th of February, the day of the Lupercalia, Cæsar was seated on his golden chair before the rostra, to preside over the solemn ceremonies of that popular festival. The Julian flamens were elevated to the same rank as the priests of the God Lupercus or Pan. Antonius the consul was at their head, and next to the dictator occupied the most conspicuous place in the eyes of the multitude. Possibly the novelty of the sight of the one consul stripped to his skin, with only a narrow girdle round his loins, waving in his hand the thong of goat's hide, and striking with it, as he ran rapidly through the principal streets, the women who presented themselves to the blow which was supposed to avert sterility, was still more attractive than that of the other in the laurel crown and triumphal robes which use had already rendered familiar. When Antonius had run his course he broke through the admiring multitude and approached the seat of the dictator. Drawing from beneath his girdle a diadem, he made as if he could offer it to him, exclaiming that it was the gift of the Roman people. The action was hailed by some clapping of hands; but it was faint and brief and manifestly preconcerted. When, however, Cæsar put away from him the proffered gift, a much louder burst of genuine applause succeeded. Antonius offered it a second time; again there was a slight murmur of applause, and again on Cæsar's rejection of it a vehement cry of satisfaction. "*I am not king*," repeated Cæsar; "*the only king of the Romans is Jupiter.*" He ordered the diadem to be carried to the Capitol and suspended in the temple of the God, to commemorate the gracious offer of the people, and his own modest refusal.

The tact with which Cæsar withdrew the claims which

were thus prematurely advanced for him baffled every attempt of the republican leaders to excite a popular feeling against him. But in the upper ranks of the nobility there were many who cherished such sentiments of hostility towards him, nor were his personal enemies confined to the ranks of his political adversaries. A plot was formed for his destruction which embraced sixty or even eighty conspirators, many of whom had been most conspicuous in their devotion to him, and seemed most to merit his confidence. Among them were doubtless some whose hopes of preferment he had disappointed. But such was not the case with Decimus Brutus, who had received from him the government of the Cisalpine, and was already designated as the consul of a future year. Such was not the case with Trebonius, who had just quitted the consulship for the administration of Asia. Basilus, Casca and Cimber had all received greater or less marks of the dictator's favour. Yet all these men now joined in the intrigue against his life. Had they really loved the republic better than their imperator, and regarded him as a tyrant and a traitor, they should not have accepted the highest offices at his hands. But even the chiefs of the opposite party betrayed no reluctance to profit by his generosity. It was not the needy or disappointed among them, but those whom he had honoured and promoted, who now raised their hands against him. The most active conspirator, and perhaps the author of the design, was C. Cassius, who had recently been appointed prætor. The cry of liberty and the republic, which was in the mouths of all his associates, could have little real influence on the sentiments of Cassius, whose avowed Epicurean principles, no less than his late political conduct, might vouch for his indifference to party. "*I prefer*," he had written to Cicero, "*our old and clement*

master Cæsar to the ferocious upstart, the son of Pompeius." But he was by nature vain and vindictive; his temper fluctuated between mean subservience and rude independence. His sharp and acrid humour had not escaped the observation of Cæsar, by whom the pale and lean were accounted dangerous, and who loved, as he said, the company of the sleek and light-hearted.

The conspirators required the charm of a popular name to sanction their projected tyrannicide. M. Junius Brutus, the nephew of Cato, pretended to trace his descent from a third son of the founder of the republic, whose elder brothers had perished, as was well known, childless by the axe of the lictor. His mother Servilia derived her lineage from the renowned Ahala, the slayer of Spurius Mælius. But far from inheriting the zeal of his progenitors, the Brutus of the expiring republic had acquiesced in Cæsar's usurpation with less apparent reluctance than perhaps any other member of the Pompeian party. Despondent in her hour of distress, he had been the last to join, the earliest to desert the unfurled banner of the republic. After Pharsalia, he was the first to seek refuge in the camp of the victor; in the city he was the foremost to court the friendship and claim the confidence of the dictator. He was zealous in serving his interests by the discharge of important offices; nor did he blush to govern Cisalpine Gaul for Cæsar, while his uncle still held Utica against him. A feeble panegyric of the sturdy sage whom he had abandoned while he affected to adopt his principles and emulate his practice, seemed to Brutus a sufficient tribute to his virtues. He had divorced his consort Claudia to espouse the philosopher's daughter Porcia, a woman of more masculine spirit than his own. But thus doubly connected with strength and virtue, Brutus had failed nevertheless to acquire the firmness which nature had denied him,

While professing the character of a student he still courted public life for the sake of its emoluments. The countenance of Cæsar raised him to an eminence which pleased and dazzled him, while his uncle's renown seemed also to shed a light upon him, and his vanity was excited by a saying, possibly a jest, ascribed to Cæsar, implying that of all the Romans he was the worthiest to succeed to supreme power. The weakness of his character may be estimated from the means employed to work upon him. A bit of paper affixed to the statue of the ancient Brutus with the words, "*Would thou wert alive;*" billets thrust into his hand inscribed, "*Brutus, thou sleepest, thou art no longer Brutus,*" shook the soul of the philosopher to its centre. Under the influence of Cassius, who had married his sister, he was led to embrace the schemes of the conspirators, and assumed the place of chief adviser, which they pretended at least to offer him. His renowned name became at once a charm of magic potency. It raised the sick Ligarius from his bed. A pardoned partizan of Pompeius, the clemency of Cæsar rankled in his bosom. "*How sad for Ligarius,*" said Brutus to him, "*to be disabled at such a moment.*" The sick man raised himself on his elbow, and replied, "*If thou hast any project worthy of the name of Brutus, behold, I am well again.*" Ligarius was admitted to the secret, and took an active part in the deed which followed. We learn with pleasure that the conspirators did not venture even to sound Cicero. The fatal intrigue was now ripening to its execution. As long as Cæsar remained at Rome his fearless demeanour exposed him to the daggers of assassins, for he had dismissed the guard which had at first surrounded him, and appeared daily in public with no other attendance than that of his unarmed companions. His legions had already been despatched to Illyricum. To the remonstrances of his friends, from

whom perhaps the rumours of his peril were not altogether concealed, he had replied that it was better at once to die than to live always in fear of dying. But from the moment he should assume the command of his armies, his safety would be assured by the fidelity of his troops. Once intoxicated with the splendour of royalty in the provinces, he would never consent to return a citizen to Rome. He had promised, it was said, to restore the towers of Ilium, the cradle of the people of Æneas and Romulus. Possibly he might transfer thither the throne which the pride of the Romans forbade him to establish in the Capitol. Or if the charms of Cleopatra should still retain their power, he might take up his abode in Alexandria, and remove the seat of empire to the shrine of the Macedonian conqueror.

Such considerations as these forbade delay. The preparations for Cæsar's departure were almost complete. The senate was convened for the Ides of March, the 15th day of the month, and the royal name and power, it was said, were then to be conferred upon him *in the provinces.* On this day, as soon as he should enter the curia, it was determined to strike the blow. The prediction was already current that the Ides of March should be fatal to him. Still Cæsar refused to take any precautions. He had lived, he said, enough either for nature or glory: his ambition was satisfied, or perhaps disappointed, and he was proudly indifferent to longer existence. On the eve of the fatal day he was entertained by Lepidus, and when in the course of conversation some one started the question, "*What kind of death is the best?*" it was remarked that he cut short the discussion abruptly with the reply, "*That which is least expected.*" But his wife, we are assured, dreamed that night a fearful dream, and when she urged him to consult the sacrifices, the signs of the

victims confirmed her prognostications. Whether moved by superstitious feelings of his own, or overcome by hers, he consented at last to send Antonius to dismiss the senate, or excuse his absence. At this moment Decimus Brutus came to conduct him to the hall of meeting. On hearing the avowal of his scruples, Decimus was struck with consternation; for the conspirators meanwhile were in momentary apprehension of discovery. M. Brutus himself, tormented by fear or conscience, had betrayed his agitation to his wife, who pierced her thigh, and long concealed the wound, to extract his secret from him by this proof of her self-control. With Porcia indeed the secret of the tyrannicides was secure, but not so with many of the wild, unprincipled men to whom it had been confided: every moment of delay made the danger of its divulgement more imminent. Under pretence of escorting the son of Cassius, who had just assumed the gown of manhood, the conspirators assembled early and proceeded together to the portico before Pompeius's theatre, the place assigned for the meeting of the senate being the curia adjacent. It had never been usual among the Romans to wear arms in the city, and when the commotions of Milo and Clodius were suppressed, a special enactment had been made to check such a practice, which seemed to be creeping in through the licence and perilousness of the times. But the senator carried his iron stylus in a little case, and in place of the implement of writing, the conspirators had furnished themselves each with a dagger. While awaiting the dictator's arrival Brutus and Cassius occupied themselves as prætors with listening to casual applications, and the freedom with which the former expressed himself, rebuking those who boasted that Cæsar would reverse his decisions, was especially remarked. But as the morning wore on the conspirators were exposed to redoubled risks.

A senator addressing Casca with a significant smile said, "*You have concealed your secret from me, but Brutus has revealed it.*" In another moment Casca would have pressed his hand and communicated the design, but the other went on to allude to his meditated competition for the ædileship, and the conspirator saw that he was undiscovered. Popilius Lænas whispered to Brutus, "*What you have in hand despatch quickly,*" and was immediately lost in the crowd. It was never known to what he referred, but the conscious assassins were disconcerted and alarmed.

Meanwhile Decimus had recovered his presence of mind. He saw that all was lost unless Cæsar could be brought to the spot where the ambush awaited him. He rallied him on the weakness of Calpurnia, hinted some friendly disparagement of his resolution, and assured him that so favourable an opportunity might not again arrive for the sanction of his wishes by the senate. Cæsar yielded and quitted his house. Hardly had he turned his back when a slave besought an audience of Calpurnia, declared to her that there was a design against her husband's life, and asked to be kept in confinement till the event should prove his assertion. As Cæsar proceeded along the Forum and Velabrum, from the mansion of the chief pontiff to the theatre of Pompeius, more than one person, it seems, pressed towards him to warn him of his doom. But the conspirators crowded about him, and kept off the intruders. One man indeed succeeded in thrusting a paper into his hand, and earnestly exhorted him to read it instantly. It was supposed to have contained a distinct announcement of the plot; but Cæsar was accustomed to receive petitions in this way, and paid no immediate attention to it, though he had it still rolled up in his hand when he entered the senate-house. As he was borne along in his litter (for he

affected sickness to countenance the excuse he had consented to send to the senate) he observed complacently to the augur Spurinna, "*The Ides of March are come;*" "*Yes,*" muttered the sage, "*but not yet passed.*"

At the moment when Cæsar descended at the door, Popilius, the same who had just spoken so mysteriously to Brutus, approached and entered into earnest conversation with him. The conspirators trembled. Cassius and others were grasping their daggers beneath their robes; their last resource was to despatch themselves. But Brutus observing that the manner of Popilius was that of one supplicating rather than warning, reassured his companions with a smile. Cæsar entered; his enemies closed round him in a dense mass, and while they led him to his chair kept his friends at a distance. Trebonius was specially charged to detain Antonius at the door. Scarcely was the victim seated, when Cimber approached with a petition for his brother's pardon. The others, as was concerted, joined in the supplication, grasping his hands and embracing his neck. Cæsar at first put them gently aside, but as they became more importunate, repelled them with main force. Cimber now seized his toga with both hands, and pulled it violently over his arms. Then Casca, who was behind, drew a weapon, and grazed his shoulder with an ill-directed stroke. Cæsar disengaged one hand, and snatched at the hilt, exclaiming, "*Cursed Casca, what means this?*" "*Help!*" cried Casca to his brother, and at the same moment the others aimed each his dagger at the devoted object. Cæsar for an instant defended himself, and even wounded one of his assailants with his stylus: but when he distinguished Brutus in the press, and saw the steel flashing in his hand also, "*What! thou too, Brutus,*" he exclaimed, let go his hold of Casca, and drawing his robe over his face made

no further resistance. The assassins stabbed him through and through, for they had pledged themselves, one and all, to bathe their daggers in his blood. Brutus himself received a wound in their eagerness and trepidation. The victim reeled a few paces, propped by the blows he received on every side, till he fell dead at the foot of Pompeius's statue.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVALRY OF ANTONIUS AND OCTAVIUS, AND THEIR EVENTUAL ALLIANCE.—THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE AND THE PROSCRIPTIONS.—THE DEATH OF CICERO.

A. U. 710—711. B. C. 44—43.

OF all the men that live in history there is none perhaps whom most of us would so much wish to have seen as the great Julius Cæsar. Tall in stature, and of commanding aspect, delicate in feature and graceful in form, we picture him to ourselves as not less conspicuous for the beauty of his person than for the eminence of his genius. But who can rest satisfied with realizing to his imagination the mere outline of the hero's figure, if he fail to obtain a glimpse of the expression which informs it with mind and character? It is not enough to read that Cæsar's complexion was pale and fair, his eyes dark and piercing, or to scan on busts and medals the ample volume of his forehead, and the haughty curve of his nose. These monuments present us, not without some variety of lineaments, the signs of his intellectual energy and moral power; but they fail to mark the generous kindling of his glance, and the fascination of his smile. There was in Cæsar, we are told, a charm of manner and address which captivated all beholders. Cato smiled on the man whose treasons he denounced; Brutus admired and Cicero loved him. Strange that a being whose public career was so selfish and unfeeling, should have proved himself the most

merciful to his enemies, the most considerate to his friends, the most magnanimous to those who wronged him, of all his countrymen. Upon Cæsar's political sins I need not express any judgment; they are patent on the face of history: but to the humanity of our times the merit of his clemency is not equally obvious: I may fairly urge the reader once more to contrast it with what he has read, and has yet to read, in the pages before him. If in private life Cæsar's amours and gallantries exceeded even the licence of his time, what else, the Romans might have asked, was to be expected of the comeliest child of Venus herself? If charges still more scandalous were freely advanced against him, the earnestness with which he repelled them, in an age disgracefully indulgent to the worst iniquities, bespeaks perhaps the dignity of conscious innocence, and the authority on which they rest is at least avowedly worthless.

But Cæsar has other claims on history besides that of political preeminence, and if the plan of this narrative admitted a review of the intellectual development of his times, his name would stand conspicuous in more than one department of literary composition. As the historian of his own exploits, he was reputed second to no writer of his class who had then arisen in Rome; as an orator to none perhaps but Cicero. He wrote on grammar; he wrote on augury and astronomy; he wrote tragedies, and verses of society; he wrote a satire in prose which he called his Anti-Cato. But while other illustrious men have been celebrated for their excellence in some one department of genius, the concurrent voice of antiquity averred that Cæsar was excellent in all. "*He had genius,*" says Circero, "*understanding, memory, taste, reflection, industry, and exactness.*" "*He was great,*" repeats a modern

writer, "*in every thing he undertook, as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect.*" And as if to complete the picture of the most perfect specimen of human ability, we are assured that in all the exercises of the camp his skill and vigour were not less conspicuous. He fought at the most perilous moments in the ranks of his soldiers; he could manage his charger without the use of reins, and he saved his life at Alexandria by his expertness as a swimmer.

When the conspirators looked around them, the hall was already vacant. The senators had fled with precipitation; centurions, lictors and attendants had vanished from the scene, and the harangue which Brutus was about to deliver commanded no listeners. Antonius had slipped through the crowd, exchanged clothes with a slave or client, and made his way unperceived to his house in the Carinæ. "*Fly, shut your doors, fly,*" was the cry of the panicstricken fugitives, for none could tell on whom the next blow might fall, whom the assassins had marked out for massacre, or on whom the murdered man's adherents might wreak their indiscriminate vengeance. Both parties had arms within reach. On the one hand Decimus Brutus had provided for his friends' defence by placing some gladiators in the Pompeian theatre, on the other the city was filled with the Cæsarian veterans, and Lepidus, the master of the horse, commanded a single legion outside the walls, which as proconsul of Gaul he was forbidden to introduce within it. But the senate had met in the field of Mars, and he had probably been a witness of the deed of blood. Crossing hastily to the island in which his troops were quartered, he led them under the gates of the city, and sent assurance of support to Antonius.

Meanwhile the consternation of the unarmed citizens was general. The assassins marched forth from the senate-house, brandishing in their right hands their bloody daggers, and wrapping their togas about their left arms, for defence against a sudden attack. But none molested, none confronted them. They reached the forum, preceded by a cap of liberty hoisted on a spear, exclaiming that they had killed a king and a tyrant. The place was filled with an agitated crowd; but none listened, none at least replied. The liberators of Rome, as they now dared to call themselves, dismayed at this indifference, and despairing of the support of the senate and people, were constrained to seek a place of refuge. Pretending to pay their vows in the temple of Jupiter they mounted the Capitoline, now occupied by the swordsmen of Decimus, and thus took possession of the heights, imperfectly fortified, which crowned the forum. This retreat saved them from collision with the forces of Lepidus, which occupied the forum itself in the course of the following night.

The disappearance of Antonius, and the passive demeanour of the populace emboldened the republican senators. Cinna, Lentulus, and Favonius climbed the Capitol, and late in the evening Cicero himself made his appearance in the asylum of liberty. The death of Cæsar removed the weight under which the springs of his energy had been paralysed. Recovering hope, he recovered all his zeal, all his activity, all the discreet daring which had characterized him in his best days. He advised that the senate should be convened immediately. The death of the one consul, the absence of the other, gave the prætors the right to summon and to preside in it. The temper of the people invited promptitude and decision in those who claimed to govern them. But Brutus, to whom the conspirators still

looked as their leader, hesitated. He wished to make another attempt to move the populace. On the morrow he descended into the forum. His harangue, grave and moderate, was listened to with cold respect. But Cinna and Dolabella, who had now joined the patriots, were less reserved in their language, and soon inflamed the fury of their audience. The conspirators returned crest-fallen to the Capitol. During the past night Antonius had not been idle. Watching from his concealment the movements of all parties, he had communicated with Calpurnia, and persuaded her to remove to his house her husband's private treasure, together with his will and other important papers. With the aid of his brothers, one of whom was a prætor, the other a tribune, he opened as consul the national coffers in the temple of Ops, and drew from them seven hundred millions of sesterces. Thus possessed of the treasure of the state he gave his hand to Lepidus who wielded for the moment its sword, and they pledged each other to maintain their common interests, if not to avenge the death of their common patron.

The liberators were sensible of the advantage Antonius possessed in being actually consul. They too had a claimant of the consulship among them. Cæsar had promised Dolabella the succession to his own chair of office as soon as he should himself quit Italy. The aspirant, in offering his services to the patriots, had pressed the ratification of this promise, in conceding which they were constrained to sanction the validity of the tyrant's appointment. But the chief whom they thus hoped to play off against Antonius, to whom he was personally hostile, was by no means his equal either in influence or ability. The minister and favourite companion of Cæsar was regarded by many as his natural successor, and though hitherto

chiefly known to the world for his bravery and dissipation, he was about to display the arts of a consummate intriguer. Antonius cajoled all men and all parties. Cicero stood alone in dissuading the liberators from negotiating with him. They believed his professions of loyalty to the republic, and they hoped to gain an ascendancy over the pliant temper which they had seen Cæsar fashion to his will. It was agreed that he should convene the senate for the next day, the 7th of March. He issued his summons, but he appointed for the place of meeting the temple of Tellus, near the forum, which he filled with soldiers. The murderers dared not leave the Capitol to attend, and the discussion upon their fatal exploit was conducted in their absence. The majority of the Fathers would have declared Cæsar a tyrant, but when Antonius represented that this would be to annul his acts, Dolabella, and others whose appointments rested on his decree, resisted with all their might. While they still deliberated, Antonius passed into the forum. The people hailed him with acclamations, and bade him take care of his own life. He withdrew the folds of his toga and showed a corslet underneath. He then returned to the senate, while the shouts by which he was attended alarmed the Fathers and precipitated their decision. Cicero pointed out the only course which could relieve them with dignity from their embarrassment. He demanded an *amnesty*, an act of oblivion, which should consecrate every acquired right, and leave the deed of the conspirators to the judgment of posterity. In private he had declared himself in the strongest terms an approver of the tyrannicide. To the conspirators he had written, "*I congratulate you, I rejoice in you, I love you, I make your cause mine; give me your love and confidence, and let me know all you are doing and*

intending." But he now confessed in his public acts that the peace of the city and the last chance of senatorial ascendancy required a compromise with the enemy; nor at a later period, when he found how grossly he had deceived himself, did he regret the conciliatory policy he had recommended. An amnesty was decreed. The next day Cicero harangued and calmed the people. They invited the conspirators to descend from the Capitol. Lepidus and Antonius sent their own children thither as hostages, and Brutus was entertained at supper by the one, Cassius by the other. Antonius, it is said, with his usual reckless gaiety, rallied his guest on the deed he had committed: "*Have you still,*" he asked, "*a dagger under your arm.*" "*Yes, truly,*" replied the surly patriot, "*to slay you with, if you affect the tyranny.*" Next morning all parties met once more in the curia, and the dictator's assignment of the provinces was formally confirmed. Trebonius succeeded to Asia, Cimber to Bithynia, Decimus to the Cisalpine Gaul, while Macedonia was secured to Brutus, and Syria to Cassius, upon the expiration of their term of office at home.

Notwithstanding the powers thus placed in the hands of the Cæsarian chiefs, Antonius was still master of the situation. Since Cæsar was not a tyrant, and since his acts were maintained as legitimate, his testament must be accepted, and his remains honoured with a public funeral. Antonius recited to the people their favourite's last will. He had adopted for his son the youthful Octavius, and if he refused the dangerous inheritance, Decimus was named as heir in the second place. For his guardians he had appointed several of the murderers; to others among them he had bequeathed considerable legacies. These marks of kindness to his own assassins sufficed to inflame the anger of the multitude; but when Antonius added that the

dictator had endowed the Roman people with his gardens on the bank of the Tiber, and had bequeathed to every citizen a gratuity of three hundred sesterces, their fury was exasperated by the sense of his liberality to themselves.

Another scene, got up with consummate art, fixed in the minds of the populace the sentiment of wrath and indignation. The funeral pyre had been constructed in the field of Mars, but the eulogy of the decease was to be pronounced in the forum. A shrine or chapel, glittering with gold, was erected before the rostra, in which the body was deposited, on a couch inlaid with ivory and strewn with ornaments of gold and purple. At its head was suspended, like a warrior's trophy, the toga in which the dictator had been slain, pierced through and through by the assassins' daggers. The mangled remains were concealed from public gaze, and in their stead a waxen effigy was raised aloft, and turned by machinery, and upon it his three and twenty wounds were faithfully represented. Dramatic shows formed as usual a part of the funeral ceremony. The murder of Agamemnon and the requital of Ajax, who complained that in saving the Greeks he had saved his own assassins, furnished pungent allusions to the circumstances of the time, and moved the sensibilities of the multitude.

While the citizens were thus melting with compassion, or glowing with resentment, Antonius came forward, as the first magistrate of the republic, to recite the praises of the mighty Dead. For himself, he was unworthy, he said, to praise Cæsar: the voice of the people alone could pronounce his eulogy. He produced the acts of the senate, and of the faction itself by which Cæsar had fallen, as the ground of his appeal, and the vouchers of his assertions. These he recited with a voice tremulous with grief, and a

countenance struggling with emotions. He read the decrees which had heaped honours upon Cæsar, which declared his person inviolable, his authority supreme, himself the chief and Father of his country. And then he pointed to the bleeding corpse, which neither laws nor oaths had shielded from outrage. In him, he exclaimed, every one found an asylum, himself alone he was impotent to save. *They* have killed him. The same who vowed to defend him, the same who devoted to the Gods whoever should harm him, whoever should fail to cover his body with his own, the same have themselves killed him. Then turning towards the temple of Jupiter, conspicuous on the Capitol, he shouted, "*I at least am prepared to maintain my vow, to avenge the victim I could not save.*" The people shuddered; the senators scowled. Had his feelings led him then too far? He pretended to check himself. After all, he said, it was not the work of men, it was the judgment of the Gods. Cæsar was too great, too noble, too far above the race of men, too nigh the nature of the immortals, to be overthrown by any power but that of God himself. "*Let us bow,*" he exclaimed, "*to the stroke as mortal men. Let us bury the past in oblivion. Let us bear away these venerable remains to the abodes of the blessed, with due lamentations and deserved eulogies.*"

With these words he girded his robes around him, and striding to the bier, with his head inclined towards it, muttered a hymn to the body as to the image of a god. In rapid verse, or solemn modulated prose, he chaunted the mighty deeds and glories of the deceased, the trophies he had won, the triumphs he had led, the riches he had poured into the treasury. As he spoke, the image smeared with blood was turned about for all eyes to gaze upon, and as it seemed to writhe in the agonies of death, the groans of men and the shrieks of women drowned the

plaintive accents of the speaker. Suddenly Antonius raised the garment which hung before the corpse itself: the people were frenzied with religious enthusiasm. Cæsar, they remembered, had been pronounced a god; Antonius was his flamen. They forbade the body to be carried outside the city. They insisted that it should be burnt within the walls. At first they would have consumed it in the temple of Jupiter; but from this purpose they were diverted by the priests, who trembled perhaps at the conflagration which might have ensued. Meanwhile, chairs, benches and tables had been snatched from the adjacent buildings, a heap of fuel was raised before the door of the pontifical mansion in the forum, and the body seized by tumultuary hands, was cast upon it in a frenzy of excitement. The temple of Castor and Pollux stood hard by, on the spot where in ancient times two majestic warriors had announced the event of the battle of Regillus. Now also, two young men of august mien and countenance, girt with swords and javelin in hand, were seen to apply the torch. A divine sanction was thus given to the deed; every scruple was overruled. The people continued to pile up branches and brushwood, the musicians and players added their garments to the heap, the veterans their arms, the matrons their ornaments; even the trinkets which adorned the children's frocks were thrown into the blazing conflagration. Cæsar was beloved by the Romans; he was not less dear to the foreigners. Gauls, Iberians, Africans and Orientals crowded in successive groups around the fire, and gave vent to the sense of their common misfortune. Among them the Jews were eminently conspicuous. Many of this people continued for several nights to assemble on the spot, and utter another funeral dirge over the blighted hopes of their nation.

The success of Antonius was complete. The populace,

giving full scope to the passions he had excited, rushed through the city armed with flaming brands, and attacked the houses of the chief conspirators. Their rude assaults were for the moment repulsed, but Brutus and his associates dared not show themselves in public, and either made their escape from the city or lay hid within it. The consul now sternly interfered to check the progress of disorder. The senate was profoundly irritated at the fatal issue of their vaunted amnesty; but Antonius, who required a legal sanction for the schemes he meditated, sought and found the means of conciliating it. The senate had decreed the oblivion of political offences: Antonius proposed that Sextus, the last survivor of the proscribed Pompeii, should be recalled home. Cæsar had abused the prerogatives of the dictatorship; Antonius carried a resolution for the abolition of that magistracy for ever. The passions of the people were fermenting in public disorders: once more Antonius armed his guards, and repressed their turbulent seditions with an unsparing hand. An impostor of low origin, named Amatius, had pretended to be the kinsman of Marius and Cæsar, and even in the lifetime of the dictator had gained some favour among the veterans and lower class of citizens. After Cæsar's death, he reappeared with more boldness than before, and appealed to the sympathies of the crowds who gathered round the embers of his pyre. He instigated them to raise an altar on the spot to the "*Father of his country*," to pour libations, and offer sacrifices to his shade. These proceedings kept the city in a fever of excitement. The senators, whom the impostor denounced no less furiously than the assassins themselves, became seriously alarmed: but Antonius dispersed the rioters, and seizing their leader threw him into prison, where he was shortly put to death without form of law. Dolabella, following

in the footsteps of his colleague, overthrew the altar, and paved the consecrated site for ordinary traffic. Nor did Antonius fail to amuse the liberators themselves. He sought an interview with Brutus and Cassius in their retreat, and offered to guarantee their security. When they declined to enter the city, in which their lives were no longer safe, but where their prætorial office required them to reside, he obtained for them the charge of supplying provisions, in order to authorize their absence. At the same time the other chiefs of the conspiracy prepared to take possession of their governments, and left their leaders to make head alone against the increasing influence of their ill-disguised enemy. But if Brutus and Cassius were not deceived, the senators fell headlong into the snare. They warmed in admiration of the docility of their consuls, and if Cicero's personal dislike to Antonius still warned him to distrust him, even he exclaimed that Dolabella was the best and bravest of magistrates. When Antonius complained that he was in danger from the enemy of the seditious, the senate blindly granted him his request for an armed bodyguard. He speedily raised the numbers of this force to six thousand men, and thus secured himself from the fate of a Mælius or a Gracchus.

The senate had confirmed Cæsar's acts. Antonius caused this sanction to be extended to the acts which he had merely projected; and possessing, as he did, all his papers, and having gained his secretary Faberius, he could either pretend or invent authority for whatever measure he wished to effect. Laws, treasures and magistracies, every thing lay at his feet. Things which Cæsar himself had not dared to do, Antonius did in his name: he sold places of distinction, and even provinces, such as the Lesser Armenia, which Deiotarus bought of him, and Crete, to which he granted independence for a sum of ready money. This

scandalous traffic restored his dilapidated fortunes. At the ides of March he was deeply in debt; before the calends of April he had discharged every obligation, and realized an enormous sum, which sufficed for the purchase of soldiers and senators, and among them of his colleague Dolabella, whom he thus fixed in determined hostility to the party to which he had so recently pledged himself. To gain the Sicilians, and still more, perhaps, to raise the hopes of remoter provinces, he gave them the franchise of the city. Nor, on the other hand, did he scruple to reverse the dictator's own enactments. He re-established a third decuria of judges which Cæsar had abolished, not indeed by readmitting the ærarian tribunes, but by calling to the bench the centurions and privates of the legion Alauda. He abolished the dispositions he had made regarding the appeal to the people, and the government of the provinces, which last he caused to be prolonged six years, thereby securing for himself a long term of command, and the means of keeping his enemies at bay after relinquishing the consulship. When the effect of these measures had rendered him sufficiently strong, he broke the engagements he had made with the liberators, in causing Brutus and Cassius to be deprived of their promised governments. Syria he assigned to Dolabella, Macedonia with the legions, six in number, which Cæsar had assembled beyond the Adriatic, he took for himself. "*The tyrant is dead,*" sorrowfully murmured Cicero, "*but the tyranny still lives.*"

Among these legions the young Octavius had spent some months, and the address with which he had attached to himself both the officers and soldiers already gave token of the genius he was soon summoned to display on a wider theatre. Surprised amidst his martial and literary exercises by the news of Cæsar's assassination, he

was not yet aware of the perilous inheritance bequeathed him. But his mother's letters from Rome, reminding him of the dictator's favour and the nearness of his blood, inflamed his ambitious hopes, and determined him to return to the city and brave every danger in vindication of his rights. His friends would have dissuaded him, and the legions pledged themselves to protect him in their camps, but he burst away without hesitation or delay, and threw himself almost unattended on the coast of Apulia. Copies of the will and of the senate's decrees were here forwarded to him, whereupon he boldly assumed the designation of Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and presented himself to the soldiers in Brundisium as the adopted son of the great Imperator. He was received with acclamations. The friends and freedmen of the dictator flocked about him, the veterans of the colonies drew their swords and offered to avenge him. But the young adventurer was cautious and discreet. He declined the use or the display of force. He addressed the senate in mild and temperate language, claiming as a private citizen the inheritance of a deceased father. Arriving at Cumæ he learnt that Cicero was sojourning in the neighbourhood. He went to visit him, and readily persuaded the facile statesman of the loyal moderation of his views. At the end of April he entered Rome. Antonius was absent on a progress through the peninsula, confirming his old allies and securing new ones.

Octavius was at this time little more than eighteen years of age. In vain did his mother Atia, and his stepfather Philippus, warn him to desist from accepting the inheritance. The second day after his arrival, he presented himself before the prætor, and avowed himself the heir and son of the dictator. He mounted the tribune and harangued the people, pledging himself to discharge the

legacies bequeathed them by his father. But the means from which they were to be discharged had fallen into the hands of Antonius, who had expended them already for his own advantage. The consul, little alarmed at the proceedings of the rash stripling, delayed his return to Rome till the middle of May. Before their first interview Octavius had already made many friends and conciliated many enemies. He could then venture amidst large protestations of friendship and devotion, to upbraid Antonius with betraying the cause of his patron, and allowing the assassins to go unpunished. He proceeded to claim as his own the sums the dictator had left behind him. Antonius replied that the money was all spent; that it was not the testator's private hoard, but public treasure; that the will by which Octavius claimed would have been set aside with the rest of Cæsar's acts, but for the interference of Antonius himself. It was unreasonable, he urged, and ungrateful in Octavius to press such a demand upon his benefactor; it was rash in him to assume the responsibilities of a name so hateful to a formidable party. The youth could make no impression upon his crafty adversary, confident in his own tried address no less than in the forces at his back. But Octavius though baffled was not dismayed. He too relied upon resources within himself of which he alone was conscious, and not less perhaps on the auspicious signs and omens which had attended his birth and marked his progress through life. He sold the remnant of the deceased's effects as well as all his own, borrowed money from his friends, obtained from his kinsmen Pedius and Pinarius the surrender of their shares in the dictator's inheritance, and thus amassed a sufficient sum to cover the assumed obligation. The people were delighted at the gift, and still more at the sacrifice he had made for it. Antonius

was startled at the young man's determination, amazed at its success. He felt that he could no longer afford to despise such a competitor. He sought to throw obstacles in his way; he engaged a tribune to prevent the passing of the law of the Curies requisite for his adoption; he entangled him in suits against pretended legatees or creditors of his father. One day when Octavius was addressing the people, Antonius caused his lictors to drag him from the tribune. But these violent proceedings served the cause of his adversary, whose credit with the people rose swiftly and steadily, in proportion as that of the consul himself suffered from the contrast of their behaviour.

The conduct of the liberators at this crisis was full of timidity and indecision. The conferences they continued to hold in the vicinity of Rome were attended by Cicero, and animated by the vigorous counsels of Porcia the wife, and Servilia, the mother of Brutus; but the chiefs themselves were overwhelmed with despondency or irritated to fretful impatience. Decimus, who alone of the whole party displayed either firmness or forethought, had betaken himself to the Cisalpine province, from whence he might keep in check the masters of the city. But whether it was necessary to amuse his soldiers, or whether he only aspired to the futile honours of a triumph, he occupied himself in ravaging the frozen valleys of the Alps, while his enemies were intriguing against the liberties of his country, and preparing to supplant him in his government. Antonius had secured the six legions of Macedonia; but he wanted a footing nearer Rome, and he now demanded of the senate the succession to the Cisalpine province, the occupation of which by Decimus he represented as dangerous to the state. Octavius, who already saw the advantage of fomenting discord between the rivals,

who alone possessed the armies of which he was himself destitute, encouraged and supported this bold demand. But the senate could not be so easily cajoled, and evaded the proposal which it had not the courage to reject. The Cisalpine had been recently endowed with the privileges of Italy; it was now for the first time proposed to incorporate it with the favoured region which was exempted from the government of proconsuls altogether. This scheme indeed was not now carried into effect, but Antonius, checked in the senate, transferred his application to the people, who were engaged by the exertions of Octavius himself to exercise their prerogative in his favour. The consul however was not disposed to repay the good offices of his rival. When Octavius proposed to offer himself for the tribunate, being as yet far under the age required, Antonius issued an edict denouncing the pains and penalties of the law against such irregular aspirations. Nevertheless the tribes would have elected their new favourite, had not the consul interfered to break up the assembly.

Notwithstanding this check the young Cæsar had made great progress in the few weeks since his return to Rome: the people were becoming attached to him, charmed with his plausible address, his daring liberality, and his graceful person. But the time was coming when arms would be all in all, and Octavius was as yet unarmed. His active emissaries solicited the veterans in the Italian colonies, and passed the sea to feel the pulse of the Macedonian legions. They were well received in every quarter. The officers of the troops on which Antonius relied sent a deputation to the consul, to remind him that both he and Octavius had a common cause, to avenge the death of the dictator, and to insist on a prompt reconciliation between them, and mutual cooperation for that single end. Mortified though

he was, Antonius dared not resist this appeal. The two chiefs allowed themselves to be conducted to the Capitol, there to swear an eternal alliance. A few days after the consul publicly reproached Octavius with having suborned assassins against him, a charge which Octavius promptly retaliated. We shall have reason, in the sequel, to believe that either party was fully capable of the crime; but the younger rival required in the impending struggle the military talents of the elder, and was too wary, we may believe, to sacrifice his interests to his passion.

The veterans were right: the cause of the murdered man demanded union among his friends; for the republican party in the senate was gaining courage from their dissensions, while the attitude now assumed by Sextus Pompeius at the head of a formidable fleet on the coast of Gaul, and the loyalty of the legions in Syria, which invited Cassius to their quarters, inspired them with fresh hopes. Brutus had allowed his colleague to depart for the distant province, which he claimed on Cæsar's appointment, but which Antonius had induced the senate to wrest from his hands. Stung by the wretched result of the conspiracy, which had driven him ignominiously from the city he had saved, and within one short month installed a mock Cæsar almost on the throne of the dictator, Cassius had burst away from Italy and resolved to raise the standard of the republic in the East. "*Be yourself your own senate,*" was the bold counsel Cicero had given him, and he was prepared to act upon it. Brutus approved of his associate's daring; but his own temper was more phlegmatic. Still lingering on the coast of Campania, he gave directions for the prætorial shows at Rome which he dared not attend himself; and though he eagerly caught at some faint echoes of popular applause, he suffered severe mortification; for the representation of the tragedy of the Elder

Brutus was contemptuously forbidden. Calpurnius Piso uttered a bold invective against Antonius in the curia; but the senators, cowed by his military force, failed to support it. Cicero, who had sailed reluctantly from Italy, continued for some days to keep in sight the coast he loved, and when driven at last by stress of weather to set foot on the shores of Calabria, refused again to embark, and directed his steps, with mournful presentiments, towards Rome. At the same time Brutus made up his mind finally to quit the peninsula, and following the example of Cassius, call the patriots to arms in Greece and Macedonia.

Antonius had convoked the senate for the 1st of September. Cicero entered Rome the day before, and was gratified with his favourable reception. Nevertheless he avoided attending the sitting of the Fathers, excusing himself on the plea of fatigue. Solemn supplications were to be voted to the Gods; Cæsar's name was to be invoked among the Roman divinities; and he had not yet determined perhaps how to shape his protest against this arrogant assumption. He wished rather to be attacked than to attack. Antonius was the first to draw the sword. In his address to the senate he inveighed against the absent orator, and threatened with his usual rude violence to demolish his house on the Palatine if he persisted in keeping away. After this burst of malice and defiance, he quitted the city to indulge in the licentious pleasures of his Tiburtine villa. When the senate met the next day under the presidence of Dolabella in the temple of Concord, the spot itself might remind Cicero of the boldest efforts and most splendid triumphs of his eloquence. The insults of Antonius had stung him to the quick. He proceeded first to vindicate his own conduct both in leaving the city and in returning to it. Refraining from any allusion to

the tyrannicide itself, he began his retrospect of affairs with the meeting in the temple of Tellus. He showed that all parties had at first combined for the common good. If he claimed for himself the merit of proposing the amnesty, he allowed to Antonius the praise of accepting it. The liberators, he said, were satisfied, the decrees of Cæsar were respected, the citizens were reassured, the noble and the good approved. Up to this point the acts and demeanour of Antonius had been mild and conciliatory: he restored no exiles, he conferred no immunities, he abolished the dictatorship: no whisper did he yet breathe of Cæsar's posthumous demands. The senate had been justly alarmed, and had issued a decree in grateful acknowledgment. But the consuls had gone further in the same honest course. They broke up the riotous assemblages in the forum, they proscribed the pretended Marius. It was not till the 1st of June that Antonius had changed his conduct. From that time he ceased to consult the senate, and carried his measures through the comitia of the tribes. He recalled whom he would from banishment, made what laws he pleased, appointed his own creatures to place and office, and pleaded the will of the dead tyrant for every act of selfish and venal policy. The liberators were frightened from the city, the veterans were incited to sedition, and fed with hopes of a new revolution. Then at last had the orator consented to retire from Rome for the remainder of the year, intending to return when the new consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, should assume their office. But since Calpurnius had raised his voice against the usurper, he had determined not to withhold his own. He now came forward to echo that gallant defiance, and if any harm should befal him, to leave this crowning monument of his patriotism. The senate listened with admiration. The applause which thundered from its benches warmed the

orator's blood, and redoubled his energy. Dolabella himself, on whom he had heaped many fulsome compliments, was pleased at being favourably contrasted with the colleague he secretly detested.

The series of speeches against Antonius which Cicero composed in the course of the following months is known by the name of the Philippics, a title first given them perhaps by the orator himself, in allusion to the harangues of Demosthenes against the tyrant of Macedon. They claimed, like their immortal prototypes, to be the last indignant assertion of a country's freedom against a daring aggressor. In the first speech, however, Cicero still kept some terms with his enemy. He seemed to feel his ground before committing himself irrevocably. The declamation is directed entirely against the consul's policy; his personal habits and views, a moderation very unusual with Cicero, are left untouched. After the lapse of some days Antonius returned to Rome: after due deliberation he had framed a rejoinder, and on the 19th September he delivered it in a speech to the senate. It was a virulent invective against his enemy's entire career, and accused him of the murder of the Catilinarians, the assassination of Clodius, the rupture between Cæsar and Pompeius. It strove to unite against him every faction in the state, and above all it denounced him to the veterans as the real contriver of their hero's destruction. Cicero was again absent. His friends had dissuaded him from appearing before the armed bands with which Antonius overawed debate. The two gladiators were destined never to meet on the same arena. They continued to wage the war of words, but they never saw each other again alive.

During the remainder, indeed, of the consul's stay in Rome, Cicero retired to a villa near Naples. There he composed a second invective, fiercer and more eloquent

than the last, but its publication he reserved to a fitter moment. While, however, this war of words was raging, Octavius was silently undermining the consul's power with weapons more effective. With entreaties and arguments, with promises and largesses, he was seducing the soldiers from his standards. Antonius learnt with alarm that the troops he had conveyed to Brundisium were secretly plied by his rival's emissaries. On the 3rd October he departed in haste to stay their defection. At the same moment Octavius also quitted the city and traversed his father's colonies in Campania, Umbria, and the Cisalpine, from whence he returned with 10,000 men, to each of whom he had promised 2000 sesterces. He sought at the same time to gain Cicero, and through him the senate, whose sanction he required to invest his position with some legal authority. He addressed the pliant statesman with frequent letters, pressing him to return to Rome and place himself at the head of affairs, to contend against their common enemy, and once more save the republic. He promised him the fullest confidence, the blindest docility; he loaded him with compliments and caresses; he called him his father.

Nor, when he had driven Cicero into Campania, did Antonius fail to act with equal vigour. He hastened to Ariminum to check and punish the growing insubordination of his soldiers. Years of indulgence under successive commanders had almost effaced the old spirit of obedience among them. The imperator rebuked them harshly for their affection for his rival, a rash stripling, as he called him. They replied with taunts directed against himself for betraying the cause of the dictator. When he turned from menaces to hold forth the promise of a trifling largess of four hundred sesterces a piece, they laughed at his parsimony. Nevertheless, the same mutinous spirits

crouched beneath his uplifted hand. He caused some of their centurions to be stricken with the axe; not less than three hundred, if we may believe the declamations of Cicero, who assures us that his consort, the imperious Fulvia, stood by and stimulated his vengeance in person. Having now increased his gratuities, broken some of the superior officers, and split his legions into small detachments, he directed them to march along the coast to Ariminum, while he repaired himself, with a chosen escort, to Rome. On his arrival there he summoned the senate to hear his charges against Octavius, whom he now openly accused of levying troops without official authority. But at the same instant he learnt that two of his legions had passed over to his rival, while the senate itself displayed daily more hostility towards him. If he was strong in military resources, it was only when himself present in his camp. At Rome his position was becoming untenable. Sulla and Marius, Cæsar and Pompeius, every party leader had in turn abandoned the city to recruit his forces in the field. With the command of the Cisalpine province he had obtained also the commission to drive out of it any pretender to the government. Accordingly he now summoned Decimus to withdraw, and when he raised his standard at Tibur, and proclaimed the civil war, many of the senators flocked to the quarters of the consul who pretended to arm in defence of the republic. From thence he proceeded to Ariminum, where his combined forces amounted to four legions, besides numerous volunteers and new levies. Lepidus, already on his route to Spain, commanded four also; Pollio, who had been recently stationed in that remote dependency, was at the head of three; Plaucus commanded an equal number in the Further Gaul. These were the forces on which Antonius, it was deemed, might rely in his contest with the Republicans.

But these forces were separated and widely scattered; the soldiers were disloyal or indifferent, and their leaders had each his own private ends to serve. Decimus, from his central position, might intrigue with each separately, and cut off their communications with one another. A third faction was also in the field. Octavius had raised for himself, or wrested from Antonius, as many as five legions; though possessed of no ostensible command, no office of public trust, still citizens of all classes thronged about him, and placed themselves at his disposal. He addressed the senate with a well-timed manifesto, which immediately recommended him as their champion in preference to the suspected Antonius. Stationing himself at Arretium, on the road to Ariminum, he awaited the commencement of hostilities, prepared to side with either party, or to fall upon the victor, as circumstances might direct.

Such was the complication of affairs in the month of November. Cicero, meanwhile, was working with feverish activity among the senators and citizens, striving to consolidate every party against Antonius. He exhorted Decimus; he caressed Octavius, a youth whose vanity he hoped might be satisfied by some empty compliments, while his name would be employed with advantage to baffle the pretensions of the elder and more formidable enemy. But in the West he depended chiefly on the loyalty of Hirtius and Pansa, the consuls elect: at the same time his eyes were anxiously directed to the opposite quarter, and fixed upon the movements of Brutus and Cassius, Trebonius and Cimber in the East. Dolabella had just quitted Rome to claim his government of Syria: the quarrel of the rival proconsuls would be the quarrel of the republic. The moment had arrived for the publication of the second Philippic. The satire came forth from the orator's desk fortified with the warm approbation of his

private friends, and polished to the keenest edge by repeated touches from the great master himself. It spoke in loud and decided language. It branded Cæsar as a traitor and a tyrant, Antonius as a monster. The author himself it represented as the stay of the commonwealth, the common object of hostility to every hater of his country. It called upon every citizen to arm with frantic earnestness. The effect was electrical. The picture drawn of Antonius struck the people with horror. The senate was nerved with courage to defy him. The Octavian veterans gnashed their teeth at the contumely he had lavished upon their favourite. The consuls elect were fixed at once in the interest of the republic by the acclamation which hailed this manifesto of her wrongs. Cicero himself not unjustly elated with the applause which echoed around him, believed himself now the mediator between all parties, the actual chief of the commonwealth. It was the noblest as it was the purest triumph that any Roman citizen had achieved since the days of an Africanus or a Camillus. It was the just reward of so many years of self-devotion, and all our painful sense of the weaknesses by which that career had been disfigured gives way, at least for the moment, to the heartfelt pleasure of contemplating it.

Antonius had already taken the field and confined Decimus to the walls of Mutina. Cicero urged that he should be declared a public enemy, and that Octavius at the same time should receive the title of proprætor and the rank of senator. He pledged himself for the patriotism of the young Cæsar, whose inmost thoughts he believed himself to have penetrated. On this latter point at least the Fathers were convinced, or their judgment was overborne by his vehement assertions. They decreed Octavius a statue, and gave him permission to sue for public offices

before the legal age. Nor did they forget his soldiers, but undertook to fulfil at the charge of the state all the promises their chief had made them. Nevertheless Antonius had still friends in the assembly who resisted the extreme measures which Cicero advocated. Hirtius and Pansa pleaded for a final effort to preserve peace. Envoys were sent to negotiate with the armed rebel in his camp. His demands for himself and for his soldiers were exorbitant, and the envoys returned crest-fallen to Rome. But at the same time both Lepidus and Plancus were making hollow overtures for a general pacification. It required all the fervour and all the eloquence of Cicero to keep the senate firm to its purpose of compelling Antonius to desist from arms. He was buoyed up by the favourable accounts he received from Brutus and Cassius, and the prospect of aid from Sextus Pompeius; the capture and cruel death of Trebonius by the hands of Dolabella served only to inflame his fury, and point his declamations. Early in the year 711 A. U. 711. B. C. 43. Hirtius and Octavius took the field, and at the end of March Pansa joined them with fresh levies. Still the senate hesitated to designate the impending contest as a *war;* it characterized it by the milder title of a *tumult.* In the absence of the consuls Cicero, though without an office, was allowed to take the helm of affairs. He poured forth in rapid succession his bold and animated harangues against Antonius; he answered the rebel's manifestos, and retorted his menaces; he breathed confidence into the desponding, and encouraged the efforts of the brave. Clothed in the garb of war he traversed the streets, calling aloud for contributions to the public cause, and filled the treasury with the sums he extorted from the adherents of the enemy. At the same time he maintained an active correspondence with the chiefs in the provinces, assured each in turn of the constancy of all the rest, and

bruited far and wide the high spirit of the veterans, the devotion of the people, the fidelity of the generals, and the abundance of their resources.

On the approach of Hirtius and Octavius, Antonius broke up from his lines before Mutina, leaving his brother Lucius to watch the town, while he operated himself on the front and flanks of the advancing forces. His opponents however were not strong enough to engage, and Antonius preferred negotiating with his old associates to fighting them. When however he was informed that Pansa was also on his march, and that hostilities were inevitable, he determined to strike the first blow, and fell unexpectedly upon the new comer. Octavius was left to watch Lucius, but Hirtius came up in time to save Pansa's forces from rout, though the consul himself fell mortally wounded. A few days after, on the twenty-seventh of April, Hirtius provoked a second and more decisive engagement, in which he drove the Antonians into the camp, falling himself on the threshold of the prætorium. Octavius, coming up to his support, carried off the body of the one consul, while the other expired in his own camp almost at the same moment. The simultaneous death of the two chief magistrates was a strange coincidence, and it came too opportunely for Octavius to allow him to escape the charge of having occasioned it. He had struck Hirtius in the back, he had bribed the surgeon to rub poison into Pansa's wound. Such were the rumours which circulated in the city, to which further zest was given by the subsequent fortunes of the survivor.

But at Rome the senate and people, blind to the future, forgot in their rejoicings at the victory the disaster with which it had been accompanied. The citizens rushed tumultuously to the house of Cicero, and bore him to the Capitol, amidst the loudest acclamations. The brave old

man who had urged them to war and driven them to conquest was the true victor of the field of Mutina, and as such they instinctively recognised him. The contest they believed to be at an end. Antonius was flying in rout and dismay towards the Alps; Decimus was intent upon pursuing him; and had only allowed him to cross the Apennines from the want of cavalry to overtake him. Plancus, confirmed in his loyalty to the senate, was descending from the North to block the passes into Gaul. Lepidus had renewed his protestations of fidelity. Such were the hopes and assurances on which the patriots fed. Secure of their triumph they could afford to forget, or if not forgotten to neglect, the stripling Octavius. It was in the name of Decimus that supplications were decreed. To him the further conduct of the war was entrusted, and the legions of the two consuls were placed under his orders. The successes of Cassius against Dolabella, the progress of Brutus in Macedonia, and of Sextus on the sea, all seemed to justify this confidence. Two fresh legions from Africa had just arrived before the gates. Even Cicero himself was prepared to cast away the broken instrument of his victorious policy.

Before he expired the consul Pansa, it is said, had called Octavius to his bedside, and after speaking of his own gratitude towards Cæsar, and the desire he had always secretly maintained of avenging his death, had advertised him of the hatred the senate really bore him, and assured him that his only chance of safety lay in a reconciliation with Antonius. The young aspirant had indeed no need of these suggestions. When Decimus offered him formal thanks for the preservation he owed him, "*It is not for you*," he said, "*that I have taken up arms; the murder of my father is an unpardonable crime: I have combated the pride of Antonius; when that is abated I shall have with*

him no public cause of quarrel." From thenceforth Decimus wrote to Cicero to place no further confidence in the heir of the dictator. Octavius indeed, satisfied with having proved to the veteran Antonius that stripling as he was he was no contemptible adversary, had no wish to crush the chief who kept his father's enemies in check. He kept within his lines at Bononia, allowing the Antonian Ventidius to lead two legions of fresh recruits before them, and follow in the track of his retreating general. Antonius suffered from the want of supplies in crossing the Apennines; but he distanced every pursuer, and succeeded in conducting a powerful army without opposition into the province. Lepidus had advanced from the West, and joined him openly at Forum Julii. Decimus followed across the Alps, and effected a junction with Plancus on the Isére. But alarmed by the defection of Pollio in Spain, and deeming himself unable to cope with the adversary, he speedily retraced his steps into the Cisalpine, while Plancus terminated his long indecision by throwing himself into the arms of the party which was now manifestly the stronger. Antonius found himself at the head of twenty-three legions.

The senate awoke from their dream of victory to this dreadful reality. Expecting anxiously the triumphant arrival of Brutus and Cassius, which they pressed with letters and decrees, they sought meanwhile to amuse Octavius, and to seduce from him his army. Cicero gave utterance to a grim jest. "*Let the youth,*" he said, "*be praised, exalted and* OVERWHELMED *with honours.* But when, in virtue of the decree which had exempted him from the disqualification of youth, he demanded permission to sue for the consulship, the Fathers refused their sanction. They had tampered with the soldiers, and striven to sow jealousies among them by a capricious disposal of rewards; but

four hundred of his veterans came in a body to Rome to press his claim. "*Reject it,*" exclaimed one of them, striking the hilt of his sword, "*and this shall obtain it for him.*" No sooner did they return to the camp from their fruitless errand, than Octavius crossed the Rubicon at the head of eight legions, and descended the Flaminian way. The senate issued an edict forbidding him to approach within ninety miles of the city. At the same time it accorded his demand, together with a largess to his soldiers. But it was too late: Octavius had seized the opportunity he sought, and did not halt till he reached the gates of Rome.

The prætor Cornutus, a sturdy republican, had called his countrymen to arms, and invoked the aid of the two legions from Africa. While the enemy was still distant the citizens acted with promptitude and spirit. But no sooner did he actually appear under the walls than all this ardour vanished. One by one the senators and consulars slipped through the gates and betook themselves to his camp. Even the prætors descended from the Janiculum and delivered their legions into his hands. Cicero indeed was among the last to parley. Octavius taunted him on his tardy appearance before his *friend* and *protegè*. The next night Cicero fled, and Cornutus slew himself. The people hastily assembled, pretended to elect Octavius to the consulship, and gave him his kinsman Q. Pedius for a colleague. This was the 22nd of September. On the following day he completed his twentieth year. The remnant of the senators, for many of them had disappeared from the city, heaped honours upon their conqueror. They commanded Decimus to surrender to him his legions. From the people Octavius obtained the ratification of his adoption, which had been so long withheld. He directed the murderers of Cæsar to be cited before the proper tribunals. A. U. 711. B. C. 43.

One man only ventured to vote for their acquittal, and judgment passed against them by default. They were interdicted fire and water.

But this was not all. Octavius, now consul of the republic and the leader of a numerous army, could treat with Antonius on equal terms, and offer as much as he could receive. He made the first overtures for an alliance, by causing the decrees against his rival and Lepidus to be rescinded. Placed between two such powers and abandoned by Plancus, Decimus was lost. His troops deserted him by whole cohorts and legions. Relinquishing his bootless command, and accompanied by a few horsemen only, he tried to escape into Macedonia through the passes of the Rhætian Alps. When his attendants had dwindled to ten in number he hoped to effect his retreat by the shorter and easier route of Aquileja. Descending from the mountains he fell into the hands of a chief, named Camelus, who delivered him to Antonius. Decimus was the first of the conspirators to suffer the penalty of his crime. The blood of the assassin cemented the union between the Cæsarian chiefs. Towards the end of October, Antonius, Lepidus and Octavius met in the neighbourhood of Bononia, on a little island in the broad channel of the Rhenus, where, facing the mountains which separated them from the city they had subdued, they deliberated on the partition of the spoil and the fate of the vanquished. The discussion lasted three days, during which the armies of the rival potentates were encamped on either side of the stream. It was finally arranged that Octavius should resign the consulship in favour of Ventidius, the bravest of Antonius's officers. Under the title of a triumvirate for the establishment of the commonwealth the three chiefs were to reign over Rome together. They claimed the consular power in common for five years, with the right of

disposing during that time of all the magistracies. Their decrees were to have the force of law, without requiring the confirmation either of the senate or the people. Finally, they apportioned among themselves the provinces round Italy; the two Gauls fell to Antonius, the Spains with the Narbonensis to Lepidus, Africa and the islands to Octavius. Italy itself with the seat of empire they were to retain in common, while the provinces of the East, now held by Brutus and Cassius, they left for future division, after the enemy should be expelled from them. Meanwhile, Octavius and Antonius, with twenty legions each, charged themselves with the conduct of the war, and agreed to leave Lepidus to maintain their combined interests in the city. Ample gratuities were promised to the soldiers, and estates assigned them from the lands of eighteen cities in the peninsula. These terms of alliance were read openly in the camp. The troops were satisfied with their share of the spoil, and hoped to confirm and perpetuate it by consolidating the auspicious harmony which now reigned among their chiefs. They insisted that Octavius should espouse a daughter of Fulvia. Thus for the first time the civil policy of the republic was openly discussed and ratified by the legions.

The triumvirs caused themselves to be preceded at Rome by an order addressed to Pedius for the death of seventeen of their principal adversaries. The houses of the victims were attacked at night, and most of them slain before their fate was notified to the citizens. Pedius, a brave and honourable man, shocked at being made the instrument of this bloody vengeance, ventured to assure his countrymen that justice was now satisfied. He knew not then how much further the horrid designs of the triumvirs extended. He was fortunate in never knowing it, for disgust and shame

had already overwhelmed him, and he expired himself the night following.

Octavius, Antonius and Lepidus entered the city on three successive days, each accompanied by a single legion. The temples and towers were immediately occupied by the troops; the banners of the conquerors waved in the forum, and cast their ominous shadow over the heads of the assembled people. A plebiscitum gave the semblance of legality to an usurpation which scarcely condescended to
A. U. 711. B. C. 43. demand it. On the 27th of November the triumvirate was proclaimed by an edict placarded in all the public places. The murder of Cæsar, it declared, demanded signal retribution; the perfidy of his assassins exempted them from all pity or consideration. Some of them had already fallen, with the aid of the Gods the rest should speedily be reached, together with their friends and abettors. The triumvirs about to quit Rome to combat these wretches in the East, would leave no enemies in their rear. They decreed, not a massacre like Sulla's, but a proscription: they distinguished the guilty from the innocent, lest the fury of the soldiers should involve all in a common slaughter. They offered rewards in money to the free men, their freedom to the slaves, who should execute the decree, and bring the heads of the culprits to the tribunals of their judges. Thereupon followed a list of one hundred and thirty names; a second list of one hundred and fifty appeared shortly afterwards.

The triumvirs, it is said, had sate with a list of the chief citizens before them, and each had pricked the names of those he required for the sacrifice. Each had acquired the right to proscribe a kinsman of his colleagues by surrendering one of his own. The fatal list was headed with the names of a brother of Lepidus, and an uncle of Antonius and cousin of Octavius. Again were enacted the

horrid scenes which closed the civil wars of the last generation. Centurions and soldiers were despatched in quest of the most important victims. The pursuit was joined by mercenary cut-throats and private enemies. Slaves attacked their masters, and debtors their creditors. Every evil passion was unchained; as in the former proscriptions, it was easy to get a name added to the list, or to conceal among the corpses of the proscribed the body of a murdered foe. The heads of the slain were affixed to the rostra, but the triumvirs did not always pause to recognise them. Policy and even vengeance might be satisfied with a few victims; but they were in want of money, and murder was a shorter and surer resource than confiscation. Children were invested with the gown of manhood that they might be slain among the men, and their estates become the property of their destroyers. It is unnecessary to repeat the numerous stories of cruel murders, gallant sacrifices, and extraordinary escapes by which these massacres, like all others, were signalized. The wives, it was remarked, showed the greatest self-devotion, the freedmen some, the slaves very little, but the children none. The last and longest list of the proscribed contained the names of those who were doomed, not to death, but to the loss of their property. Among them were many women, and this persecution of the female sex was unprecedented in the annals of civil strife among the Romans. Many years afterwards a speech was still in circulation which purported to have been delivered by the daughter of the great orator Hortensius in defence of the privileges of her sex.

As far as our accounts go these horrid butcheries fell far short in extent at least of the exterminating massacres of Sulla and Marius, nor are they related by the historians

with the same simplicity and verisimilitude. But the triumvirs have no claim upon us that we should seek to extenuate their guilt; the example of the merciful Julius, however ill-requited, throws a deeper stain upon the cruelty of his successors. At a later period it was the policy of the survivor Octavius to cast all the odium upon his rivals, and for a time at least he could command the voice of history. It is possible however that the eminence he attained, and the envy he excited, may have given a zest to the stories still current of his cold barbarity, and even enhanced the share ascribed to him in these enormities. It is difficult to believe that the victims were in all cases hotly pursued. Cicero, one of the first proscribed, travelled slowly from one of his villas to another, and was not overtaken till a month afterwards. Many crossed the sea to Macedonia, others to Africa; a still larger number took refuge on board the vessels with which Sextus Pompeius was cruising off the coast of Latium and Campania. Many also of those who were seized found the enemy not implacable. Lepidus and Antonius were accessible to bribes if not to entreaties, and Octavius sought perhaps in some instances to contrast his own lenity with the ferocity of his associates. Well would it have been for his memory if he had interfered for the preservation of the noblest victim of the proscriptions, the patriot Cicero. But Antonius demanded his death, and Octavius consented. Antonius was maddened by the lash of the Philippics; Octavius hated the man he had himself injured and deceived. Marcus Cicero was with his brother Quintus at his Tusculan villa. At the first news of the proscriptions they gained Astura, another of his villas, situated on a little island on the coast near Antium. From thence they proposed to embark for Macedonia; but they were insufficiently provided

with money. Quintus, as the least obnoxious, retraced his steps to obtain the necessary supplies. On reaching the city however he was recognised, and slain, together with his son. Meanwhile the surviving fugitive embarked. A favourable breeze wafted him off the promontory of Circeii, and from thence the mariners were about to stand out to sea, when Cicero resolved once more to land, and throw himself, as was supposed, on the clemency of Octavius. He proceeded some miles on the road to Rome; again he changed his mind, and returned to Circeii. There the night overtook him, and the hours of solitude and darkness increased his sleepless agitation. Some said that he now conceived a design of getting secretly into Octavius's dwelling, and slaying himself upon his hearthstone, "*to fasten upon him an avenging demon.*" With the dawn of day a gleam of hope once more visited the miserable sufferer. He besought his attendants to bear him once again to the seashore, and put him on board a bark. But adverse winds, or the distress of sea-sickness, or his own wavering resolution induced him to return to land a second time, and he took up his abode for the night in his villa near Formiæ. In vain was he warned of the danger of these wretched delays. Utterly prostrated by anguish of mind and weariness of body, he only replied, "*Let me die, let me die in my fatherland which I have so often saved.*" But his slaves now shut their ears to their master's moans, and taking him in their arms, replaced him in his litter, with which they hurried again towards the coast, through the thick woods which lay between. The bloodhounds were already on the scent. Scarcely had the house been quitted when a band of soldiers, led by an officer named Popilius, a client, whose life Cicero had saved, approached and thundered at the closed doors. No one appeared to give

them admittance, and when they burst them open the servants denied any knowledge of the fugitive's movements. There was a traitor however near at hand. A young man, by name Philogonus, who had been freed by Quintus and educated by Marcus himself, put the assassins on the track. Some followed in pursuit, while Popilius made a rapid circuit to occupy the outlet of the path through the woods. Cicero had not yet reached the open beach when he perceived the pursuers gaining upon him. His party were more numerous than the enemy; they would have drawn their swords in his defence, but he forbade them. Cicero now bade his slaves set down the litter, and leaning his chin on his left hand, his usual posture in meditation, he fixed his eyes steadily on his murderers, and offered his throat to the sword. The ruffians were shocked at his squalid unshorn visage. Many covered their faces with their hands, and thrice in his trepidation did their leader draw the blade across his throat, ere he could sever the head from the body. With the head the murderer carried off the hands also; such was the command of Antonius; the thunder of the Philippics had issued from the one, but the other had inscribed them upon parchment more durable than stone or brass. They were carried to Rome, and set up in front of the rostra, to the amazement and horror of the people, who for so many years had been swayed through the whole compass of human passion by the expression of that countenance, and the majestic movement of those hands. Antonius openly exulted in the sight, and rewarded the assassins with profuse liberality. Fulvia, with all the littleness of female resentment, pierced the tongue with her needle, in double revenge for the sarcasms it had uttered against both her husbands.

In the circumstances both of his life and death Cicero

has been compared with Demosthenes; the eloquence of each was the cause of his destruction, and upon his eloquence does the fame of Cicero most eminently rest. Not only indeed on his powers of debate, or his ability as an advocate, but on the genius which illuminates every outpouring of his spirit both in oratory and philosophy. As a statesman Cicero failed. Shame on the generation in which his lot was cast! The circumstances of the times and the passions of his contemporaries would not allow free scope to the *new man*, the client of the great, the founder of his own fortunes. The oligarchy of Rome, unable to save themselves, would not suffer themselves to be saved by the obscure municipal of Arpinum. In his consulship, brilliant as were his exploits, he was only the instrument of a selfish faction; and never again was he permitted to serve his country, till the removal of every man of distinction from the city left him leader of a senate less *noble* than himself. Nevertheless he has left, as a public man, an example of patriotism which we would not willingly have forgotten; he has enriched succeeding generations with a portrait of virtue, to which their legislators and statesmen may bow with admiration. The respect in which his own countrymen have held him is a redeeming feature in the character of the Romans.

Such were the melancholy scenes with which the year closed. Lepidus and Plancus who entered upon the consulship on the 1st of January commanded the people, still full of mourning and dismay, to celebrate the commencement of their reign with mirth and festivity. They demanded also the honours of a triumph for victories, about which history at least is silent, in Iberia and Gaul. Both the one and the other had sacrificed their own brothers for proscription, and when the fratricides passed through the streets in their cars, the soldiers, it is said, with the usual

A. U. 712. B. C. 42.

camp licence, sung as they followed, "*The consuls triumph not over the Gauls, but over the Germans*," i. e. their brothers. Such licence was indeed ancient, and the best and most popular imperators had often been made to wince under it; but now the soldiers felt themselves necessary to their commanders, and required much more than merely the liberty to gibe them. Scarcely would they allow them to sell the estates of the proscribed. One demanded a house, another lands, a third a villa, a fourth money and slaves. Some there were who had forced themselves to be adopted by rich citizens in order to become their heirs; others, more impatient, had slain the man whose fortune they envied, whether a proscript or not. This soldiery, it must be remembered, was no longer composed of Roman citizens. Strangers, brigands and slaves formed the strength of the legions; men to whom Rome and its riches had been the dream of their lives, and who now suddenly awoke to find them actually their own.

The political adversaries of the triumvirs had expiated their opposition with their heads; the rest of the people paid with more or less of their goods for their cowardly submission. All the inhabitants of Rome and Italy, citizens and strangers, priests and freedmen, were required to *lend* a tenth of their fortunes, and to *give* the whole of one year's income. Such was the wholesale confiscation in which the proscriptions ended. Thereupon the triumvirs declared themselves satisfied, and the senate did not blush to decree them civic crowns, as saviours of the state. On the 1st of January 712 the consuls proposed an oath to the citizens to observe all the enactments of Cæsar the dictator, and accorded him divine honours. The triumvirs followed his example in assigning all the chief magistracies for several years to come. Octavius then repaired to Rhegium, and Antonius to Brundisium, at which ports

their fleets and armies had been directed to assemble. Octavius undertook to drive Sextus Pompeius out of Sicily, where he had established himself under the protection of a flotilla manned more by pirates and adventurers than by honest citizens; but he was unable to force the passage of the straits. Antonius crossed without delay to the coast of Epirus, and was speedily followed by his colleagues. Statius Murcus, who commanded the Republican fleet in the Ionian sea, failed to obstruct the movements of either triumvir.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI AND OVERTHROW OF THE REPUBLIC. —DEATH OF SEXTUS POMPEIUS, AND DEPOSITION OF LEPIDUS. —DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE BETWEEN OCTAVIUS AND ANTONIUS.

A. U. 712—719. B. C. 42—35.

THE Eastern provinces of the empire had regarded with profound indifference the quarrels of parties in the capital, nor, when the war had penetrated to their own distant regions, did they attach themselves to any of the political principles which might seem to be involved in them. Their fears or their favour had been engaged in turn by the imperators who had quartered among them: Sulla and Lucullus, Pompeius, and recently Cæsar himself, had secured their services, and perhaps attached to themselves their sympathies. But any such impression had faded away with the occasion itself. As soon as Cæsar had quitted Greece for Egypt, the cities which had opened their gates with acclamations to him, were ready to hail with equal fervour the next claimant, whoever he might be. Brutus, on arriving in his province, found the population outwardly republican. When he presented himself at Athens, the citizens erected his statue by the side of their ancient heroes, Harmodius and Aristogiton. The proconsul combined his military preparations with philosophical studies. He attended the lectures of Theomnestus in the Academia, and of Cratippus in the Lyceum, at the same time that he solicited the services of the young Roman students

in the city, and of the legions stationed around. Athens was at this time a sort of university, at which many youthful patricians were finishing their education; besides whom there were other Italians of humbler pretensions, such as the future poet Horace, the son of a fiscal agent in Apulia. With the enthusiasm incident to their age, most of these lads now joined the standard of the liberator, and were promoted, perhaps, to command in his ranks. Horace himself was made a tribune, of which officers there were properly but six to each legion. We must suppose that the title was now conferred as an honorary distinction upon many striplings whom it would have been impossible to invest with any real authority. But the summons of Brutus was responded to by many tried officers and experienced veterans. The remnant of the Pompeian legions, dispersed through the country after Pharsalia, flocked around him. A quæstor, who was carrying to Rome the tribute of the province of Asia, allowed himself to be gained, and threw into his hands the sum of 500,000 drachmas. Cinna delivered to him 500 horsemen, whom he was leading to Dolabella. At Demetrias he got possession of a large quantity of arms, which had been collected there for the equipment of the expedition against Parthia. Hortensius, the son of the orator, surrendered to him the province of Macedonia, and the kings and rulers all around began to side with him and to come over to him. He marched against Vatinius, who commanded for the triumvirs in Illyricum, and had been lately joined by Caius, the brother to whom Marcus Antonius had assigned the government of Macedonia. Crossing the mountains through a deep snow, he suffered great hardships; but he fell upon the enemy unexpectedly, gained the soldiers of Vatinius to his standard, drove his colleague out of Apollonia, and after worsting him in

various encounters, forced him with all his troops to surrender. Brutus now ruled without a rival from the Adriatic to the Hellespont.

Cassius, as we have seen, had also repaired to his promised government in Syria, where the steady courage with which he had repelled the attacks of the Parthians, after the defeat of Crassus, had gained him favour and respect among the Roman residents and legionaries. Dolabella, the colleague of Antonius, had arrived in the province of Asia almost at the same moment, and after inflicting a cruel punishment on Trebonius, had proceeded to make an attempt on Syria. But the armies of the East were ill-disposed towards the Cæsarians. Dolabella could not maintain his first advantage. Besieged in Laodicea he caused one of his own soldiers to kill him. With the capture of the one, and death of the other pretender to the great provinces of the East, every scruple vanished. Cicero caused Brutus and Cassius to be confirmed in their commands by the senate which had so recently superseded them, and at the same time earnestly invoked their aid for the defence of the capital itself. They were both at this moment at the head of large forces; neither had any opponent to impede his march. With all the resources of the East at their command we can hardly suppose that they were pressed for money: most strange it must always appear that at such a crisis the liberators should have wanted the energy to advance boldly into Italy, and confront the liberticides at the gates of Rome. But whatever their own wishes might have prompted, they were, it seems, the mere slaves of their dissolute soldiery. The legionaries had perhaps no care to engage in a bloody but profitless campaign, while the towns and plains of the East offered them such abundant harvests. They found or provoked petty enemies around them, and required their chiefs to

lead them against the Lycians, the Rhodians and the Cappadocians, while Rome itself was falling into the hands of the triumvirs. Brutus devoted himself to chastising the Lycians, and the people of Xanthus set their city on fire and threw themselves into the flames rather than submit to the cruelties of his soldiers. From this sterile region he could carry off only 150 talents. Cassius attacked Rhodes. In vain did the inhabitants invoke their title of allies of Rome. "*In giving succours to Dolabella,*" he replied," "*you have destroyed your claim to her alliance.*" He took their city, and mulcted it of 8500 talents, after cutting off the heads of fifty of their chief men. At Laodicea he pillaged both the houses and the temples, and put the noblest citizens to death. He entered Cappadocia, slew the king Ariobarzanes, and carried off his treasures. The whole of Asia was subjected to the severest exactions. The province was required to pay in one sum the tribute of ten years. At last Brutus himself, though hardly less guilty than his colleague, interfered to restrain this fatal cupidity. At Sardis, where the two proconsuls met to decide the plan of the impending campaign, he sharply rebuked him for bringing odium on their common cause. Cassius pleaded the cupidity of his partizans which he was himself unable to restrain. "*Better would it have been,*" replied Brutus, "*to let Cæsar live; he at least was himself guiltless of oppression; and we might as well have borne with the oppressions of his creatures, as allow them in our own.*"

Laden with the plunder of Asia the armies were about to pass over into Macedonia. Late one night Brutus, it is said, was watching in his tent, when he saw a terrible figure standing by him in silence. "*Who art thou?*" he boldly demanded; "*God or man? and wherefore comest thou?*" "*I am thy evil demon,*" replied the phantom,

"*thou shalt see me again at Philippi.*" At daybreak the Stoic related his vision to Cassius the Epicurean, who explained to him the principles on which his master demonstrated the vanity of dreams and apparitions. Brutus appeared to be satisfied, but his mind continued perhaps to brood over a presentiment of evil. His mild and thoughtful spirit could not rest at ease, at the moment when his deed of blood was about to be finally vindicated or punished. Cassius on his part was troubled with no misgivings. His troops were numerous and well appointed, amounting to thirty thousand foot and twenty thousand horse. As they passed through Thrace they were joined by the forces of the native king Rhascupolis. Advancing rapidly they well nigh surrounded and cut off Norbanus, the lieutenant of the triumvirs; but Antonius saved him by a forced march from Amphipolis, and when Octavius, who had been detained by sickness, came up, the Cæsarians were even more numerous than their opponents.

The Republicans however had a great advantage in the command of the sea, for the presence of these immense armies speedily exhausted the resources of the land, and the Cæsarians were already reduced to great straits from the scarcity of provisions, and anxious to repair their fortunes in a general engagement. Brutus and Cassius were encamped on two hills about twelve miles east of Philippi, their left covered by the sea. Antonius posted himself opposite to Cassius, Octavius on his left faced the army of Brutus. Cassius, aware of the wants of the enemy, advised to refrain from action; but his colleague, full of anxious disquietude, and impatient to terminate at a blow the miseries of civil war, refused to listen to his counsels. The armies engaged at the same moment on either wing. Octavius, still confined to his litter, was unable to take the command of his own division, which

gave way under the shock of the republicans, and carried its chief along with it in broken flight. The litter itself was pierced with many darts, and Octavius himself was reported to be slain. Brutus believed the battle won. But in the meantime Antonius had charged with no less success on the right; Cassius had been driven from his camp, and had retired with a few attendants to a neighbouring height. Descrying from thence a body of horse advancing rapidly towards him, he rashly concluded that the enemy was in pursuit, and threw himself on the sword of one of his freedmen. The scouts of Brutus, sent to advertise him of his comrade's success, arrived too late to prevent this rash act of self-destruction.

The effect of this fatal deed was utterly disastrous. Cassius had at least controlled the turbulence of his soldiers, as one accustomed to command; but the mild student who now remained to console them in their shame and restore them to confidence, could neither restrain nor direct them. In vain did he scatter his treasures among them: in vain did he deliver his captives to their vindictive cruelty. Day by day they deserted from his standards. Still, the enemy, straitened for supplies, and staggering under the shock of their dubious victory, was on the point of becoming utterly disorganized. Could Brutus have refrained from another engagement, even now a bloodless victory was in his hands. But his own fretful impatience was stimulated by the increasing eagerness of his troops, and after an interval of twenty days he renewed the battle of Philippi on the same ground. The field was well contested: there was no overwhelming charge, no sudden panic on either side; but at the end of the day the Cæsarians had broken the ranks of their opponents, and Octavius beleaguered their camp. Brutus retired with four legions to a short distance, and maintained his

position through the night among the hills. The next day he would have rushed once more into the field, but his men refused again to buckle on their armour. Brutus retired with a few attendants to a woody covert by the banks of a stream, where he might snatch a few hours of rest in concealment. Here he lamented his slaughtered friends, and invoked as with his dying breath retribution upon the head of his enemies. But as if yet undetermined, he despatched a messenger to penetrate if possible to the camp, and report the condition of its defenders. Then, hardly waiting for his return, he drew aside his companions, one by one, and besought them to strike him to the heart or steady their swords for him to fall upon. One after another they all shrank from this horrid service; but as the night drew on, and it became necessary to remove further, he sprang to his feet with desperate resolution, exclaiming, "*We must indeed flee, but it shall be with our hands.*" Then at last he accomplished the death-stroke; several of his officers followed his example. Labeo having dug himself a grave in his tent, first enfranchised a slave, and then thrust a weapon into his hand to kill him. The sons of Cato and Lucullus had fallen less miserably in the battle. Hortensius was taken. He had sacrificed Caius Antonius at the command of Brutus, and the triumvir now required the blood of his brother's murderer. But Antonius showed generally more mercy to the captives of Philippi than might have been expected of him. He caused the body of Brutus to be honourably entombed: it was decapitated by Octavius, and the head carried to Rome to be laid at the feet of Cæsar's statue. Towards the prisoners the younger of the triumvirs showed no pity. A father and son, we are told, implored each the life of the other. He made them draw lots. Another begged at least that his body might be buried. "*That,*"

he said, "*I leave to the vultures.*" Such stories should not perhaps be disregarded, but we are not required implicitly to believe them. Octavius, we know, accepted the submission of Valerius Messala, a close friend of Brutus, and the next to him in personal distinction. At a later time he admitted him to his intimacy, and with him many other adherents of the beaten cause of the Republicans. Among these was Horace, the baffled enthusiast, who lived to jeer at himself for his flight at Philippi, and discreetly to forget the ineffectual bravery which had so nearly resulted in the capture of Octavius himself. The story that Porcia swallowed live coals on the news of her husband's destruction is contradicted by express testimony. There can be no doubt that she was already dead before the battle was fought.

The fleet which accompanied the march of the Republican legions carried off the remnant of their broken bands, which had neither fallen in the fight nor surrendered to the conquerors. Many of the nobles and chief officers joined the armament of Murcus on the coast of Greece, others took refuge under the wing of Sextus Pompeius, and in their bitter hatred of the enemy, or in despair of their own lives and fortunes, merged the cause of the commonwealth in the schemes of a piratical adventurer. The conquerors now made a new partition of the empire. Octavius took Spain and Numidia, Antonius Gaul beyond the Alps together with Illyricum. The Cisalpine was for the first time combined with Italy itself, and the whole peninsula they had in common between them. To Lepidus they did not deign to grant any share in their plunder at all; they pretended that he had been discovered in treasonable intercourse with Sextus. At a later period however they assigned to him the province of Africa. Having satisfied each other there still remained the task of satisfying the soldiers, who well knew their own importance and de-

A. U. 712. B. C. 42.

manded payment accordingly. They had been promised 5000 drachmas each; but the triumvirs had lavished the spoil of the proscriptions: it was necessary to discover new resources. The treasures of Asia, ransacked as she had been by successive proconsuls, still seemed inexhaustible: Antonius undertook to chastise the cities which had submitted to Brutus, and to extort from them the 200,000 talents which were required. Octavius, still suffering in health, and pretending to seek repose, consented to return to Italy and dispossess of their estates the inhabitants of her fairest regions for the benefit of the most clamorous of the veterans. Relinquishing to his colleague, whom he allowed himself once more to regard as his rival, the amusements and luxuries of the voluptuous East, he took upon himself a harsh and ungrateful task, but one by which he could attach the soldiers to himself, and place himself on a ground of vantage. Antonius first turned aside to the cities of Greece, where, rude and unlettered himself, he pleased and flattered the people by assisting at their games and literary exercises; but when he entered Asia, he abandoned all pretensions to taste and philosophy, and threw himself without restraint into every excess of sensual indulgence. Many an imperator before him had cast off in that voluptuous clime the last remains of Italian moderation. Antonius surrounded himself with musicians, dancers and buffoons. He entered Ephesus preceded by women arrayed as Bacchanalians, and youths habited in the scanty vestments of Pans and Satyrs. Invested with the attributes of Bacchus, he applied himself to realize in profuse dissipation the popular conception of the God of fruitfulness. Forgetting the claims of the soldiers, he lavished upon himself and his parasites the treasures he amassed on his progress. Cassius had denuded the shrines of the temples, and emptied the public coffers

of the cities; but Antonius descended to the spoliation of individual citizens. His flatterers could extort the substance of many who were still alive, by asking for it as if they were dead. He gave the house of a citizen of Magnesia to a cook, who, it is said, had distinguished himself by a single entertainment. When he imposed on a certain city a second contribution in the same year, one of the sufferers entreated him with audacious flattery to give them a second summer and a second autumn.

Antonius was a coarse but easy-tempered man, and no adulation was too gross for him if seasoned with wit and boldness. His weak side was soon discovered, and cruel and violent as he was, he was made the sport of more than one cool intriguer. None caught him more easily, none blinded him more effectually, none more coldly betrayed him than the fascinating Cleopatra. The queen of Egypt was guilty of sending contributions to the republican faction on the demand of Cassius, and Antonius might seize this pretext for extorting from her an ample fine, or even depriving her of her kingdom. But he never perhaps had any such intention. He had seen and admired her in the first bloom of her girlhood before she had captivated his master Cæsar, and doubtless he had become well acquainted with her during her residence in Rome. When therefore he required her to attend upon him in Cilicia, and answer for her treason to the cause of her illustrious lover, he had already destined her, we may believe, to be the instrument of his own pleasures. Assured of his own power, and confident of success, he forgot that the woman who yields may conquer, and forge fetters for her oppressor from his own passions. Cleopatra on her part was no less confident in her charms: her wit and accomplishments, her address and ability were far more remarkable, we are told, than the beauty of her person. Steering for Tarsus she

sailed up the Cydnus in a vessel with a gilded stern and purple sails, while the rowers worked with silver oars to the sound of flutes and pipes. She reclined under an awning spangled with gold, dressed as Venus is painted: Cupids fanned her on either side, Nereids and Graces handled the rudder or sported in the shrouds. The odours burnt on the deck threw a delicious perfume over either bank. "*It is Venus herself,*" exclaimed the astonished natives; "*she comes to visit Bacchus, and to bless Asia.*" Antonius himself was no less dazzled by the splendid apparition. He invited her to land and feast with him in his palace. In reply she summoned him to attend upon her. The first interview sealed his fate. For the rude triumvir she discarded the refinement and elegance of manner which had charmed the polished dictator: she sate without flinching through his drunken orgies, diced and swore with him, laughed at his camp jokes, and delighted him with saucy sallies of her own, until he forgot Rome and Fulvia, and the Parthians whom he was menacing with war, and consented to retire with her to Alexandria, and lose the world in her arms. The excesses to which the amorous pair there abandoned themselves became notorious throughout the empire. They formed a society of boon companions, who gave themselves the name of the "*Inimitable Livers,*" spending all their hours in a round of wanton enjoyments, devoting the day to feasting, and traversing the streets at night in disguise, beating and insulting the passers by, and receiving sometimes a like return. The Alexandrians for the most part took delight in the triumvir's extravagances, and applauded his follies, saying that Antonius had put on the tragic mask to the Romans, but the comic mask to them. Sometimes indeed he would vary these intemperate pleasures, at the instigation of

Cleopatra herself, and hold discourse with the philosophers, or preside at the literary contests of the gymnasium.

While however Antonius was forgetting every political care and interest in debaucheries or frivolous amusements, his wife and brother were declaring war in Italy against Octavius. At the commencement of the year 713, A. U. 713, B. C. 41. L. Antonius and Servilius had taken possession of the consulship. Fulvia, not less daring than ambitious, exercised over both an influence which rendered her mistress of the city and the government. The indolent Lepidus was completely eclipsed. The arrival of Octavius, on whose ill-health the intriguers had probably founded their hopes, surprised and alarmed them. He had further irritated Fulvia by sending back to her her daughter Claudia, whom he had espoused the year before merely to satisfy the soldiers. Besides this, she was mortified by the desertion of Antonius, and hoped to tear him away from Alexandria by raising commotions in Italy. She began by demanding that the Antonian veterans should receive their lands from their general's brother, and not appear to owe them directly to his rival. This point Octavius yielded. She then proceeded to foment the discontent which the confiscation of so many properties excited among the sufferers, and sought to turn it to her own advantage. The veterans demanded the eighteen cities which had been promised them, the inhabitants of which in vain complained of the injustice by which they were sacrificed for the whole of Italy. The hardships suffered by the old and helpless may readily be imagined; many young and spirited men, the cultivators of modest patrimonies, were driven to apply themselves to other resources; some doubtless plunged into the worst excesses of the wars which followed; others had the merit of dis-

tinguishing themselves in honourable careers, to which they would never have resorted but for their cruel oppression, and posterity can hardly pretend to regret a crime to which it owes perhaps the verses of Horace and Virgil, of Propertius and Tibullus. The two former of these obtained indeed ample compensation in the favour of Octavius and his minister Mæcenas. Virgil even recovered his lands. But such grace was extended to few, and to the misery caused by these cruel confiscations Octavius owed the dangers which now speedily beset him. In many quarters the proprietors took up arms to defend their estates. The veterans murmured against their general who left them to seize at the sword's point the rewards to which he declared them already entitled. Fulvia and her brother-in-law encouraged the complaints of both parties, and pointed to the treasures of Egypt, treasures which were already vanishing in the hands of the eastern triumvir, as the means of allaying their mutual discontent. But while Fulvia promised, Octavius applied himself to solid performances. He sold the remaining effects of the proscribed, borrowed from the temples, and laid under contribution every personal adherent, whose fortunes were bound up in his own, until the largesses he showered upon the soldiers brought them back cheerfully to his standards. To the soldiers he now offered to remit for decision every question between himself and the friends of his colleague, who, he insinuated, were striving to dissolve the triumvirate, and deliver both the chiefs and their soldiers to the chances and perils of another war. The veterans accepted the office of arbitration, and cited the triumvirs to appear before their tribunal at Gabii. The young Cæsar did not fail himself to appear, but Antonius was far distant and otherwise engaged. The citation was doubtless a mere farce never-

theless Octavius profited by it. The soldiers promised him their support, and the time was come when the support of the soldiery could balance the legitimate claims of the consular authority.

At Rome indeed L. Antonius, as consul, could assume a bold attitude, and proclaim the intention of his brother to renounce the odious powers of the triumvirate, and sue for the consulship for the ensuing year in the wonted form. He drove Lepidus before him and received the title of imperator. But he was attacked in his turn by Agrippa, the friend and lieutenant of Octavius, and forced to abandon his ground of vantage. He took refuge in Perusia, expecting succours from Pollio, Calenus, Ventidius, and Plancus, all of whom commanded armies either in Italy or on the frontiers, and in all of whom he recognised old friends and comrades of his brother. But neither the generals nor their soldiers were disposed to rush into this new war. Antonius himself was absent, nor had he even sanctioned it by his approval. Shut up alone in his impregnable fortress Lucius was reduced A. U. 714. B. C. 40. to the direst extremities; but as long as he could maintain himself and his troops he disregarded the cries of the famishing inhabitants. At last, when every resource failed, he ventured to capitulate. Octavius, careful to give at present no cause of offence to his colleague in the East, contented himself with sending the captured chief with a command into Spain. His soldiers he enrolled under his own banners. But his own troops demanded some recompense for their fatigues, and he could not save the unfortunate city from plunder and conflagration. Some writers have asserted that he selected three hundred knights and senators from among his captives, and sacrificed them on the ides of March to the shade of the dictator. The story of the *aræ Perusinæ* became no less popular than

that of the *fames Perusina;* but it is difficult to believe in its truth. Such a sacrifice was totally foreign to the ideas and superstitions of the Romans, and Octavius was not the man to ape, like Alexander, the Homeric Achilles. Regardless as he was of human life, cold and inflexible in his determinations, the object of his proscriptions was always fiscal, and no mere lust of blood ever betrayed him into superfluous cruelty.

The cries of Fulvia and the din of the Perusian war had not been able to rouse Antonius from his dream of pleasure; or rather he beheld from his retreat with vexation or indifference the attempt to embroil him without his own consent with the ruler of the West. For the present he was only intent upon indulging his appetites, or extending his power within the hemisphere allotted to him. The vision of reigning alone, like Cæsar, over the Roman world, seems to have now faded from before him. An attack of the Parthians upon Syria reminded him of the last enterprise on which his master was bent, and the old Roman instinct of conquest was stronger with him than the lust of empire. But when the submission of Lucius was followed by the avowed adhesion to Octavius of Plancus and Calenus, the latter of whom put his new chief in possession of the whole of Gaul, he felt the necessity of confronting his colleagues, and demanding once more the solemn recognition of his own equal claims to authority in Rome. Despatching his able lieutenant Ventidius to make head against the Parthians, he repaired himself to Italy with some of his legions and a numerous fleet. At Athens he met his consort Fulvia, who upbraided him for abandoning his friends, and especially his wife, for the sake of the Egyptian sorceress; but the bitter reproaches with which he retorted upon the shameless intriguer broke her spirit and perhaps hastened her end. She died at Sicyon

a few weeks after the interview, thus leaving her husband free to form a new and more politic connexion. The armaments of Domitius and Sextus lay between Antonius and the shores of Italy. He was forced to negotiate with the remnant of the republicans and the heir of Pompeius. They were easily cajoled or bribed. They allowed his squadron to pass unmolested to Brundisium, and Sextus, descending upon the coast of Iapygia, assisted in compelling the garrison to admit him. A.U. 714. B.C. 40.

The combination of these strange allies might seem to threaten Octavius with the most imminent danger. But his penetrating eye detected in it the first false move of his antagonist, and showed him how to take advantage of it. The Romans persisted in regarding as an invader the man who with whatever specious cry assailed the sacred shores of Italy. In Sextus they had long ceased to recognise the son of their ancient favourite. But, like his rivals at Rome and Alexandria, he too could only live by rapine; he had associated himself with pirates; he had enlisted slaves; he had intercepted the supplies of the city. He was no better than a foreigner and a barbarian: it was said that he had even forgotten the Latin tongue. When therefore Antonius availed himself of the aid of such an ally, and Octavius drew his sword to repel him, all the sympathies of the Romans were enlisted on the side of their defender, who adroitly represented himself as the champion of their hearths and gods. Thus were laid the foundations of the young Cæsar's popularity, upon which he was destined to rear the edifice of his imperial power; but at present the soldiers were stronger than the people, and disposed of their chiefs at their will. These vehement arbitrators compelled Octavius and Antonius to treat. Cocceius Nerva, the mutual friend of both, arranged with Pollio and Mæcenas the terms of a new alliance. A new partition of the A.U. 714. B.C. 40.

Roman world gave the East to Antonius from the Adriatic to the frontiers of Parthia, where he was charged to defend the empire, and avenge its injuries; the West to Octavius, with the conduct of the war against Sextus. Africa was abandoned to Lepidus, and the appointment of the chief magistrates was assigned to the triumvirs in turn. Octavia, the sister of the young Cæsar, recently left a widow by Marcellus, married the widower Antonius. The friends of peace might hope that this matron, discreet and fair, would gain by her claims and virtues an influence over her husband, and form a bond of union between the rival chiefs, who now hastened together to Rome to inaugurate the treaty of Brundisium with games and festivities.

Virgil in his fourth eclogue has celebrated this event as the commencement of a new era of innocence and peace. He appropriates the imagery of the Hebrew prophets, and depicts a golden age on earth in the language applied by Isaiah to the spiritual kingdom of the Messiah. It is not a little remarkable, however, that the peace of Brundisium did in fact secure the repose at least of Italy for three hundred and fifty years. That event threw the centre of the empire into the hands of the only statesman who could both curb its passions and sustain its dignity. Octavius repressed with a firm hand the mutinous disposition of his soldiers. To the murmurs of the populace, who were in want of bread, he yielded with politic condescension. Instead of leading an armament against Sextus, which he had not the means of paying, he consented, at their pressing entreaties, to make overtures of reconciliation. With a distant view perhaps to this accommodation he had married some months before the sister of Scribonius Libo, who was the father-in-law of Sextus, and this mutual connexion joined with Mucia, the divorced widow of Pompeius, in persuading the prince of the pirates to desist from

disturbing the peace of the world. Sextus was invited to confer with the triumvirs at Misenum, and the three great islands of the Tyrrhene sea were assigned him as his share of the empire. An amnesty was accorded to all his adherents, excepting only the murderers of Cæsar; the slaves he had enlisted were recognised as freedmen. He was only required to clear the seas of the pirates, like his great father, and, like him, to restore the city to confidence and abundance.

This treaty was also cemented by a new alliance. The A.U. 715. B.C. 39. daughter of Sextus was betrothed to a nephew of Octavius. The three chiefs entertained each other at sumptuous banquets, not on land, where the masters of the legions might be too powerful, nor at sea, where the chief of the pirates might tamper with the freedom of his guests, but on board a vessel moored to the shore, and within the harbour. Nevertheless Menas, the lieutenant of Sextus, is said to have advised his chief to cut the cable and carry off his guests into the open sea, which Sextus forbade not without a sigh, muttering, "*Menas should have done this, and asked no leave; but Pompeius cannot command it.*"

On his return to Rome Octavius quitted Italy to chastise the revolt of some Gaulish tribes, while Antonius departed for the war against Parthia. The peace of Misenum was but a hollow truce, for Octavius could not possibly consent to leave the supply of Rome and of his legions at the mercy of his adversary. Nor was Sextus on the other hand without his dreams of empire. Meanwhile he held a brilliant court at Syracuse; brandishing in his hand a trident, and robed in a sea-green mantle, he caused himself to be addressed as the son of Neptune. He ordered horses, and even men, it is said, to be thrown into the waves in sacrifice to his pretended sire. The power indeed which he wielded as master of the sea might coun-

tenance, according to the ideas of the time, such an extravagant assumption. Sextus was the first and the only Roman who sought to extort the sceptre of the commonwealth by his maritime supremacy, and it may be deemed not a little remarkable that a city so dependent upon the sea for its daily supplies as Rome, should never have been seriously menaced on its weakest point by any other aggressor. But these pretensions sank him more and more in the estimation of his countrymen. During the ten years of his absence from Rome, and life of adventure, he had assumed the habits of a chief of banditti rather than of a Roman general or a statesman. His friends and officers were slaves, freedmen and foreigners. If among the Roman nobles who still consorted with the last scion of the great house of Pompeius a single free and patriotic voice made itself heard, he resented it as an insult, almost as a treason. He had caused Murcus, the last trusty leader of the Republicans, to be assassinated, and this outrage combined with his capricious alliance with the Cæsarians at Misenum, had disgusted and estranged from him the feeble remnant of their forces.

That alliance itself was too ill-assorted to be of long continuance. Both parties were ready to renounce it at their own convenience, and it would be difficult to say on which side its first infraction arose. Sextus failed to restore some towns he had taken on the coast of Italy. Antonius kept in pawn some cities of Achaia on pretence that they owed him money. Octavius repudiated Scribonia for the sake of espousing Livia, of whom he seems to have been deeply enamoured, and whom he forced her husband, Tiberius Nero, to yield to him in her third month of pregnancy. Sextus however had the means of first making his resentment felt. Arming his vessels, and inviting new adventurers to his standard, he cruised in the

waters and threatened the seaports of Italy, and the price of provisions rose suddenly in the markets of Rome. Octavius summoned his two colleagues to his aid. Lepidus promised his assistance, but he consumed the whole summer in making his preparations. Antonius, who had passed the winter at Athens in the society of his new wife Octavia, yielded perhaps to her instances, and repaired to Italy to confer with Octavius. After some delays, occasioned perhaps by their mutual jealousies, the two triumvirs met at Tarentum. Octavius was in want of ships, and his colleague supplied him with an hundred and thirty galleys, but in return demanded twenty thousand legionaries for the Parthian war. Having made this exchange, and assumed the powers of the triumvirate for a second term of five years, they separated once more, Antonius now leaving Octavia behind him under her brother's protection. But the first brunt of the war had already fallen upon Octavius alone. He did not trust however to force only. He found means of corrupting Menas, who passed over to him with three legions and a fleet, at the same time delivering into his hands Sardinia and Corsica. Thus reinforced he boldly assumed the offensive. But the squadron he commanded in person was severely handled by the enemy in the straits of Messina, and finally shattered by a tempest, while his lieutenants were hardly more successful in an engagement off Cumæ. Fortunately for Octavius Sextus failed to profit by his advantages, and while the prince of the corsairs was making desultory descents upon the coast, Agrippa, the ablest of the Cæsarian generals, returned victorious from Gaul, and undertook the task of reassuring the citizens and repairing the losses of his master.

On the 1st of January, 717, Agrippa took possession of the consulship. He exerted himself to recover the do- A. U. 717. B. C. 37.

minion of the seas with the vigour which had distinguished the heroes of old Rome in their contest with the Carthaginians. He perceived at once the need of a secure and capacious harbour on the southern coast of Italy, which nature has denied it. By connecting with a canal the lakes Avernus and Lucrinus, between Misenum and Puteoli, and admitting into them the outer waters of the Tyrrhene sea, he constructed such a roadstead as was required for the equipment and shelter of a numerous fleet. To this artificial harbour he gave the name of Julius in honour of his master. At a later period Octavius constructed a port at the mouth of the Tiber, and from that time the works of Agrippa became neglected, and the basin speedily silted up. But while hostilities were still pending between the masters of Italy and Sicily, the Julian harbour facing Messana and Panormus furnished an admirable position for a naval station. There Agrippa continued throughout the year to exercise his seamen, and with them the legionaries whom he destined to embark on
A. U. 718. B. C. 36. board his galleys. In the ensuing spring he directed that the island should be attacked simultaneously at its three salient angles. Lepidus was to menace Lilybœum, Statilius to descend upon Pachynus, Octavius himself to assail Messana and the promontory of Pelorus. The three squadrons weighed anchor at the same time; but Octavius and Statilius were driven back by tempests, and Lepidus alone reached the strand assigned him, and commenced the siege of Lilybœum. Octavius employed a month in repairing his disaster, while his minister Mæcenas studied to calm the excitement it had caused in Rome. Sextus remained supine. Before the end of the summer his adversary had thrown three legions into Sicily in the neighbourhood of Tauromenium, while Agrippa had routed a portion of his fleet and established himself at Mylæ on the northern

coast of the island. Octavius alone, with the ill-success which constantly attended him at sea, had suffered a severe check, which exposed the troops he had landed to imminent peril. They were saved by the gallant exertions of their leader Cornificius, who carried them under the foot of Mount Etna to the northern coast, and there effected a junction with Agrippa. Meanwhile Octavius had reappeared with augmented forces, and blockaded Sextus in Messana with twenty-one legions and twenty thousand cavalry. Lepidus at the same time was bringing up his contingent from the western extremity of the island.

Unable to make head against their united forces by land, Sextus determined to make a last effort on his own element. The opposing fleets met in a decisive encounter off Naulochus, in which the skill and courage of Agrippa finally gained the day. The Pompeian legions, left in the heat and panic of the contest without orders, surrendered without a blow. Sextus threw off his imperial mantle, collected his treasures and choicest valuables, and abandoned Sicily for the East, where he still hoped to receive an asylum from the favour or policy of Antonius. But the triumvir, unwilling to break with his colleague, yet desirous of retaining such an instrument in his power, amused him for some time with false hopes, till in his impatience he ventured once more to raise the standard of rebellion, and after various reverses was captured and slain. Meanwhile Lepidus had allowed himself to imagine the time arrived for revenging the contumely with which Octavius had treated him. The garrison of Messana had offered to admit him within their walls, and he, seeing himself at the head of twenty legions and in possession of so important a stronghold, ventured to claim the undivided empire of the West. But when Octavius boldly marched against him his own troops hesitated to support him. Octa-

vius entered their camp unarmed and sued for their services. Seizing an eagle with his own hand he called upon them to follow him, and Lepidus, finding himself abandoned on all sides, threw himself at the feet of the victor, and begged his life with abject entreaties. Octavius was strong enough to be merciful. He spared the Romans the horror they might have felt at the slaughter of their supreme pontiff, and contented himself with banishing the most contemptible of his rivals to the promontory of Circeii. There Lepidus continued to live in inglorious obscurity more than twenty years. The feeble though wicked part he played in the great scenes around him has rendered his name a byword in history; yet it must be remembered that Cæsar himself had advanced him to the highest offices, a distinction he must have earned by some other qualifications than mere rank and fortune.

CHAPTER XVII.

FALL OF ANTONIUS, AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EMPIRE OF OCTAVIUS.

A. U. 716—725. B. C. 38—29.

If we may regard the Æneid of Virgil as shadowing forth, however faintly, the progress of the second Cæsar to the empire, we may recognise in the death of heroes with which its later books successively conclude, the steps along which we have already traced the great epic of history. One after another the chiefs who filled the widest space in the scene have passed from before us. Pompeius, Cato and Cæsar have given way to a new generation. Cicero has had his short day of triumph, and perished in a blaze of glory. Brutus and Cassius have reached the summit of renown, and fallen into the grave of Roman liberty. And now we have accompanied the last of the Æmilii to the close of his public life, and two antagonists alone remain, like Turnus and Æneas, to crown the eventful contest with a mortal duel. Antonius is now master of the East, Octavius of the West. Each reigns as a sovereign throughout his own sphere of command; but the Roman empire cannot yet be sundered into a double monarchy, and neither potentate can rest till he has destroyed the other, and reunited in his own hand the cloven sceptre of the world.

On the deposition of Lepidus his conqueror commanded not less than 45 legions, 25,000 horsemen, and light troops to the number of 37,000. More than 500 galleys bore his

victorious ensign. But the morning after a victory is often more to be feared than the day of combat by chiefs armed against the laws of their country. The soldiers, conscious of their strength, demanded imperiously the same rewards which they had earned on the field of Philippi. Octavius promised them crowns, arms and equipments, with more brilliant distinctions to their officers. "*These are mere playthings,*" replied the tribune Ofilius; "*the veteran must be repaid with money and lands.*" The imperator discovered no sign of anger at the freedom of this language, but the next night the importunate tribune disappeared. The hint howeverwas not lost upon Octavius. He imposed severe exactions, which fell chiefly upon Sicily, to raise the sums required. Every soldier received 500 drachmas. After regulating the administration of the island which had so long eluded his grasp, and sending Statilius to take possession of Africa, he returned to Rome. The senate received him at the gates of the city; the people, rejoicing in the abundance which had followed upon his victory, attended him, crowned with flowers, to the Capitol. They would have overwhelmed him with honours. Affecting, however, already the part of disinterestedness and moderation which he maintained throughout the remainder of his long career, he would only accept the tribunitian inviolability, an ovation, and a golden statue, on which the legend should be inscribed, "*To Cæsar, the restorer of peace by sea and land.*" When the citizens offered to take the pontificate from the unworthy Lepidus and confer it upon the preserver of his country, he refused to violate the laws which declared that high office perpetual.

The fate of the usurper, whose name he bore, and whose elevation he already rivalled, had made a deep impression upon the mind of Octavius. From the first, when surrounded by dubious friends and ill-disguised enemies, the

preservation of his own life had been his most pressing care, and the caution and dissimulation he then learnt did not now abandon him, when he seemed to touch the summit of his ambition. Even for the triumvirate he had affected to seek a legitimate sanction; nor did he ever suffer his most daring aggressions to be divested of this pretence of legality. Before reentering the city, outside the pomœrium (for an imperator could not present himself publicly in the forum), he had read a discourse in which he rendered account to the people of all his acts; therein he invoked necessity in excuse for his proscriptions, and gave assurances for the future of peace and clemency. As a pledge of his newly adopted moderation he burnt the letters which had been addressed to Sextus by certain of the nobility; and to show that the urgent requirements of the war alone, and no lust of rapine, had forced him to extort money by confiscation, he suppressed various imposts, and remitted to the publicans and debtors of the state the arrears due to the treasury. Finally, he declared that he would abdicate with his colleague as soon as Antonius should have terminated the war with the Parthians. Meanwhile, he restored their ancient prerogatives to the magistracies of the city, and pretended to consign to oblivion the late reign of anarchy. The adroit administration of Mæcenas reconciled many enmities and soothed many a wounded vanity. Life and property in the city were secured by the institution of a cohort of guards, who now for the first time patrolled at night its dark and tortuous streets. The whole peninsula, many parts of which had been almost abandoned to banditti, was scoured by an active police, the fortresses of the robbers demolished, and the factories kept on their estates by the wealthiest proprietors thrown open for the release of kidnapped freemen. Notwithstanding the promise he had given to the slaves who had fought for Sextus, to

A. U. 718. B. C. 36.

respect the liberty they had won by arms, Octavius, with the full approbation of the senate and people, caused them to be restored to their former masters, and even put to a cruel death as brigands and fugitives all those whose masters could not be discovered. The cities of Italy, saved from famine by his victories, from pillage by his vigilance, from the terrors of a servile explosion by what they considered his politic severity, hailed as more than man the beneficent author of so many blessings, and placed the image of the son of Julius among the statues of their tutelary divinities.

After the treaty of Brundisium, Antonius, as we have seen, had taken up his residence at Athens with Octavia, watching at the same time, amidst the wildest dissipation, the events which were taking place in Italy and the affairs of the East. The progress of the former we have already traced. In the opposite quarter the Parthians had continued to disturb the peace of the empire; though, beyond their own frontiers, the inefficiency of their equipments or the quarrels of their rulers disarmed their hostility of its recent terrors. The lieutenants of Antonius had gained brilliant advantages over them. Sosius had driven them out of Syria; Canidius had worsted their allies, the Albanians and Iberians. But Ventidius had won more distinguished laurels than either. This gallant soldier, who has been mentioned already as a trusty officer in the camp of Antonius, and whom his imperator had recently rewarded with the consulship, was a native of the Italian city of Asculum, where he had been taken captive while yet a child, and carried at his mother's breast before the triumphal car of Pompeius Strabo. He had been brought up in the humble occupation of a mule jobber in the city of his captors, and subsequently employed by Cæsar in Gaul. There he had risen by his merits through the

various grades of service; he had transferred his sword to the interests of Antonius, and had now been entrusted with the command of an army in Cilicia. The victories he gained in that quarter entitled him to claim a triumph, and the citizens were startled at the reverse of fortune which had thus elevated a foreign slave to the highest distinction of the noblest of the Romans. But though A. U. 716. B. C. 38. irresistible in the field Ventidius had not ventured to pursue the enemy into his own country. He feared, perhaps, to provoke the jealousy of Antonius, who was more sensible than Octavius to the reproach now current in the mouths of his countrymen, that both he and his rival acquired their victories by the hands of their lieutenants.

Antonius, however, had celebrated the exploits of Ventidius at Athens by magnificent games, at which he exhibited himself with the attributes of Bacchus. The Athenians, who had almost exhausted the resources of flattery, could invent for him no other compliment than to present him with the hand of their protectress Minerva. He accepted the offer, but demanded at the same time a dowry of one thousand talents. But he was now wearied with adulation, and ambitious of military glory. He showed himself at least for an instant in Asia, where he undertook the conduct of the siege of Samosata in person, while he dismissed Ventidius to Rome. In this operation, however, he was unsuccessful, and was glad to raise the siege on receiving a sum of three hundred talents. He returned once more to Athens, from whence he sailed, as we have seen, for Tarentum, and there left Octavia and his children, determined to devote all his energies to a grand expedition against the Parthians. But the temper of Antonius, hasty, violent, and capricious, was in every respect the reverse of that of his cool and self-mastered rival. No sooner had he left the side of the virtuous

Octavia than he recollected the fascinations of Cleopatra, which he had for four years renounced. He summoned his mistress to meet him at Laodicea on his route to the eastern frontier, and there amused himself, as in former times, with festivities and dalliance. To the amazement of his Roman companions in arms he publicly acknowledged the children she had borne him, calling them in Eastern phraseology the Sun and the Moon, and giving them already the title of kings in anticipation of the thrones he was about to conquer for them. The queen herself watched every opportunity, and keeping her policy steadily in view amidst orgies and caresses, extorted from him the command of the regions which her ancestors had most devoutly coveted, comprising the long extent of coast from the Casius to the Taurus.

A. U. 718. B. C. 38.

A. U. 718. B. C. 36. About midsummer of the year 718, Antonius had assembled a hundred thousand men on the Euphrates, and from thence he dismissed Cleopatra to Egypt, promising to execute his warlike designs before the close of the year, and rejoin her at Alexandria in the winter, having already lost the best season for operations. He has been accused of precipitation in thus commencing the campaign at once, instead of wintering in Armenia, and deferring his invasion of Parthia till the following spring. But if the error had been already committed, expedition and vigour he thought might perhaps still avail to repair it. In the haste however with which he now moved he allowed his machines to fall into the rear, and when, having crossed the southern districts of Armenia, and penetrated three hundred miles into the region of Atropatene, beyond the Tigris, he reached the walls of a great city named Praaspa, he found himself destitute of the artillery requisite for forming a regular siege. He sate himself down to reduce the place by a more tedious

process; meanwhile his munitions were cut off by the Parthian horsemen, and after long delay and the desertion of his Armenian allies, he was compelled to break up from his lines and commence a retreat in mid-autumn. The cold weather was about to set in throughout the lofty regions which now surrounded him on every side. His route lay to the north-west, in the heart of a country still ruder and more inclement than that which he was quitting. During a march of twenty-seven days the army suffered hardships unparalleled in their military annals. The intense cold, the blinding snow and sleet, the want sometimes of provisions, sometimes of water, the use of poisonous herbs and the harassing attacks of the enemy's cavalry and bowmen, which could only be repelled by maintaining the dense array and perfect discipline of the phalanx or the tortoise, reduced the retreating army one-third of its numbers. At length, on its recrossing the Araxes, the Parthians desisted from the pursuit. The faithless Armenians, into whose country it had returned, dared not repel it, and Antonius was too intent on regaining the voluptuous halls of Cleopatra, to devote any time to vengeance or even to refreshment. Dragging along his wearied but still obedient soldiers, with rapid marches, which cost them eight thousand more men, he at last reached the Roman frontier. Distributing his exhausted battalions in their cantonments, he joined Cleopatra in Syria, whither she had advanced to meet him, and returned with her, unabashed, to the pleasures of the Egyptian capital.

Notwithstanding the disasters of this retreat, which surpassed even the deadly defeat of Carrhæ, Antonius presumed in his despatches to the senate to proclaim himself a victor. Octavius, who now in the repose and plenty which reigned at Rome was reaping the fruit of his A. U. 718. B. C. 35.

genuine successes, affected to allow his colleague all the glory he pretended to, while he took care to let the real truth be known, and the contrast between their respective services duly appreciated. At the games which were celebrated the following year on the death of Sextus, he desired that the chariot of Antonius should be decked with triumphal chaplets, and placed his statue in the temple of Concord, in token of the cordial alliance which they still mutually affected. More sincere and more earnest was the conduct of the virtuous Octavia. Yet in her genuine zeal for the best interests of her husband, she only precipitated the dissensions which were ripening between him and her brother. Anxious to snatch him from the fatal influence by which he was enthralled, which not only crippled his energies as an imperator, but was already causing deep scandal and offence to his countrymen at home, she demanded her brother's permission to rejoin him. Octavius consented, not without hope, perhaps, that the outrages she would receive from him would furnish him with a specious pretext of war, and divest his rival of the little popularity which still remained to him. Antonius was at this time in Syria, whither he had returned from Egypt, and was making preparations for a fresh expedition, directed professedly against the Parthians, but in reality against Armenia. He learnt that his wife had already arrived at Athens. As Octavius had foreseen, he ordered her to advance no further. Octavia easily divined the motive of this injurious message; nevertheless she contented herself with asking in reply whither he desired her to transmit the presents she was bearing to him. These consisted of clothing for the army, a large number of beasts of burden, together with money and valuables intended for both men and officers; besides these she brought two thousand

picked men, magnificently arrayed, for the imperator's own bodyguard. Cleopatra was on the watch to frustrate the influence of these anxious efforts of a fruitless affection. She pretended to fall into the deepest distress, and to take a disgust of life, which made her lover fear she might conceive some desperate resolution. Completely blinded by these artifices, he allowed his enchantress to lead him back to Alexandria, and put off, at the beck of the wanton foreigner, the vindication of his own honour as well as that of Crassus. Octavia scorned to play the rival to an unworthy mistress, and returned with calm dignity to Rome, abandoning her reckless husband to the fate he merited. At home she was received by the citizens with every demonstration of tenderness and respect: the care she took of her children by Antonius, and even of those borne to him by Fulvia, all of whom were equally abandoned by their profligate father, moved their warmest admiration. But the Romans, says Plutarch, pitied not the venerable matron, they pitied rather the infatuated Antonius; and those chiefly who had seen Cleopatra, and judged her to have no advantage over Octavia either in beauty or youth.

If the Eastern triumvir had lost credit with his countrymen by his reverses, he fell still more in their favour when the next year he gained a political success. In 720 he made a short incursion into Armenia, and invited Artavasdes, the monarch who had so lately betrayed him, to confer with him in person, and atone for his misdeeds by surrendering a princess in marriage to one of his own children. Artavasdes distrusted with reason this specious offer of conciliation, and for some time eluded the proposal. When at last he fell into the snare he was laden with gilded chains, and carried to Alexandria. The conqueror, proud of his captive and his bloodless victory, en- A. U. 720. B. C. 34.

acted the pomp of a triumph in the streets of the Egyptian capital, causing no less disgust to his own countrymen by this idle act of vanity than by the arrogance with which he conceded to his bastard children the kingdoms of Armenia and Parthia on the one hand, and the provinces of Cilicia and Cyrene on the other. He audaciously transmitted a mandate to Rome, requiring that these donations should be acknowledged and registered there.

The Alexandrian court now plunged again into the grossest debauchery, the queen leading the way and exerting her invention to contrive new pleasures for the Roman voluptuary. She had secured, as she fondly deemed, the stability of her ancestral throne, and at the same time had extended its outworks. Vaster views of dominion were opening upon her: she might aspire to see her pavilion planted on the Tarpeian hill, and erect the throne of Alexander among the trophies of Cæsar. When she pledged her royal word with more than usual solemnity, she swore by the decrees she would dictate from the Capitol. Nor was she really indifferent, perhaps, to the person of the illustrious lover she held in captivity. Though her own security had been her first object, and her ambition the second, the inspirer of so many licentious passions was at last enslaved herself. She might disdain the fear of a rival potentate, and defy the indignation of Octavius; but her anxiety about his sister was the instinct of the woman rather than of the queen. She could not forget that a wife's legitimate influence had once detained her lover from her side for more than two whole years: she might still apprehend the awakening of his reason, and his renunciation of an alliance which at times he felt, she well knew, to be bitterly degrading. To retain her grasp of her admirer, as well as her seat upon the throne of the Ptolemies, she must drown his scruples in voluptuous

oblivion, and invent new charms to revive and amuse his jaded passion. Her personal talents were of the most varied kind: she was an admirable singer and musician; she was skilled in many languages, and possessed intellectual accomplishments rarely found among the staidest of her sex, combined with the archness and humour of the lightest. She exerted herself to pamper her lover's sensual appetites, to stimulate his flagging interests by ingenious surprises, nor less to gratify the revival of his nobler propensities with paintings and sculptures, and works of literature. At her command he presided at the public games, or varied his debauches with philosophy and criticism. She amused him with sending divers to fasten salt fish to the bait of his angling rod; and when she had pledged herself to consume the value of ten million sesterces at a meal, amazed him by dissolving in a humble pot of vinegar a pearl of inestimable price. Painters and sculptors were charged to group the illustrious pair together, and the coins of the kingdom bore the heads and names of both conjointly. The Roman legionary with the name of Cleopatra inscribed upon his shield, found himself transformed into a Macedonian bodyguard. Masques were represented at court in which the versatile Plancus sank into the character of a stage buffoon, and enacted the part of the sea-god Glaucus in curt cerulean vestments, crowned with the feathery heads of the papyrus, and deformed with the tail of a fish. The lovers arrayed themselves as Isis and Osiris, and the Egyptian, more credulous than the Roman or the Greek, crouched before this strange incarnation of his mild and venerable divinities.

The first months of the year 721 passed away in the capital of the East amidst licentious orgies, the rumour of which caused deep resentment at Rome, while the popularity of Octavius was justly rising higher. The heir of

the dictator was beginning to fill in the public eye the space left vacant by his uncle's death. His manners were affable, his concern for the public weal was passionate and unwearied, and even the pretence he still maintained of amity towards an unworthy colleague seemed amiable and graceful. After the reduction of Sicily he had devoted some time, as we have seen, to the establishment of a mild
A. U. 719. B. C. 35. but firm administration in Rome: in the following year, however, he had thrown himself without reserve into fatigues and dangers to maintain the honour of his country against hostile barbarians. He engaged the Salassi and Taurisci in person amidst the rudest passes of the Alps, defeated the Liburni and Iapydes in Dalmatia, and carried his arms against the Pannonians on the waters of the Save. At the end of three campaigns the rising of the Illyrian tribes was effectually quelled, and their country finally reduced to the form of a province. Octavius obtained the distinction of an honourable wound: the senate decreed him a triumph, but the moment was not propitious to the indulgence of vanity, and he discreetly deferred its celebration to a later period. Already at the beginning of the year 721 the rivals had entered upon a series of angry recriminations. Antonius objected that his colleague had expelled Sextus from the seat of his power, and deprived Lepidus, without dividing with himself the troops and provinces wrested from their common adversaries. He complained that the soldiers of Octavius had been gratified with lands in Italy, his own neglected. Octavius retorted by charging his rival with the murder of Sextus, and the captivity of Artavasdes, a friend and ally of the republic, whose honour suffered by such harsh injustice. He upbraided him with the favours he had bestowed upon the Egyptian queen and her upstart children, particularly his acknowledging Cæsario as the genuine son of the dictator.

Stung with the scorn now cast on his pretended conquests, Antonius rushed once more into the field at the head of his Syrian legions, and penetrated as far as the Araxes. But fearing to waste his resources in another perilous campaign, while danger was gathering behind him, he there betook himself to negotiation, and after securing the alliance of the king of Atropatene, turned his back for the third time on the still unpunished Parthians. He had appointed Cleopatra to meet him at Ephesus, and thither he directed Canidius to lead sixteen legions of trained and devoted veterans. There also he summoned his auxiliaries and allies. His officers levied fresh battalions among the subjects of the republic in Greece and Macedonia, Asia Minor and Syria, and the aid of the barbarians from the Syrtis to the Caspian was invoked to swell the multitude of many colours, arms and languages, assembled under his banners. A numerous fleet was collected from the ports and islands of the eastern Mediterranean: the most daring seamen and the best navigators of the world belonged to the dominions subjected to his sway. The queen of Egypt assumed a martial attitude befitting her claims to universal sovereignty. Her armies also were numerous and well-appointed; her navies were celebrated for the size of their galleys and the weight of their artillery; and she could pour into the lap of her admirer treasures hoarded through centuries of commercial splendour. Yet the real object of these vast preparations was still unavowed. Antonius pretended to be absorbed in his accustomed frivolities. He passed the winter at Samos amidst the orgies of Athens and Alexandria. The delicious little island was crowded with musicians, dancers and players: its shores resounded with the wanton strains of the flute and tabret. The resources which should have been husbanded for the approaching conflict were lavished

A. U. 721. B. C. 33.

on a splendid Dionysian festival, and the new Bacchus repeated the puerile extravagances of former years, while the empire of the world was trembling in the balance.

A. U. 722. B. C. 52. The consuls for the year 722 were Domitius and Sosius, both of them adherents of Antonius, and appointed to their high office according to the agreement still existing between him and Octavius. But this advantage was speedily counterbalanced by the defection of some of his chief supporters, who augured ill of the success of a cause sustained so feebly. Plancus, who had consented to degrade himself for the amusement of the court of Alexandria, reappeared in the senate, and declared himself disgusted with the follies and impieties of his late patron. Titius, the officer who had consummated the destruction of Sextus, abandoned the imperator who had shrunk from avowing it. These deserters betrayed to Octavius the testament of Antonius, which they had witnessed, and which they had deposited for him in the custody of the Vestal Virgins. At this last act of treachery the people were disposed to murmur; the sin they feared might be visited upon the nation. But when the contents of the document were divulged, indignation overruled every other feeling. Antonius had acknowledged the legitimacy of the dictator's foul union with the foreigner: he had declared Cæsario the heir of Cæsar: he had by a solemn act ratified his own drunken donations of sceptres and provinces to his bastards: finally, he had directed his own body to be entombed with Cleopatra's in the mausoleum of the Ptolemies. When these amazing facts were made known none ventured to distrust the rumours which circulated from mouth to mouth, that he had pledged Cleopatra in his cups to sacrifice the West to her ambition, and remove to Alexandria the government of the world, to spurn the Gods of the forum and the Capitol, and

prostrate Mars and Quirinus before the monsters of the Nile. Octavius cast his eyes on the ground, and listened with suppressed exultation to the wild acclaim which greeted him as the champion of the nation, the asserter of its principles, and the defender of its faith. The consuls quitted the city in which, as partizans of Antonius, they found themselves ill at ease. Nevertheless Octavius still refrained from declaring him a public enemy. He was willing to leave a door still open to the repentance of his misguided friends. It was enough to proclaim war against Egypt. The term of the triumvirate had expired. Octavius did not renew it. He directed the senate to annul the appointment of Antonius to the consulship, and took possession of it himself with Messala, at the beginning of A.U. 723. B. C. 31. 723. At such a crisis the legitimate title was more effective than any extraordinary charge. Surrounded by the citizens arrayed in their soldiers' cloaks, the consul placed himself before the temple of Bellona in the garb of a Fecial, and sanctified hostilities with a solemn declaration of war.

Even the nobles who repaired at this moment to the side of Antonius joined in vehement entreaties that he would dismiss Cleopatra from his camp and his counsels, and reduce the impending struggle to a personal contest between himself and his rival. He replied by divorcing his legitimate wife, and thus breaking the last legal tie which bound him to his country. Preparations for war were pushed forward eagerly on both sides. Octavius formally demanded a conference on the coast either of Italy or Illyricum, requiring that both parties should pledge themselves to observe the decision at which they should arrive. "*Who then,*" asked Antonius, "*shall be umpire between us, if either infringe the covenant?*" There

was now no third power, such as Lepidus or Sextus, to hold the scales between them.

Antonius had 100,000 infantry and 12,000 horse. Bogud, king of Mauretania, Mithridates, king of Commagene, Archelaus of Cappadocia, Philadelphus of Paphlagonia, Tarcondimotus, dynast of Cilicia, and Adullas, a chief of the Thracians, followed his banners in person. Polemo, king of Pontus, Deiotarus of Galatia, Artavasdes of Media, Herodes of Judea, with some princes of Arabia, had sent him auxiliaries. His fleet counted 500 large war galleys, many of which had eight or even ten banks of oars, but they were heavy and unmanageable, and but imperfectly manned. The forces of Octavius were inferior in number, amounting to 80,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, with only 150 vessels, and these too of a smaller class. But their lightness, together with the tried skill of their crews, who had fought and conquered in the arduous contest with Sextus, might amply compensate for this numerical inferiority. Antonius had adopted Patræ in the Peloponnesus for his winter quarters, but for the better support of his vast armies he had dispersed them in small divisions along the coast of the Ionian. Meanwhile his navy suffered from sickness and inaction. The straits were left unguarded, the sea was abandoned to Agrippa, who first stationed himself at Methone, and when his master's preparations were complete, led his fleet to the coast of Epirus, to cover the disembarkation of his armies. From that moment defections commenced in the ranks of the Antonians. Domitius gave the signal of desertion. Deiotarus, Amyntas, and at a later period Philadelphus, followed his example. Antonius fancied himself surrounded by traitors; he tortured and slew those whom he most suspected, whether foreigners or Romans. He distrusted Cleopatra herself, and insisted on her tasting

in his company all the viands which were offered to him. She derided the futility of such a precaution. Placing a chaplet on his head, she invited him to cast the flowers into a goblet and quaff them in the wine. When he was about to pledge her, she abruptly stopped him, and commanded a condemned criminal to swallow the draught. The wretch fell instantly dead at her feet. The flowers had been steeped in poison.

The defection of individuals was quickly followed by the defeat of detachments. Sosius made an unsuccessful attack on Agrippa's galleys, and Antonius himself was worsted in a skirmish with the land forces of Octavius. The two vast armies had been gradually concentrated in front of each other on the shores of the gulf of Ambracia, with a narrow channel flowing between them, which was occupied by the fleets of the eastern triumvir. The position of his camp was confined and unhealthy, and the superiority the enemy had acquired at sea already straitened his supplies. Antonius wished, it is said, to remove the theatre of war to the plains of Thessaly, and decide the inheritance of Cæsar on the field of Pharsalia. But Cleopatra, fearing for her own means of retreat, dissuaded him from this project. To a challenge to single combat Octavius returned a contemptuous refusal. Already did Antonius despair of victory either by sea or land. He prepared for flight, and was about to lead his fleet into the open waters of the Leucadian bay, with the intention, which he carefully disguised from his followers, of breaking through the enemy's line, and spreading sail for Egypt, leaving the army to retreat as it best might into Asia. Some of his best legionaries he placed on board his ships, which were crippled by sickness and desertion. But the veterans, accustomed to victory on land, were dismayed at

the prospect of an engagement at sea, and still more so, perhaps, when they discovered that the ships were laden with treasure and equipped for flight. The Cæsarians watched these operations and made ready for the encounter. For several days the agitation of the sea would not allow
A. U. 723. B. C. 31. the fleets of either party to move. At last on the 2nd of September the wind fell, and the Antonian galleys remained till midday becalmed at the entrance of the straits. At that hour a light breeze sprang up, and the mighty armament issued forth into the open sea. But the huge hulks of Antonius were ill-adapted either for advance or retreat. They were protected, but at the same time encumbered, by bulky frames of timber, and the fragile triremes of Octavius dared not inpinge upon them either in front or flank. They carried arsenals in their holds and citadels on their decks. They hurled massive stones from their wooden towers, and thrust forth ponderous irons to grapple the unwary assailant. But the Cæsarian galleys came to the attack with agile and dexterous manœuvres. Their well-trained rowers bore up and backed alternately, or swept away the banks of the enemy's oars under cover of a shower of arrows. They scudded round the unwieldly masses, distracting the attention of the defenders, and protecting each other in turn from grappling and boarding. The combat was animated, but indecisive. The Liburnian galleys of Octavius, the light cavalry of the seas, crippled but could not destroy the steadfast phalanxes opposed to them. But while the unmanageable barges of Antonius rolled lazily on the water, incapable of attacking, and scarcely repelling the attacks of their pigmy assailants, suddenly Cleopatra's galley anchored in the rear, hoisted its sails, and threaded the maze of combatants, followed by the Egyptian squadron of sixty barks. The enemy looked on with wonder, seeing them take advantage of the wind,

and shape their course for the Peloponnesus. When Antonius himself, observing the appointed signal, leaped into a swift boat and followed rapidly in their wake, the rage and shame of his adherents filled them with despair. Many tore down the turrets from their decks and threw them into the sea, to lighten their vessels for flight. Yet the struggle was still arduous. Shattered and disabled as those floating masses were, it was impossible to sink or disarm them until fire was resorted to. Torches and javelins were hurled into them from a distance, piles of combustibles were driven against them; one by one they took fire, burnt to the water's edge and sank slowly into the waters. Three hundred galleys were captured. The army on shore was still uninjured, and refused for a time to believe in its chief's faintheartedness. When there could no longer be any doubt on this point, it still resisted for seven days the solicitations of the conqueror's emissaries. It was not till Canidius himself, who commanded them, abandoned his camp for the quarters of Octavius, that the gallant legions could be induced to make their submission.

The spot on which the Antonian army was encamped faced the scene of the encounter, and was marked by a little chapel of Apollo, called the Actium, from the point of land or *acte* on which it stood. Here Octavius instituted a festival, denominated the Actian Games, to recur every fifth year, a solemnity which was respectfully observed for many generations. From this place the great battle which decided the fate of Rome and of the world derived its illustrious name. But on the opposite heights, on which his own legions had been posted, the conqueror dedicated the beaks of the captured vessels, and planted a city, to which he gave the name of Nicopolis in honour of the victory. Having destroyed the fleet and taken possession of the army of his adversary, he had nothing more to fear

from the minion of Cleopatra. The punishment of the foreign foe could be safely deferred, and the victor of Actium was anxious to secure the fruits of his success, the fidelity of Rome and the submission of the provinces. He had left Mæcenas to administer the affairs of the city in his absence; now, when it was necessary to discharge a large portion of the army, and disperse a host of turbulent swordsmen thoughout the fields of Italy, he joined with him the stronger arm and bolder courage of Agrippa. He proceeded himself to visit the cities of Greece, which had suffered fearfully under the harsh exactions of Antonius, and now received the conqueror with redoubled acclamations. He repaid them with kindness and munificence. From thence he passed into Asia, and received the submission of the states and provinces whom his rival had drawn into alliance with himself. Some he mulcted of their treasures, others of their privileges. But the affairs of the East demanded mature deliberation on the spot, and Octavius proposed to pass the winter in Samos. From hence however the news of the troubles he had foreseen, which began to arise among the disbanded veterans, soon recalled him to Italy, and he arrived at Brundisium early in the year 724. Knights, senators and magistrates, followed by multitudes of the citizens, rushed forth from Rome to salute him. This display of general enthusiasm quelled the symptoms of disorder. Octavius listened graciously to the complaints submitted to him, sold his own effects and those of his nearest friends to satisfy them, planted new colonies in the territory of hostile cities, and finally promised an ample donative from the spoils of Egypt. With the beginning of spring he was again in a condition to follow the traces of the fugitives.

A. U. 724. B. C. 30.

Antonius and Cleopatra had traversed the seas in the same vessel, and reached the shores of Africa at Paræ-

tonium, where the Roman general landed to put himself at the head of a small body of troops stationed there. The queen proceeded direct to Alexandria, and entered the harbour with her galley decked with laurel, to prevent the revolt which might have greeted her had her discomfiture been known. As soon as she crossed the threshold of her palace she took bloody measures to secure the fidelity of her troops and the submission of the people, by putting to death every chief she distrusted, and scattering their treasures among the soldiers. Meanwhile Antonius had been repulsed by the legionaries, and had learned the fate of his army at Actium. Despair at once overcame him, and he could scarcely be prevented from killing himself. Dragged by his attendants to Alexandria he there found Cleopatra preparing with masculine energy to defend herself. But day after day brought tidings of fresh defections. All the princes of Asia abandoned him. Herod the king of the Jews offered to deliver to the conqueror the keys of Egypt. Some gladiators whom he had kept at Cyzicus alone remained faithful to him. They traversed the whole of Asia, cutting their way through the enemies who would have retained them, and only surrendered at last on a false rumour of the death of their master.

On the failure of every resource Cleopatra proposed to fly into the distant regions of Arabia, and commenced transporting her galleys from the Nile to the Red Sea. But some of these ships were destroyed by the barbarians, and the design was precipitately abandoned. A second project, still wilder than the first, was to seek an asylum in Spain, and raise that turbulent province against the heir of Cæsar. When this scheme was relinquished Antonius shut himself up in a tower on the sea coast, but Cleopatra still dreamt of resistance, and presented her youthful sons to the people, arrayed in the garb of

manhood, that they might feel themselves governed by men and not by a woman. Presently her wretched lover quitted the retreat in which he had professed to imitate the solitary Timon, and returned once more to the arms of his enchantress, without whom he could not live, with whom he now prepared himself to die. They formed with their intimates a society to which they gave the name of the *Inseparables in Death*. Its members were pledged to enjoy in reckless orgies the last hours of their existence, and when the fatal moment could be no longer deferred, to perish sullenly together. Cleopatra made experiments on every known kind of poison, trying their effect on slaves and criminals: she persuaded herself that the easiest death is by the bite of the asp, which at least left no trace of suffering on the visage of the victim.

Nevertheless these reckless resolutions did not prevent either Antonius or his mistress from demanding grace of the victor; the one asked permission to reside privately at Athens, the other only solicited for her children the throne of Egypt, which she offered herself to resign. To the petition of Antonius no answer was vouchsafed, but Cleopatra was secretly informed that she should not fail to obtain reasonable terms if she would kill or drive away her paramour. In making such overtures at a time when his eventual triumph was already assured, Octavius sought to lull the Egyptian into security. Her kingdom he was resolved to make his own, but he wished to carry off the detested foe in person, and exhibit her to his subjects at Rome; he longed moreover for the hoarded treasures of the Ptolemies, which despair might drive her to remove or to destroy. With this view he directed his freedman Thyrsus to remind the wretched woman of the influence her charms had acquired over two Roman

imperators, and to insinuate to her that the young Octavius was neither less generous nor less amorous than his uncle. She might remember with some dismay perhaps that she was now touching on her fortieth year; but her beauty had always been less formidable than the graces of her manner and conversation. Accordingly, still having a secret hope of a last conquest, she encouraged her lover to prepare for a final struggle, while at the same time she was contriving to betray and disarm him. As Octavius advanced Antonius continued to press him with more urgent solicitations. He sent his son Antyllus as a hostage for his good faith; he delivered up Turulius, one of the murderers of Cæsar. Still Octavius made no reply but drew rapidly nearer. Pelusium fell before the invader; but Antonius had armed some slender battalions, and fighting with all his wonted bravery had routed his cavalry in a skirmish before the walls of Alexandria. Once more he challenged his adversary to single combat; but Octavius replied that for himself he had many ways of dying, Antonius but one. Thus baffled he was about to attack the Cæsarian fleet, or possibly to take flight by sea, when he beheld his own vessels, seduced by the artifices of Cleopatra, pass over suddenly to the enemy. At the same moment, and perhaps through the same treachery, the last of his cohorts deserted him. The queen had shut herself up in a tower constructed for her mausoleum: fearing the violence of the man she had ruined, she caused him to be informed that she had committed suicide. Antonius was satisfied; his wrongs were avenged, his indignation was appeased. He had no further hope of life, and nothing more to live for. At the last moment he could indulge the soothing persuasion that the traitress had repented of her treason, and had died for the lover she had betrayed. In this sweet dream

he resolved himself to die. With the aid of his freedman Eros, he inflicted upon himself a mortal wound, and fainted with loss of blood, though he did not immediately expire. While he lay thus senseless Cleopatra caused him to be carried to the foot of her tower, and when he came to himself and learnt that she was yet alive, his last wish was to die in her arms. With the aid of two women who alone attended her, she drew him up to her chamber with cords, and there wept and groaned over his body, while he called for wine, and having drank it breathed his last.

Meanwhile Octavius had entered Alexandria unopposed. He charged an officer named Proculeius to secure the queen's person alive, and not give her time to kindle the flames in which he feared she would consume her costliest treasures. Cleopatra refused him admittance, but keeping her in parley with a confederate at the door, he scaled the tower and entered by the window above. She affected to strike herself with a poniard, but he arrested her arm, and proceeded to assure her of the kind intentions of his master. Still she persisted in declaring that she would starve herself to death, till the threat of destroying her children induced her to yield. She allowed herself to be led back to the palace, where she resumed again the ensigns of royalty, and received from the victor the consideration due to her rank. Octavius proposed to visit her, and visions of another conquest again flashed upon her. Attired with studied negligence, and with all the outward marks of distress and humiliation, she awaited his coming. Her apartment was decorated with busts and pictures of the great Julius, and she displayed the letters he had written to her, and the love-tokens he had presented to her. She hoped to interest the vaunted piety of his heir by speaking of the glories of the dictator,

invincible to all the world and submissive only to her Her words, her sentiments, her gestures, were all elaborately directed to excite compassion, and seduce into a feeling more tender still. Against these sorceries Octavius sternly fortified himself. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and replied with coldness and self-possession. He demanded the list of her treasures, and bidding her be of good courage, quitted her presence. Cleopatra was dismayed at the failure of her artifices, yet she refused to despair, till assured by a young Dolabella, who had conceived a romantic passion for her, that her removal in three days to Rome was decided. Thereupon she resolved to die. Having retired once more to her mausoleum, under pretence of paying the last honours to Antonius, having partaken of a banquet and crowned her lover's tomb with flowers, she was found on the morrow dead on her golden couch, her two female attendants expiring by her side. "*Is this well?*" exclaimed the affrighted emissary of Octavius. "*It is well,*" replied the dying Charmion, "*and worthy of the daughter of kings.*" The manner of her death was never certainly known. At the triumph of Octavius which he had in vain reserved her to adorn, her image was carried on a bier, the arms encircled by two serpents, which served to confirm the popular rumour that she had perished by the bite of an asp, brought her for the purpose by a peasant, concealed in a basket of figs. Her child by Julius was cruelly put to death; Octavius could suffer no such visible memorial of the dictator to exist; but the offspring of Antonius were allowed to live, though deprived of their royal inheritance. The dynasty of the Ptolemies ceased to reign. Egypt was reduced to the form of a province.

With the fall of Antonius the history of the civil wars of Rome reaches its termination. The struggles of Tibe- A.U. 724. B.C. 30

rius and Scipio, of Caius and Opimius, of Metellus and Saturninus, of Drusus and Philippus, of Marius and Sulla, of Cæsar and Pompeius, of Octavius, Brutus, Sextus, Lepidus and Antonius, have at last subsided in the exhaustion of the republic, and the unquestioned triumph of the survivor. The hour has at length arrived for the acquiescence of both nobles and people in the inevitable yoke impending upon them for a hundred years. But if the hour has arrived, so has the man also. Octavius and his epoch were made for each other. At no other period could he have fixed the monarchy on an immoveable basis; but even at that era none but himself could so have fixed it. The success of his rival at Actium could only have given the victor a few years of more reckless enjoyment at Rome: his empire, debased and denationalized by a foreign court, would have been torn in pieces by his children or his lieutenants. But the strong foundations upon which Octavius erected the substantial edifice of his power, attest the preeminence of his genius not only above his rivals, but even his predecessors! The creations of his hand were rooted in the ancient ideas and habits of the people themselves; they seemed to be selfsown rather than planted. The art of the last conqueror of the Romans lay in the concealment of his art, in persuading his subjects that the republic still continued to exist, while they were in fact no better than the slaves of a monarchical despotism. We have traced in the legislation of Cæsar and Sulla the political views by which those tyrants were animated, and the crude attempts they made to give expression to their theories of government. We have seen how baseless were the fabrics of their ambition; how they perished, the one by the sudden blow of the assassin, the other by the deliberate reversal of the national will. It is necessary to the completion of this outline of history to describe the

system adopted by Octavius; a system which endured in its main features for more than two hundred years, and continued to animate with its principle the empires of Rome and Byzantium down to the commencement of modern annals, if indeed it can be said even yet to be extinguished.

After regulating his new province, Octavius made a progress through his eastern dominions, rewarding his allies and dispossessing his enemies, and when these affairs were settled, he still allowed himself to pass the winter in the pleasant retirement of Samos. Determined as he was that his final triumph should not be sullied by the blood of citizens, he might wish perhaps some interval to elapse, to allow the stain of his proscriptions to fade from their recollection. When at last he reached the city in the middle of the year 725, he was hailed with the same acclamations which the senate and people lavished upon so many conquerors before him. His own craft and good fortune had raised him far above the horizon of any ordinary citizen, yet he now for the first time found himself at the point which must determine whether he would choose to be a citizen of the commonwealth or its ruler. The framework of the ancient constitution still existed entire; the senate still possessed the wide-extended sphere of its dominion, and the people continued to exercise their sovereign prerogatives. Octavius himself still recognised this paramount authority: hitherto he had professed to wield only delegated powers, and the greater they really were, the more anxiously did he maintain the appearance of keeping strictly to the forms of the republic. He laid down the extraordinary powers of the triumvirate as soon as the period assigned to them was expired; it was as consul and under the commission of the state that he conquered at Actium and subjugated Egypt. Doubtless

he regulated at his own will the affairs of Greece and Asia; yet Pompeius and Sulla had done the same without any one supposing that the republic was overthrown. The confirmation of all such acts by the senate was still required to render them legitimate, and this prerogative the Fathers still claimed to exercise even in the case of Octavius. In short the position of the new conqueror appeared in no respect inconsistent with the forms of the free-state, according to the ideas of the time.

Nevertheless, one circumstance there was which might cause grave apprehensions. The imperator had not yet disbanded his army, and accordingly it was feared that he would let himself be saluted as dictator or even king by the voices of his devoted legionaries. Neither the soldiers nor indeed the populace itself, at least in the first intoxication of their delight, would have refused to lend themselves to such an aspiration: but Octavius well knew that neither king nor dictator would have been safe from the daggers of the senators. The fate of Cæsar warned his successor to look more carefully to the foundations of his sovereignty, and his own cautious temper secured him against the errors of over-hastiness. The proceedings of Octavius were all directed by prudence and calculation, and he was entirely free from the impatient ambition which always rushes by the nearest path to the object of its desires. It was not the outward show of power, but its natural substance, which possessed any value for him. The principle of his policy was to rise to universal power by slow and stealthy steps, to spare the forms of the ancient constitution, and to renounce the external trappings of sovereignty.

The ceremony of the triumph, together with the shows and festivals which accompanied it, had reached their termination; but the imperator continued to stand at

the head of the legions which had followed his triumphal car. According to the laws of the free-state Octavius ought now either to disband his army, or resign it to the disposal of the senate; for with the triumph his imperium had become extinct. But he evaded this necessity. He allowed the senate, all too prone to flatter and caress him, to give him the title of imperator in the same sense in which it had been already conferred upon Julius Cæsar, by which he was fixed, like his predecessor, in the command-in-chief of the national forces, and every other military officer fell into the position of a lieutenant to himself. The ordinary command, in the time of the commonwealth, ceased the moment the imperator crossed the lines of the pomœrium. Before the gates of the city he exchanged the *sagum* for the *toga*. An exception to this rule was admitted on the day of the triumph only. But Octavius obtained, together with his office of commander-in-chief, the right of bearing, even in the city, the ensigns of military power, the sword and the cloak. His cautious moderation urged him, however, to renounce the assumption of this prerogative. His example became a rule to his successors, and as late as the time of Gallienus the emperors wore only the toga within the limits of the city. They relinquished even the title of imperator in their ordinary intercourse with their subjects: "*I am master of my slaves, imperator of my soldiers, and prince of the citizens*," were the words of the discreet Tiberius.

Having thus secured to himself the army, the instrument of substantial power, Octavius sought to disguise the real foundation of his authority by raising the estimation of the senate, as the representative of the national will. With this view he caused himself to be invested with the powers of the censorship. In this capacity he made a *lectio* or revision of the list of senators, and ejected

a large number whom he considered unworthy in origin or fortune, to fill the highest order in the state. We have seen how Julius Cæsar had degraded the senate by intruding into it foreigners and men of low condition; the triumvirs had followed the same policy, and the losses of war and proscription had recently been replaced by a crowd of their clients and retainers. If Octavius had given his countenance to his colleague's proceedings in this respect, he desired now to retrace his steps. The servility of the mongrel assembly had excited the disgust of the citizens, while under the specious pretence of purging it of its baser blood, the new ruler could rid himself of the enemies whose independence he most feared himself. He reduced its numbers, swelled by Antonius to a thousand members, to the legitimate limits of six hundred, and required the qualification of a certain amount of property. Into the condition of the equestrian order he made a similar inquisition, while he introduced many new houses into the patrician class, to which various public offices, both civil and religious, were still legitimately confined. In order to increase the means of this nobility, and at the same time to occupy their leisure, he took care to invent a vast number of administrative occupations, thus manning the outworks of his government with an army of interested officials.

Upon the senate which he had thus remodelled to his views, Octavius conferred additional dignity by placing himself in its foremost seat as *Princeps;* a republican title, which while it implied no substantial power of any kind, was nevertheless regarded as the highest of all honorary distinctions. It had been ennobled by many illustrious occupants, and the last citizen who had held it was the revered and magnanimous Catulus. This purely civil dignity had been always held for life, and accordingly Octa-

vius accepted it in perpetuity. The powers of the censorship he demanded for five years only, though he allowed them to be repeatedly renewed to him. The military command he speedily offered to resign, and, after a long affectation of resistance, accepted it only for a period of ten years, though he allowed it subsequently to be extended to him for several similar terms. Octavius had exercised the consulship for many years successively; but this title he ultimately renounced, while he retained its *Powers*. Invested with the *Potestas consularis* he occupied the highest place in the city, and continued to be recognised as the chief of the state, the head of its legislative and executive departments, the organ of its foreign relations. The Romans had been wont to remark that their consul was in fact a king, constitutionally checked by the presence of a colleague, and the limited term of his office. Octavius, however, taking the place of preeminence between the actual consuls, was no longer restrained by their subordinate authority; while the Power being conferred upon him for life, he became to all intents and purposes, though reigning under the forms of a republic, the real King of the Romans. When the consul quitted his post in the city he carried into the provinces the same supreme authority which he had before wielded in Rome. But Octavius claimed proconsular power together with the consular. As imperator he had divided with the senate the direct administration of the provinces, choosing for his own all those in which large armies were maintained for the repression either of turbulent subjects, or of aggressive enemies. But his proconsular authority was extended over the whole empire; and though he continued ordinarily to allow the senate to nominate the governors of the districts especially assigned to it, he gave it to understand that the powers with which it had invested him were actually paramount to its own even

there also. The circle of the imperial prerogatives was completed by the acquisition of the powers of the tribunate, which had been already partially conferred upon him at an earlier period. This Potestas was also declared perpetual, though it was nominally renewed from year to year, and by these annual renewals both Octavius and his successors long continued to date the duration of their reigns. The chief value of this cherished prerogative lay in the popularity of its name. The populace of the city still persisted in regarding the tribunate as the legitimate guardian of its peculiar privileges, and when they saw their new master invested for life with this pledge of their liberties they refused to believe that they were in reality his slaves. When Octavius, after the death of Lepidus, assumed the dignity of sovereign pontiff, and therewith the administration of the national Cult, they were assured that their choosen champion would not exercise it as a political engine to the disparagement of their own prerogatives, and the nation beheld him without fear or jealousy combine in his single hand the most invidious instruments both of patrician tyranny and plebeian independence.

Nevertheless, while he was successively amassing these various high prerogatives, Octavius discreetly waived every recognised designation of the sovereign power they actually involved. Antonius had abolished the dictatorship, and his successor in Cæsar's inheritance was careful to respect the acclamations with which the people had hailed this decree. The voices which had saluted Julius with the title of king were commanded to be dumb. Yet Octavius was not insensible of the influence of distinctive titles of honour. While he scrupulously renounced the names upon which the breath of human jealousy had blown, he conceived the subtler policy of creating another for himself, which, borrowing splendour from his own cha-

racter, should reflect upon him an untarnished lustre. Some of his counsellors, to whom his secret wishes were communicated, suggested to him the name of Quirinus or Romulus. To assume the title of the divine author of the Roman race was too bold a flight for the wariest of usurpers; but it is said that Octavius would gladly have accepted the designation of the founder of the city. But he remembered that the son of Rhea had been the first of a line of kings, and if he had been deified by the senate, he had first been slain by it. To the epithet *Augustus* which was next proposed, no questionable associations could attach. The name was intact; it had never been borne by any man before, and Octavius required the influence of no other man's name to recommend his own. But the adjunct, though never given to man, had been applied to things most noble, most venerable, and most divine. The rites of the Gods were called *august;* their temples were august; the word itself was derived from the holy *auguries* by which the divine will was revealed; it was connected with the favour and *authority* of Jove himself. And courtly poets could play still farther upon it, in strains which our language cannot faithfully reecho, and pray for the Roman commander, that he might *increase* in years and *increase* in power. The worship of Octavius as a god was rapidly spreading in the provinces: though forbidden in Italy and the city, it was already foreshadowed by the specious flattery of orators and poets, and the name of Augustus gave force to the national sentiment, and impelled the propensity of adulation.

If the Romans were not really deceived by the liberal pretensions of their sovereign master, they at least took every means to persuade him that they were so. While they allowed the appointment to all their magistracies to fall one by one under his sole nomination, while the rostra

ceased to resound to the voice of public orators, and in the next reign all that remained of the functions of the comitia were transferred to the sure servility of the senate, the common accents of the nation continued to hail Augustus as the first citizen of the republic, the father of his country, the restorer or last founder of the state. During the whole of his long reign, which lasted almost half a century, no murmurs were audible. The strains of poets and court-parasites merely reechoed the flattery of communities and classes. But meanwhile the spirit and virtue of the Roman people languished in the torpor of political inaction, and when the successors of Augustus, convinced that they had no farther need to observe the lessons of moderation he had bequeathed them, decimated the nobles by proscription, and ground down the people by exactions, the last cries of liberty and humanity excited no popular sympathy. It was by slaves and freedmen that the imperial monsters were stricken down, not by the banded conspirators of the senate-house or the camp. The nobles, indignant at the wanton tyranny under which they themselves suffered, were more indignant at being forbidden to exercise a tyranny still more wanton over subjects and provincials. Debarred from the annual plunder of conquered lands, their fortunes dwindled away in ostentatious indolence at home. The Cæsars, not satisfied to await the sure operation of idleness and dissipation, studied to break down their independence by impoverishment and confiscation. The great Roman oligarchy, the most frightful instrument of human suffering ever inflicted upon the world, which had survived the proscriptions of Marius and Sulla, the wars of Cæsar and Pompeius, the massacres and spoliations of Antonius and Octavius, fell at last under a just retribution, and amidst the torments of a Nero and a Domitian perished in blasphemies and

execrations. Hear the last sullen murmurs of Lucan, its poet and panegyrist: —

Omne tibi bellum gentes dedit omnibus annis:
Te geminum Titan procedere vidit in axem.
Haud multum terræ spatium restabat Eoæ,
Ut tibi nox, tibi tota dies, tibi curreret æther,
Omniaque errantes stellæ Romana viderent.
Sed retro tua fata tulit, par omnibus annis,
Æmathiæ funesta dies. Hac luce cruenta
Effectum, ut Latios non horreat India fasces,
Nec vetitos errare Dahas in mœnia ducat,
Sarmaticumque premat succinctus consul aratrum;
Quod semper sævas debet tibi Parthia pœnas;
Quod fugiens civile nefas redituraque nunquam
Libertas ultra Tigrim Rhenumque recessit,
Ac toties nobis jugulo quæsita negatur,
Germanum Scythicumque bonum; nec respicit ultra
Ausoniam; vellem populis incognita nostris. . . .
De Brutis, Fortuna, queror. Quid tempora legum
Egimus, aut annos a consule nomen habentes?
Felices Arabes, Medique, Eoaque tellus,
Quam sub perpetuis tenuerunt fata tyrannis.
Ex populis qui regna ferunt sors ultima nostra est,
Quos servire pudet. Sunt nobis nulla profecto
Numina: cum cæco rapiantur sæcula cursu
Mentimur regnare Jovem. . . . .
. . . . . Mortalia nulli
Sunt curata Deo. Cladis tamen hujus habemus
Vindictam, quantam terris dare numina fas est.
Bella pares Superis facient civilia Divos:
Fulminibus Manes, radiisque ornabit, et astris,
Inque Deûm templis jurabit Roma per Umbras.

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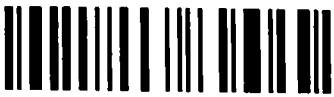
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